TURKEY AND THE BALKAN STATES

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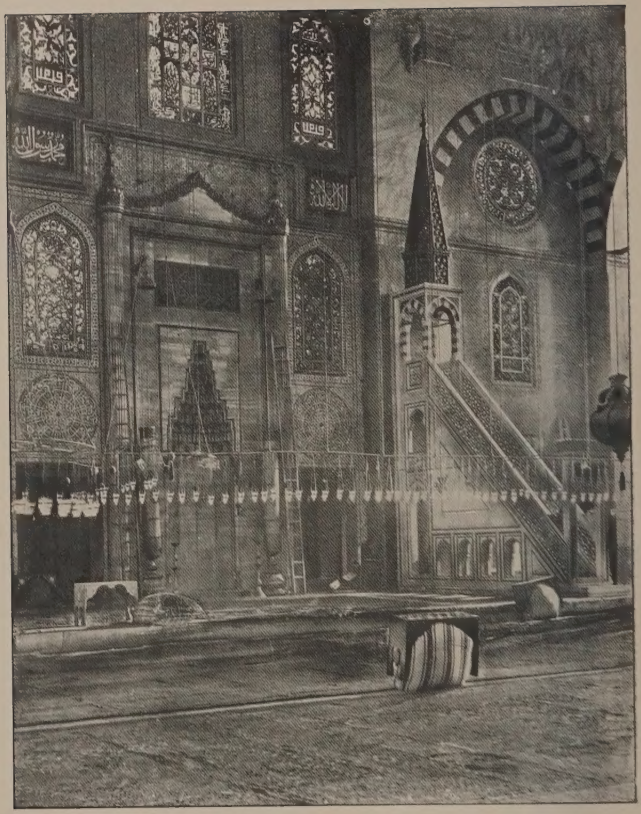

Mihrâb and Minber in Suleyman the Magnificent's Mosque

(Softa's Cushion and Kōran Table)

TURKEY *and the* BALKAN STATES

As Described by Great Writers

Collected and Edited by

ESTHER SINGLETON

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

In compiling "Turkey and the Balkan States," I have confined myself to a description of the present and past conditions of those European dominions which are still under the Sultan's sway, or have only been separated from the Ottoman Empire during the past generation. At a time when acute unrest in the Balkans threatens further changes, and may even lead to a European war, those who like to read about foreign countries will be glad to know in some detail the past history of the various provinces and the oppression, persecution, massacres, rivalries, and ambitions that have finally resulted in present conditions. I have, therefore, brought down to date the history of the Balkan States, and have devoted more space than in my other books on European countries, to describing the life, manners, and customs of the Montenegrins, Serbs, Bulgars, Turks, etc. In attempting to give a true picture of the country, I have selected passages from the writings of travellers of note, and of keen observation, particularly those who have been recently through the lands they describe, rather than citations from the works of merely great writers.

At the present moment, when Turkey is trying to adjust herself to a new Constitution, under the guidance of the Young Turks, when Bulgaria has taken advantage of her suzerain's domestic difficulties to throw off the yoke and declare herself independent, when Austria has also taken

advantage of the situation to declare herself absolute mistress of Bosnia and Herzegovina without asking the consent of the other signatories of the Treaty of Berlin, when, moreover, Servia and Montenegro show signs of restiveness and jealousy of rival Balkan States, a survey of the present material, social, and political conditions of the Peninsula may hope to find a welcome.

E. S.

New York, *November, 1908*

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THE BALKAN PENINSULA

THE Balkan Peninsula is generally hilly and undulating, traversed by a mountain system which has its origin in the Alps, whose eastern extension, the Julian Alps, enters the country at its northwest corner, runs in a southwest direction as the Dinaric Alps, keeping parallel to the coast-line, and after entering Albania, where it becomes Mount Pindus, assumes an almost southern direction till it reaches the Greek frontier. This range, which forms the watershed between the Adriatic and Ægean Seas, has its culminating point in Mount Diara (7458 feet) and sends out numerous offshoots over Montenegro and Albania. Its great eastern offshoot is Mount Hæmus, or the Balkan range, which branches off in the northeast of Albania, and runs almost due east to the Black Sea, where it terminates in a bold promontory; this range, which forms the southern boundary of the Danube basin, sends a branch northwards through the east of Servia; two others, the Despoto-Dagh and the Little Balkan, southeastwards; and numerous smaller branches over Macedonia. The great river of Turkey is the Danube, which, with its tributary, the Save, forms the northern boundary, and receives in Turkey the Bosna and Drin from Bosnia, the Morava from Servia, and the Isker and Osma from Bulgaria. The Maritza, whose basin is formed by the Great Balkan and its two southeastern branches, and the Strumo and Vardar in Macedonia, are also considerable

rivers; but those which are situated to the west of the Dinaric-Pindus range are, from the proximity of that watershed to the sea-coast, insignificant in size; chief of them are the Narenta, Drin, and Voyutza. The primitive rocks predominate in Macedonia; the secondary group in the western provinces and to the north of the Balkan; and tertiary deposits in the basins of the Save and Maritza, and in Suli.

On the high lands, the cold is excessive in winter, owing to the northeast winds, which blow from the bleak and icy steppes of Southern Russia; and the heat of summer is almost insupportable in the western valleys. Violent climatic change is, on the whole, the rule; but those districts which are sheltered from the cold winds, as the Albanian valleys, enjoy a comparatively equable temperature. The soil is for the most part very fertile; but owing to the positive discouragement of industry by the oppressive system of taxation, little progress has been made in the art of agriculture, and the most primitive implements are in common use. The cultivated products are maize in the south; rice, cotton, rye, barley in the centre, and millet in the north; the natural products are the pine, beech, oak, lime, and ash, with the apple, pear, cherry, and apricot in the Danube basin; the palm, maple, almond, sycamore, walnut, chestnut, carob, box, myrtle, laurel, etc., in the provinces south of the Balkan; large forests of fir and pine in the northwest; the olive, orange, citron, vine, peach, plum, and other fruit-trees in Albania, and abundance of roses in the valley of the Maritza. The mineral products are, iron in abundance, argentiferous lead ore, copper, sulphur, salt, alum, and a little

BULGARIANS

gold, but no coal. The wild animals are the wild boar, bear, wolf, wild dog, civet, chamois, wild ox, and those others which are generally distributed in Europe. The lion was formerly an inhabitant of the Thessalian Mountains.

The following are the states which until recently constituted the European part of the Ottoman Empire.

	Area in English square miles
Turkey in Europe	65,350
Roumania	50,720
Bulgaria (including Eastern Roumelia, now called Southern Bulgaria)	38,390
Servia	18,630
Montenegro (including town and district of Dulcigno, ceded by Turkey in 1880)	3,630
Bosnia-Herzegovina	19,702

The oldest inhabitants of the peninsula, the Illyrians, are now represented by the modern Albanians; the Greeks are also represented, speaking a modified form of their ancient tongue; the Dacians, who adopted the Roman speech, are the Roumanians of to-day. The Slavonic peoples form a large and important section of the population. Of the Turanian settlers, the Bulgars have become thoroughly Slavonic, and the Ottoman Turks, who first gained a footing in 1355, conquering nearly the whole of the peninsula before the close of the same century, reduced Greece to subjection between 1455 and 1473; and remained masters of the present century.

According to Réclus, the present territory of the peninsula may be divided into four ethnological zones: (1) Crete and the Archipelago, the seaboard of the Ægean, the eastern

slope of Pindus and of Olympus are peopled by Greeks; (2) the region lying between the Adriatic and the Pindus is the country of the Albanians (Kipetar); (3) in the northwest, the region of the Illyrian Alps, is occupied by Slavs, known under the different names of Serbs, Croats, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, and Chernagorans (Montenegrins); and (4) the two slopes of the Balkan, the Despoto-Dagh, and the plains of Eastern Turkey, belong to the Bulgarians. The Turks themselves are scattered here and there, chiefly around the cities and strongholds, but the only tract of which they are, ethnologically speaking, the possessors, lies in the south-eastern angle of the pensinsula.

THE OTTOMAN TURKS

EDWARD A. FREEMAN

THE Turks are one of the most widely spread races in the world, and it is only with a small part of them that we have now anything to do. Those Turks who dwelt between the two great rivers which run into the Caspian Sea, the Oxus and the Jaxartes, played an important part in the affairs of the Saracenic Empire. They pressed in as slaves, as subjects, as mercenaries, and at last as conquerors. In the end the greater part of the Asiatic dominion of the Caliphs was practically divided among Turkish princes, who owned a mere nominal supremacy in the successor of the Prophet who reigned at Bagdad. Of these dynasties the only one that we need speak of is that of the Seljuk Turks, who in the Eleventh Century became the greatest power in Asia. These were the first Turks who had anything to do with the history of Europe. They never actually passed into Europe, but under their Sultan Alp-Arslan they won the greater part of the lands which the Eastern Roman Empire still kept in Asia, leaving to the emperors only the sea-coast of Asia Minor. The capital of the Seljuk sultans was now at Nikaia, threatening Europe, and especially Constantinople. But then came the Crusades. The Turks were driven back; the emperors recovered a large part of their territory, and the Turkish capital fell back to Ikonion.

It was in the Thirteenth Century that the Turks, with whom we have specially to do, the Ottomans, were first heard of. Their power arose out of the breaking-up both of the Seljuk dominion and of the Eastern Roman Empire. It will therefore be necessary to give a short picture of the state of those parts of Europe and Asia with which the Ottomans had to do, as they stood at the time the Ottomans were first heard of.

In 1204 the Eastern Roman Empire had been altogether broken in pieces. Constantinople was taken by the Latins or Franks—that is, the Christians of Western Europe—and the Empire was divided into a number of powers, Greek and Frank. Among these the commonwealth of Venice got a great share. In Asia, Greek princes reigned at Nikaia and at Trebizond, both of whom called themselves Emperors; and in 1261 the princes of Nikaia made good their right to that title by winning back Constantinople. Thus the Eastern Roman Empire in some sort began again, but with a greatly lessened dominion. It now took in little more than Thrace, part of Macedonia, and the western coast of Asia Minor; besides which the emperors also won back some outlying dominions in Greece itself. In Europe, Greece and the neighbouring lands were cut up into various small states, and to the north of the Empire lay the kingdoms of Bulgaria and Servia. In Asia, the Emperors of Trebizond kept part of the north coast of the Euxine, but all the inland parts were held by the Turks. It is said that in the middle of the Thirteenth Century, a Turkish chief, Ertoghrul, came into Asia Minor from the

East, at the head of a wandering tribe; he entered the service of the Seljuk Sultan, and received from him a grant of land, which grew into the Ottoman Empire. Under Ertoghrul and his son Othman, or Osman, the wandering band was swelled by crowds of recruits, and the grant of land was increased at the expense both of the Christians and of other Turkish chiefs. From Othman his followers took the name of *Osmanli,* or *Ottoman;* and he died in 1326, having just before his death established his capital at Brusa. His son, Orchan, made himself independent of the nominal Seljuk Sultan; he united most of the Turkish principalities in Asia Minor, and left to the Christian emperors of Constantinople and Trebizond nothing but a few towns on the coast.

Under Orchan came the first settlement of the Turks in Europe. They often ravaged the European coasts, and they were often foolishly called in as helpers by contending parties at Constantinople. At last, in 1356, they seized Kallipolis, or Gallipoli, in the Thracian Chersonesos; and the dominion of the Turks in Europe began. Their power now steadily advanced. Orchan died in 1359. Their next prince, Murad, or Amurath, fixed his capital at Adrianople in 1361. He thus left to the Empire nothing but the lands just round Constantinople and some outlying possessions in Macedonia and Greece. Murad also made Bulgaria tributary, and was killed in 1389, after the battle of Kossova, which made Servia tributary also. Then came Bajazet, the first Ottoman prince who bore the title of Sultan. Under him the great crusade from the West, which had come

to help Sigismund, King of Hungary (who was afterwards Emperor of the West), was altogether defeated at the battle of Nikopolis. Wallachia became tributary; Bulgaria became a direct Ottoman possession; Philadelphia, the last city in Asia which cleaved to the Empire, was taken, and Constantinople itself was for the first time besieged. But Bajazet was himself overthrown at Angora by the Mogul conqueror Timur, and his dominions were broken up and disputed for by his sons. A breathing-space was thus given to the Christians of South-eastern Europe. But the Ottoman power came together again and, under Sultan Murad or Amurath the Second, from 1421 to 1451 it again made great advances. His power was checked for a while by the great Hungarian captain Huniades; but Murad restored the Ottoman power in the Danubian lands and took Thessalonica, though he too failed in an attack on Constantinople. Then, from 1451 to 1481, reigned Mohammed the Conqueror, who may be looked on as finally establishing the Ottoman dominion in Europe. The Eastern Empire was now confined to a small district round Constantinople, together with Peloponnesos, lying far away. On the 29th of May, 1453, Mohammed stormed the Imperial city itself; the last Emperor Constantine fell in the breach; the New Rome became the capital of the Ottoman power, and the great church of St. Sophia became a Mohammedan mosque. In the remaining years of his long reign, Mohammed consolidated his dominion on every side. He conquered all Greece and Albania, save a few points which were still kept by Venice,

and some of the islands, especially Rhodes, which was held by the Knights of St. John. Servia and Bosnia were brought into complete bondage; the Empire of Trebizond was destroyed, and the Ottoman Sultans extended their supremacy over the Tartars of Crim, or Crimea.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE

LORD JOHN RUSSELL

With the fall of Constantinople was extinguished for ever the last vestige of the majesty of Rome. However little the intrigues of the Greek court and church might resemble the magnanimous daring and plain wisdom of the Roman people, yet the name of Augustus, the law, and the army of Rome carried on a species of identity; and the fall of the Empire, which once extended from the mouth of the Tagus to the banks of the Euphrates, is universally dated from the capture of the city of Constantine on the banks of the Bosphorus.

It would be difficult to vouch for the truth of any narrative of the assault of Constantinople. The Greeks have endeavoured to make up by the rancour of their pens for the weakness of their swords; the Turks, on the other hand, paid little attention to the sufferings of a refined but cowardly people, whom they destroyed as men crush insects, with little effort and no sympathy. Hence the Greek historians are eloquent in their descriptions of merciless carnage, while the Turkish annalists speak only of forbearance and generosity. From these contradictory accounts, however, it may be gathered, that the triumphant assault of the city was not greatly stained with blood. Those who fought in the streets indeed were slain without mercy;

Gallery and Arcade in Santa Sophia

neither age nor infancy was spared in the confusion of battle, but the resistance soon ceased, and with the resistance the slaughter ceased likewise.* The rich dresses, the magnificent furniture, the ornaments of the churches, the gold and silver which everywhere abounded, seem so strongly to have excited the rapacity, as to have blunted for a time the ferocity of the Turks. It may be remarked, likewise, that the assault of a great city is seldom so bloody as that of a small town; massacre grows tired of its office, and the band of conquerors dispersing themselves in various parts, dilute their rage in the volume of a vast and peaceful population.

But although not many lives were sacrificed, the calamities suffered by the Greeks were neither few nor slight. The Cross was trampled under foot, and the statues of saints, no less objects of abhorrence to the Turks than of veneration to the Christians, were dragged through the streets with every insult which barbarous triumph could imagine. The convents were forced open, and virgins violated at the altar. Nor did the misfortunes of the Christians end with the assault. Sixty thousand Greeks were led away captive; and families which a few weeks before had been living in the enjoyment of luxurious splendour or domestic ease, were now widely scattered; the old to pass the remainder of their days in the labours of slavery, and the young to fill the harems of their victorious and voluptuous masters.

Mahomet made his entrance into the town at about two o'clock in the day, and alighted from his horse at the church

* Even Leonardus Chiensis says: "Obsequentibus vitam parcunt."

of St. Sophia. Observing a soldier busy in an attempt to tear up the marble of the interior, he called out: "Be content with the booty I have given up to you; the town and all the buildings belong to me." He then ordered an Imam to ascend the patriarchal pulpit and give out the hymn of thanksgiving, thus dedicating the church to the Mahometan worship. From thence he went to the imperial palace, and, struck with this visible proof of the vicissitudes of human affairs, repeated as he entered it a Persian distich, signifying:

> "The spider hath woven her web in the palace of emperors,
> And the owl hath sung her watch-song in the towers of Efrasiyab."

He afterwards visited and comforted the wife of Luca Notara, the great duke and admiral, who was ill with terror and grief. These actions seem to betoken a polished and generous conqueror. But the Greek and Latin historians affirm that on the same day he stained his victory at once by debauchery and cruelty; that he celebrated his triumph by a drunken banquet, and amid the excesses of the table ordered the execution of Luca Notara and his two sons, with circumstances disgraceful to his fame. This story may or may not be true: there are other relations credulously reported by Knolles, such as that of the conversion of St. Sophia into a stable, and the massacre of thousands of the Greek inhabitants while the Sultan was feasting, which may be safely disbelieved; the latter indeed is quite inconsistent with the care which Mahomet showed to preserve the population of the city. He allowed a term of three months for those who had fled to return to their homes, promising,

on this condition, the restoration of their property; he ransomed many of the Greek captives from his soldiers; allowed them the free exercise of their religion, and appropriated a portion of the churches for the performance of Christian worship. Some historians indeed have affirmed that half the city was surrendered by capitulation while the other half was taken by assault; and that the churches of the capitulating half were religiously preserved to the Christians by Mahomet; but this relation is in no way entitled to credit. In order to repeople the deserted part of the city, Mahomet commanded ten thousand families from different provinces to come and establish themselves at Constantinople.

The fall of Constantinople was regarded with various sentiments by the contemporaries of that event. Many of the Greeks considered it as the destined retaliation of the people of Asia for the capture of Troy. The priests of the Church of Rome pointed it out to their congregations as the natural consequence of the schism of the Greek people and their obstinate refusal to embrace the orthodox faith and submit to the authority of the Roman pontiff. The chivalry of Europe again saw in the fall of the Greek capital a grievous stain on their honour, and sighed to restore the fame of Christian knighthood over Saracen and Turk. Placed at a long distance of time from the event, our views differ widely from them all.

The remainder of the reign of Mahomet was distinguished by a series of successful enterprises in which the fraud of the Turkish Sultan was not less conspicuous than his force. Historians have reckoned that he conquered two

empires, twelve kingdoms, and two hundred towns.* He expired in the fifty-first year of his age, at a time when he was preparing to make war at once upon the Persians and the Christians. He ordered these words to be engraved upon his tomb: "I intended to conquer Rhodes and subdue proud Italy." Thus, insatiate of glory, he struggled with death itself for an addition to his fame.

Mahomet left a flourishing empire; the capital adorned with new buildings, and two palaces of his own erection. One of them is now the Eski Serai, where the concubines of the deceased Sultans reside, or rather are imprisoned.

Bajazet the Second, the son and successor of Mahomet, continued to augment the Turkish dominions. In the Morea, on the Danube and on the Dniester, he captured fortresses and strengthened his frontiers. Selim, his younger son, in a reign of seven years, was crowned with much more brilliant success. He defeated the Kurds and Turcomans, and by the decisive battle of Meritz Dabik gained possession of Egypt, Syria, and Palestine. He died in 1519, leaving a great name as a conqueror, but loaded with the epithet of the Cruel.

Thus in two centuries from the time when Othman was at the head of four hundred families, the Turks had possessed themselves of some of the fairest regions of the globe, and acquired the richest parts of that empire which the Romans had called the World, and whose subjugation they esteemed the proof of their superiority in valour and wisdom over all the nations of the globe. The dominions of the Turks

* The two empires were Constantinople and Trebizond.

comprehended Egypt, Syria, Palestine and Caramania, Greece, Albania, Bosnia, Servia and Macedonia; they contained Cairo, Jerusalem, Damascus, Athens, Sparta, Thebes, and Constantinople: they were watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates, the Volga and the Danube.

TURKISH HISTORY FROM THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE TO THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO

EDWARD A. FREEMAN

JUST before his death, Mohammed's troops had taken Otranto, as the beginning of the conquest of Italy. Under the next Sultan, Bajazet the Second, Otranto was lost again, and but little progress was made anywhere, except by the winning of a few points from Venice. The next Sultan, Selim the Inflexible, did little in Europe; but he vastly extended the Ottoman power elsewhere by the conquest of Syria and Egypt. He was the first Sultan who gave himself out as Caliph or religious head of all orthodox Mohammedans. The real Caliphs of Bagdad had long come to an end; but a nominal line of Caliphs went on in Egypt, and from the last of them Selim obtained a cession of his claims. The Ottoman princes from this time, besides being Sultans of their own dominions, have deemed themselves also to be the spiritual heads of the Mohammedan religion. It was as if in Western Europe a prince who was already emperor should also become Pope. Lastly, in the reign of Selim's son, *Suleiman* (that is, *Solomon*) the Lawgiver, the Ottoman dominion reached its greatest extent of power in Europe. He took Rhodes; but the Knights withdrew to Malta, and he failed in an attack on that island. But he conquered the greater part of the kingdom of Hungary and

even besieged Vienna. Buda now became the seat of a Turkish pacha, as well as Belgrade. Thus under Solomon the Turkish Empire reached its greatest point. Some important conquests were made afterwards; but, on the whole, the strength of the Turks began to fail at home and abroad. After the reign of Solomon the Lawgiver, the Ottoman power began, on the whole, to go down. In the reign of his son Selim, known as the Drunkard, the Turks won the island of Cyprus from the Venetians, but their fleet was defeated at Lepanto by the fleets of Spain and Venice. No positive advantage followed on this victory, which did not even save Cyprus; still, it broke the spell of Turkish success, and taught men that the Turk could be defeated. Moreover up to the Sixteenth Century, the Turks had better and better disciplined soldiers than any of the European nations with which they had to strive. But from that time the discipline of Western armies grew better and better, while that of the Turks grew worse and worse. And, though several of the later Sultans were brave and able men, and were served by able ministers, yet many of them were quite of another kind. The almost unbroken succession of great rulers ends with Solomon. Thus, on the whole, notwithstanding occasional victories and conquests, the Turkish power now began to go down. In the Seventeenth Century the Turks had many wars with Venice and with the emperors of the house of Austria, who were also Kings of Hungary. Towards the end of the century they had also wars with Poland, and at last with Russia, which was beginning to become a great power under Peter the Great.

In 1669 the Turks won the Island of Crete from the Venetians, after a war of twenty-four years. But in 1684 the Venetians conquered all Peloponnesos and kept it till 1715. In 1683 the Turks again advanced from their Hungarian province, and besieged Vienna, but they were driven back by John Sobieski, King of Poland, and all Hungary was presently freed from them. Throughout the Eighteenth Century there were many wars between the Turks and the emperors as Kings of Hungary. The frontier changed several times according as the Turkish or the imperial armies were successful, till the boundary was settled in 1791. Then Belgrade, which had changed hands more than once, was again given up to the Turks.

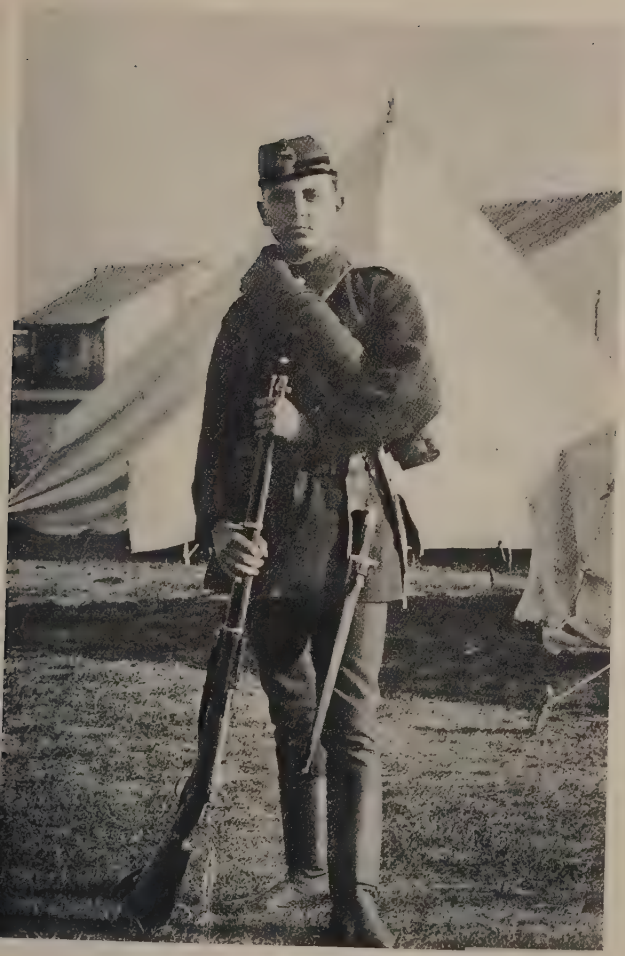
The wars of the Turks with Venice and Hungary were continuations of wars which they had begun to wage soon after they came into Europe. But in the latter years of the Seventeenth Century the Turks found still more dangerous enemies north of the Euxine. Here the great powers were Poland and Russia. Against Poland the Turks had some successes; they gained the province of Pedolia and the strong town of Kaminiec, which, however, they had to give back in 1699. This was the last time that the Turks won any large dominion which they had never held before. But the wars of the Turks with Russia, which began at this time, form an important series. It will be remembered that the peninsula of Crimea and the neighbouring lands now forming Southern Russia were held by the Khans of Crim as vassals of the Sultan. Russia was thus cut off from the Euxine, but, as soon as Russia became a great power,

she could not fail to seek an opening to the sea in this quarter. Peter the Great first won the port of Azof in 1696; and it was lost and won more than once till it was finally confirmed to Russia by the peace of Kainardji in 1774. Catherine the Second was now Empress of Russia, and her policy was steadily directed to advance at the cost of the Turk. By the peace of Kainardji, Russia acquired a kind of protectorate over the dependent principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, which grew into a right of remonstrance on behalf of the Christian subjects of the Turk. The Tartars of Crim were acknowledged as an independent power, a state of things which could not last. In 1783 the land of Crim was added to Russia, which thus gained a great seaboard on the Euxine; and in 1791 the Russian frontier was advanced to the Dniester. All these were heavy blows to the Turk. It was a heavier blow still when Russia acquired a right of interference in the internal concerns of the Ottoman Empire.

Now it will be asked, How did all these changes affect the condition of the subject nations? That is, after all, the main point. The increasing weakness of the Ottoman power affected the subject nations both for evil and for good. It made their actual state harder; but it gave them more hopes of deliverance. The subject nations were used as tools by various Governments who were at war with the Turks, and they were too often thrown aside, like tools, when they were done with. Still, by every failure of their tyrants, by every advance of every other power, they gained indirectly; they gained in heart and in hope.

At last the time came when the subject nations were really able to do something for themselves. First Servia was freed, then Greece. A large part of the Servians had for a while been subjects and soldiers of Austria, and had learned the difference between civilized and barbarian rule. When they were given back to the Turk, the power of the Sultan in those parts was altogether nominal. The land was overrun by rebellious chiefs, who were, of course, worse oppressors than the Sultan himself. In 1804 the Servians rose against their local enemies, and for a while the Sultan favoured their enterprise. But such an alliance could not last. Men who had risen against Mohammedan rule in its worst form were not likely willingly to submit to it again, even in a form which was not quite so bad. Servia was delivered by Czerny or Kara (that is Black) George. It was conquered again in 1815. It was delivered again by Milosh Obrenovich. It became a principality, independent in its internal affairs, though it was still obliged to receive Turkish garrisons in certain fortresses. This last badge of dependence was taken away in 1862; since then Servia has been an independent state in everything but paying a tribute to the Turk.

Many causes meanwhile led to the revolt of Greece. In the wars of the French Revolution the commonwealth of Venice was overthrown. Her Greek possessions, consisting of the Ionian Islands and some points on the Adriatic coast, were portioned out in a strange way. The Turk was to take the points on the coast, while the islands were to be made into a commonwealth, tributary to the Sultan, but



SERVIAN SOLDIER

under the protection of Russia. The points on the coast were gradually won by the Turks, by force or surrender; but as they were very unwillingly transferred to his rule, a stronger feeling began to be felt in favour of them, and of the subject people generally. On the other hand, though the island commonwealth could have no real freedom, it was something like acknowledging the possibility of Greek freedom. Then the islands were conquered by France; then, after the great war, they were again made a commonwealth under a British protectorate which really was British dominion. Still the name of commonwealth went for something; and, in any case, the rule either of France or England was better than that of the Turk. All this then joined with other causes to stir up the spirit of the Greek people, and in 1821 they rose in every part of the Turkish dominions where they could rise. In most of the outlying parts the revolt was easily put down; but in the greater part of Greece itself, the Greek and Albanian inhabitants with some help from volunteers both from the other subject nations and from Western Europe, were able to free the land from the Turks. Then the reigning Sultan Mahmud got help from his vassal Mohammed Ali in Egypt, who had made himself independent of the Sultan, but who was ready to help him against Christian insurgents. Then the European powers stepped in. In 1827 the fleets of England, France, and Russia crushed the Turks at Navarino; the French cleared Peloponnesos of the Egyptians, and Greece became an independent state.

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TURKISH HISTORY FROM 1827 TO 1908

THE rulers of the Ottoman Empire during the Nineteenth Century as a rule have been extremely able men. The exceptions were very quickly removed and assassinated. Mahmud II. (1808-1839) was a great reforming Sultan despite the misfortunes and crimes of his reign, and though his dominions were curtailed by the loss of Greece, which established its independence, and of the country between the Dniester and the Pruth, which, by the treaty of Bukharest in 1812, was surrendered to Russia, the thorough reformation he effected in all departments of the administration checked the decline of the Ottoman Empire and produced a healthy reaction, which has been attended with the most favourable results. Egypt, during his reign, threw off the authority of the Sultan, and is now merely a nominal dependency. His son, Abdul-Medjid (1839-1861), a mild and generous prince, continued the reforms commenced in the previous reign; but the Czar, thinking, from the losses of territory which the Turks had lately sustained, and regardless of the changes which the last thirty years had wrought, that the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire was at hand, constantly interfered with its internal administration; and by a strained interpretation of former treaties (none of which, it may be remarked, Russia herself had ever faithfully observed, although she stringently enforced their observance on the part of the Porte), tried to wring from the Sultan some

acknowledgment of a right of interference with the internal affairs of the country. It was an attempt of this sort to obtain the exclusive protectorate of the members of the Greek Church in Turkey, that brought on the Crimean War of 1853-1855, in which, for the first time after a long lapse of years, the Turks were victorious over the Russians. By the peace of Paris, Turkey regained a portion of territory north of the Danube, between Moldavia and the Black Sea, and extending along the coast to within twenty-three miles of the mouth of the Dniester; and was, to some extent, emancipated from the subservience to Russia into which she had been forced by previous treaties. In 1861, Abdul-Aziz succeeded his brother. Meanwhile the nominally subject peoples of Moldavia and Wallachia ventured to unite themselves into the one state of Roumania and in 1866 the Empire, becoming more and more enfeebled through its corrupt administration, had to look on while the Roumanians expelled their ruler, and, in the hope of securing western support, chose Prince Charles of Hohenzollern to be hereditary prince (*domnu*) of the united principalities. The rebellion of Crete in 1866 threatened a severe blow to the integrity of the Empire, but was ultimately suppressed in 1868—in spite of active help from Greece. Servia, already autonomous within her own frontiers, demanded the removal of the Turkish garrisons still maintained in certain Servian fortresses; and in 1867 Turkey saw herself compelled to make this concession. In the same year the Sultan distinguished the vali of Egypt by granting to him the unique title of Khedive. The vassal king drew down the wrath of

his suzerain in 1870 by negotiating directly with foreign courts, and was compelled to give formal tokens of vassalage. But later concessions have made the Khedive virtually an independent sovereign. The Russian government took the opportunity of war between Germany and France to declare, in 1871, that it felt itself no longer bound by that provision of the Paris treaty which forbade Russia to have a fleet in the Black Sea; and a London conference sanctioned this stroke of Russian diplomacy. Between 1854 and 1871 the Turkish debt had increased by more than $580,000,000; and in 1875 the Porte was driven to partial repudiation of its debts. An insurrection in Herzegovina in the latter part of 1874 marked the beginning of a very eventful and critical period in the history of the Ottoman Empire. The insurrection smoldered on through 1875 and part of 1876, and excited all the neighbouring Slavonic peoples. A threatened revolt in Bulgaria in May, 1875, was repressed with much bloodshed; and the merciless cruelty displayed by the bashi-bazouks, or Turkish irregulars, alienated foreign sympathy from the government. In May Abdul-Aziz was deposed; and his nephew, Murad V., son of Abdul-Medjid, who succeeded him, was destined in turn to make way for his brother, Abdul-Hamid II., in August of the same year. In June Servia declared war, and Montenegro followed her example. Before the end of the year the Servians were utterly defeated, in spite of the help of many Russian volunteers; but the state of affairs in the Turkish provinces seemed to call for a conference of the Great Powers at Constantinople. The proposals then made for the better

government of the Christian subjects of Turkey were rejected by the Turkish authorities, who had, during the conference, taken the extraordinary step of bestowing a parliamentary constitution on the Ottoman Empire. Russia took upon herself to enforce on Turkey the suggestions of the conference, and on April 24, 1877, declared war. Both in Armenia and Bulgaria the opening of the campaign was favourable to the Russian arms, but later the Turks rallied and seriously checked the hitherto triumphant progress of the invaders. Even after the Russian forces had been greatly augmented, the Turks resisted energetically. Kars, besieged for several months, resisted till the middle of November; Erzeroum did not surrender until after the armistice had been concluded. Osman Pasha, who established himself in Plevna early in July, repelled with brilliant success repeated and determined assaults from a besieging army of Russians and Roumanians; and he had so strengthened the fortifications as to be able to hold out until December 10, when he surrendered. Desperate fighting in the Shipka Pass had failed to expel the Russians from their position in the Balkans; and within a month of the fall of Plevna the Russians captured the whole Turkish army that was guarding the Shipka Pass, and then easily overran Roumelia. The victorious Muscovites occupied Adrianople in January, 1878; on the last day of that month an armistice was concluded; and in March the "preliminary treaty" of San Stefano was signed. After grave diplomatic difficulties, owing chiefly to the apparent incompatibility of English and Russian interests, a Congress of the Powers met at Berlin.

At the Congress of Berlin, the vassal states Roumania and Servia, as well as Montenegro, were declared independent, and each obtained a change or extension of territory; Romania, which had to yield up its portion of Bessarabia to Russia, received in compensation the Dobrudscha, cut off by a line from Silistria to Mangalia. Servia was considerably extended to the south. Montenegro received an addition chiefly on the Albanian side, including Antivari; and in 1880, Dulcigno, including part of the Adriatic seaboard of Antivari. What was formerly the Turkish vilayet of the Danube, was, with the exception of the Dobrudscha, now Roumanian, constituted a tributary but automatic principality, its southern boundary being the Balkan range. A large territory to the south of the Balkans was constituted into the separate province of Eastern Roumelia, and though remaining directly under the military and political authority of the Sultan, secured the right of having a Christian governor-general and administrative autonomy. It was agreed that Herzegovina and Bosnia, excepting a small portion of the latter, should be occupied and administered by Austro-Hungary, and thus in large measure alienated from the Porte; Spizza and its seaboard, immediately north of Antivari, was incorporated with Dalmatia; Greece was to receive additional territory; the congress recommending that the rectified frontier should run up the Salambria River from its mouth, cross the ridge dividing ancient Thessaly from Epirus, cut off the town of Janina so as to leave it to Greece, and descend the Kalamas River to the Ionian Sea. In Crete the reformed government promised in 1868 was to be im-

mediately and scrupulously carried out. In Asia the changes were much less considerable; the port of Batum, henceforth to be essentially commercial, Kars and Ardahan, with a portion of Armenia, were ceded to Russia, and Khotour, east of Lake Van, to Persia; the Porte engaging to carry out at once much-needed administrative reforms in Armenia and elsewhere. By the "conditional convention," made in 1878, between Turkey and the United Kingdom, the English government undertook to defend the Porte's dominions in Asia, and received in return the right to occupy and administer Cyprus. The rectification of the Greek frontier was not arranged till 1881. After endless negotiations and procrastination, which for a while seemed almost certain to lead to war, the Porte agreed to cede, and Greece to accept, a considerable portion of territory, though less than the Congress of Berlin had recommended. The new frontier gave to Greece all Thessaly south of the watershed (forming the *Peneus*), including the towns of Larissa and Trikhala; and in Epirus follows the line of the Arta River, leaving the town of Arta to Greece. The fortifications of Prevesa were to be destroyed by the Turks, and the Gulf of Arta was to be neutral.

No further spoliation of the Turkish dominions in Europe occurred until 1908, when Bulgaria proclaimed independence and Austria also proclaimed full sovereignty over Bosnia and Herzegovina. These acts were apparently the direct result of a revolution engineered by the Young Turks, in consequence of which the Sultan granted a new constitution.

THE OLD RÉGIME AND THE NEW

ANGUS HAMILTON

When Abdul Hamid ascended the throne of the Osmanlis as Sultan of Turkey he was without any preparation for the high office which the hapless fate of his immediate successors had rendered vacant. Without training, without a single friend whom he could trust, surrounded by those who had deposed his uncle, Abdul Aziz, and driven to insanity his own brother Murad, Abdul Hamid found the integrity of Turkey assailed upon all sides, whilst he himself appeared to be the least fitting person to forestall the calamities which were impending.

With the deposition of his uncle, the knell of the Ottoman Empire seemed to have sounded. War with Russia loomed across the frontier; the atrocities in Bulgaria had filled Europe with gasping horror; Montenegro and Servia were in conflict. When the recluse, drawn from his retreat among Mullahs and Imams, became installed in Yildiz, there was not a Power that would assist him, nor was there an official upon whom he could rely. The treasury had been depleted by the extravagances of Abdul Aziz, and could no longer remit the interest on the coupon. No new loan was possible, yet armies were urgently needed to restrain Servia and Montenegro, while there was no portion of the Empire which was not threatened. Greece was menacing in the

south, Russia in the north and east, Austria in the west, and a European Commission had been appointed to inquire into the finances of Turkey—the Commission whose labours established the Ottoman Bank and the Dette Publique. The first sitting had just begun when, on December 23d, 1876, salvoes of artillery were heard, and Safet Pacha, the President of the Conference, explained that they were to celebrate the promulgation of a Constitution.

"A great act," said he, "is being accomplished at this hour. . . . It inaugurates a new era for the happiness and prosperity of the people."

The following is a summary of the fundamental and essential provisions of the 119 Articles which this Constitution contained:

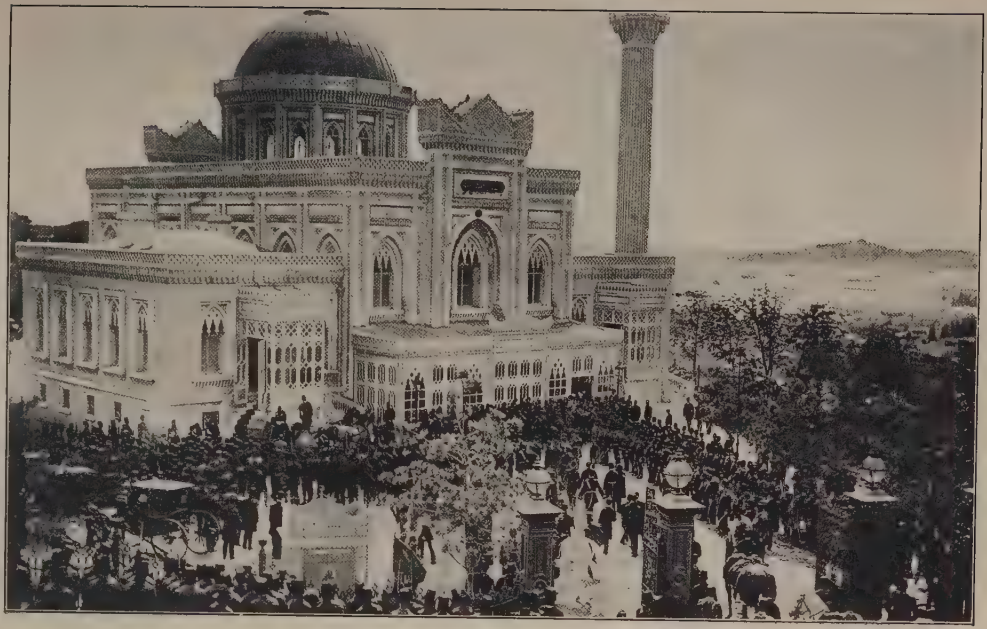
"Indivisibility of the Ottoman Empire. The Sultan, Supreme Calif of the Mussulmans, and Sovereign of all Ottoman subjects, is irresponsible and inviolable. His prerogatives are those of the constitutional Sovereigns of the West. The subjects of his Empire are without distinction called Ottomans. Their individual liberty is inviolable and guaranteed by the laws. Islamism is the religion of the State, but the free exercise of all recognised forms of worship is guaranteed, and the religious privileges of the communities are maintained. No provision giving a theocratic character to the institutions of the State exists in the Constitution.

"Liberty of the Press. Right of association. Right of petition for all Ottomans to the two Chambers. Liberty of

instruction. Equality of all Ottomans in the face of the law. The same rights and the same duties towards the country. Admission to public functions without distinction of religion. Equal division of taxes. Property guaranteed. The home inviolable.

"The Council of Ministers deliberates under the Presidency of the Grand Vizier. Every Minister is responsible for the administration of the affairs of his Department. The Chamber of Deputies can demand the arraignment of the Ministers. A high court is instituted to judge them. In case of a vote in the Chamber of Deputies hostile to the Ministry on an important question, the Sultan either changes his Ministers or dissolves the Chamber. The Ministers may be present at the sittings of the two Chambers, and are allowed to speak. Questions may be asked them. The appointments of public functionaries, made according to conditions fixed by law, cannot be revoked without legal and legitimate reasons. Responsibility of functionaries is not affected by orders contrary to law which they may receive from a superior.

"The General Assembly of Ottomans is composed of two Chambers, the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, which meet on the First of November each year, and of which the sitting lasts four months. A Message from the Sultan is addressed to the two Chambers at the opening of each Session. The members of the two Chambers are free to vote and give their opinions. Imperative 'mandat' is interdicted. The initiative of the law belongs, in the first place, to the Ministry, then to the Chambers, under the form of



The Troops and Court facing Hamidieh Mosque

proposition. The laws are submitted first to the Chamber of Deputies, then to the Senate, finally to the Imperial sanction.

"The Senate is composed of members nominated by the Sultan, and chosen from among the celebrities of the country. The Senate votes the laws already adopted by the Chamber of Deputies, and sends back to that Chamber or rejects arrangements which are contrary to the Constitution, to the integrity and security of the State.

"There is a Deputy for every 100,000 inhabitants. The election is by secret ballot. The position of Deputy is incompatible with the discharge of public functions. General election of Deputies takes place every four years. They may be re-elected. In case of the dissolution of the Chamber, general elections take place, and the new Chamber meets within six months of the date of dissolution. The meetings of the Chamber of Deputies are public. The Deputies cannot be arrested nor prosecuted during the Sessions without the authorisation of the Chamber. The Chamber votes the Laws by Articles and the Budget by Chapters.

"The Judges are irremovable. The audiences of the Tribunals are public. Defence is free. Judgments can be published. No interference can take place in the administration of justice. The attributes of the Tribunals will be clearly defined. Special Tribunals and Commissions are forbidden. A Public Ministry is created. The High Court called on to judge the Ministers, the members of the Court of Cassation, and persons accused of the crime of high

treason, and of attempts against the State, is composed of judicial and administrative celebrities.

"No tax can be established or collected except by virtue of law. The law of the Budget is voted at the beginning of each Session, and for one year only. The final settlement of the completed Budget is submitted to a Chamber of Deputies under form of law. The 'Cour des Comptes' addresses each year to the Chamber of Deputies a report of the financial accounts, and every quarter to the Sultan an account of the financial position. The members of the 'Cour des Comptes' are irremovable. No revocation can take place without the decision of the Chamber of Deputies.

"Provincial administration is based on the broadest form of decentralisation. The General Councils elected treat of the affairs of the province, and control them. Every Canton shall have a Council elected for each of the different communities to manage its own affairs. The communes shall be administered by the Municipal Councils elected.

"Interpretation of the laws belongs, according to their nature, to the Court of Cassation, to the Council of State, or to the Senate. The Constitution can only be modified on the initiative of the Ministry, or of either Chamber, and by a vote of the two Chambers, with a majority of two-thirds sanctioned by the Sultan."

The Constitution was the work of Midhat Pacha, the Grand Vizier, and one of the first of the "Young Turks." Midhat had been a leader of the Palace conspiracy in which Abdul Aziz was assassinated, and he had exacted from

Murad a pledge to promulgate a Constitution. He helped the present Sultan to get rid of Murad, and thus it came about that the worst political reactionary of all the Sultans began his reign with a proclamation which described "the aspirations of France and the practice of England." Called into existence on December 23d, 1876, the Turkish parliament met in March, 1877, and passed away in February of 1878 by order of the Sultan and in virtue of Article 44 of the Constitution, which reserved to the throne the right of closing both houses at its pleasure.

The reform movement in Turkey from its earliest phase has been marked by the warring policies of one or other of the different Constitutional factions. To-day the Young Turks are united over what in 1876-78 precipitated disaster; but although the Softas helped Midhat at the outset of his task in August of 1876, they petitioned the Grand Vizier against the clauses of the Constitution which extended citizenship to the Christian elements. Objecting to the military obligations involved in the proposed emancipation of the Christians, the Greek and Armenian Patriarchs were also roused against the contemplated measure, which was to the liking of no party and due solely to the political prescience of Midhat himself. With singular sagacity he realised that the equality of all races and creeds before the law was the sole prospect of salvation remaining to Turkey, and with his fall from office an end was put temporarily to the constitutional movement.

If with the downfall of Midhat the fortunes of the Young Turks' movement languished, there was a revival of

activity during the nineties. In the following years, too, quite a number of committees of progressive men of various blood, speech, and faith came into existence—both inside and outside the Ottoman Empire. For a time Paris and Geneva were the chief centres of the organisation in Europe, and when papers appeared in support of the interests of the party a direct appeal to European opinion was made by the moderate tone of their statements upon the aims and purposes of the Young Turks. By degrees, however, converts were gained in the outlying areas of the Ottoman dominions in Eastern Europe, in Asia Minor, and in Egypt, and new branches of the parent society grew up in which a more militant note was imparted to the propaganda of the party than was favoured in Paris and Geneva. Thus rifts had already begun to appear in the platform of the Young Turks when some forty-seven representative delegates assembled at Paris in 1902, under the presidency of Prince Sahab-Eddin, to discuss reforms and the future of the party.

The programme at first submitted to the Congress was as follows:—

1. A declaration of loyalty towards the ruling dynasty within the limits of law.

2. Promotion of modern, progressive civilisation among the adherents of Mohammedan creed; and protection of other religions on the same footing of equality.

3. Establishment of harmonious political co-operation among all Ottomans, Mussulman or non-Mussulman.

4. Adoption of the Constitution, which was promulgated in 1875, as the basis of government.

At a second preparatory meeting a further paragraph was added, seeking, in combination with a return to the Constitution of 1876, the maintenance of the integrity and indissolubility of the Ottoman Empire, as the surest and most precious guarantee of general reform. This policy was not one, however, which appealed to all members of the Assembly. In their mistrust of the Sultan a number of the delegates proposed to call upon the Powers, signatory to the Treaty of Paris of 1856 and the Treaty of Berlin of 1878, to exercise their kindly offices in winning recognition of these elementary principles of good government and in securing Turkey's observance of her international obligations. The suggestion that foreign Powers should be brought in to guarantee reform was violently assailed, and ultimately precipitated a split in the councils of the party, which increased as the years passed.

Led by the Armenians, anxious to see the reconstitution of an Armenian State and preferring to identify themselves with the programme of the Macedonian Committees rather than to support anything that would tend to prevent the break-up of Turkey, a campaign of anarchy was begun by the more militant groups. The difficulties in which the Paris and Geneva Committees of the Young Turks were placed by the schism were increased through the amazing variety of racial interests that now clamoured for amelioration. While the Armenian Societies were anxious to work with the Young Turks in so far as each was willing to put an end to the Hamidian *régime*, there were the aspirations of the Albanian, Syrian, Bulgarian, Greek, and other ele-

ments, opposed equally to moderate counsels and to each other, to be considered.

Common basis of action, and a co-operative programme, were rapidly becoming imperative, as much through fear of foreign intervention in suppression of Macedonian disorders as from the hopelessness of securing any actual reforms by sporadic resistance. In December of last year, therefore, a second Congress of Young Turks was called. Among the groups who despatched delegates were the Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress, the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, the Ottoman League of Private Initiative of Decentralisation and Constitution, and the Israelite Committee of Egypt. After exhaustive discussion, in which the principle of moderation was admitted to be more in accordance with the general interests of the fraternity than the existing methods of the revolutionaries, a working agreement was made between the Moderate element and the various Armenian, Jewish, and Macedonian revolutionary committees.

Although discrepancies still existed between the respective views of the active branches and the governing body, much disagreement was made to disappear, and the Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress, working avowedly for the affirmation of the Midhatian principle of racial and religious equality in Turkey, became potential head of the Young Turks. For a time, at all events, the situation was saved in the interests of the moderate element, and the following principles were agreed upon as worthy of general acceptance by the several groups as the result of the Conference:—

1. The abdication of the Sultan Abdul Hamid.
2. Radical change of the present *régime*.
3. Establishment of a Parliament.

Such a programme obviously pointed to revolution at some future date, and, while counsels of moderation still proceeded from the Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress, elaborate preparations against possible eventualities were made in Turkey itself. For the nonce the leaders of the movement continued to reside abroad, actively engaged in pursuit of their plans and insistent upon the peaceful character of their intentions. In every village a committee was formed for the enlistment of members, while at the same time it was empowered to act upon its own initiative in the adjustment of grievances. It is to the divided control which this arrangement created that so many of the recent disorders can be attributed, for the local committees, unmindful of the intricacies of the international situation, were not always able to appreciate the fact that the principle of the movement was aggressive, while its methods were passive.

The oaths subscribed by the members partook of the picturesqueness that is usually associated with secret societies. A revolver and a knife were placed upon a Koran, which was held to the forehead of the new member as he repeated in solemn tones:—

"I swear in the name of God and Mohammed that I will fight for nationality, freedom, and truth while a drop of blood remains in my body."

With this oath taken the member then paid his tax and undertook to provide himself with a rifle and to be prepared to abandon family, work, and friends at any moment that he was called upon to fight for the cause. Moneys, derived from the taxation to which the members were subject, accruing from donations or obtained in the course of operations, were to be devoted primarily to the purchase of arms, ammunition, and stores, and secondly to the support of the families of those members who might be killed during the course of the revolution.

In a movement in which the taking of life was regarded as of little consequence, it is almost surprising to find that elaborate measures were drawn up to regulate the passing of death-sentences upon enemies of the cause. These were held to be all who adopted any measures of suppression against the party whether action was directed against the individual or the organisation as a whole, while traitors were those who revealed information about the party to the authorities, who hindered the plans of the movement, who declined to carry arms or refused to pay the taxes. Cases were dealt with summarily, and mercy was not a distinguishing quality in the verdict of the tribunals by whom sentences were passed. Yet the infliction of the death sentence was no part of a haphazard arrangement, but was relegated to a special corps of assassins, whose remuneration depended largely upon the status of the person who was killed. It was governed also by the means which were employed to accomplish the task and the financial position of the group at the time.

Although Christians were not allowed at first to participate in the movement, at a later date they were permitted to become affiliated with it, when they were conceded the right to carry arms and to contribute to the funds, but were compelled to subscribe a different oath. To Mussulmans and Christians alike the committees recommended:—

1. Armed resistance to acts of the authorities.

2. Non-armed resistance by means of political and economic strikes, strikes of officials, police, etc.

3. Refusal to pay taxes.

4. Propaganda in the army; soldiers to be asked not to march against the people or the revolutionaries.

5. General insurrection.

Although conditions in Turkey caused the programme of the Young Turks to be hailed with satisfaction, the cause possessed little prospect of success so long as the mutual antipathies of the various peoples were preserved. Race prejudice so dominates the conditions of the Nearer East that it has become a factor of great importance in the administration of the country, and one, too, which the Sultan has invariably turned to his advantage. Hitherto no attempt has been made to meet racial prejudices on the common ground of some mutual understanding, and it was because racial unity was unknown that the problem of Macedonia remained unsolved. Perhaps the most remarkable of the changes which have taken place in the last few weeks in the dominions of the Sultan are those which have accompanied the Turkish rendering of the cry, "One Flag, One People." Hitherto such an outburst would have been

as unintelligible as it would have proved unexpected, for the divers races regarded the Sultan with indifference and each other with contempt. Yet under the influence of the agents of the Young Turks a racial solidarity has been achieved which of itself has gone some way towards securing the defeat of the Sultan.

It is impossible to state at what point in their plans the Young Turks were assured of the co-operation of the various races, but it must be obvious to any one with the most perfunctory knowledge of Turkey, that once this particular question had been adjusted the plans of the Young Turks were destined to prevail. Aside from this aspect of the situation, the conditions of life in Turkey long since had approached the sum total of misery that the human machine could endure. Tyranny of every form flourished, poverty was universal, and each grade of society was the victim of the one above it. For years the burden of an intolerant autocracy, in which freedom of speech was denied, liberty of movement was impossible, and human life was never safe, has been borne without complaint.

In a measure these things sprang from the Sultan, in whom suspicion was innate, and whose spies were everywhere. In the public office, in the harem, in the street, in the dining-room, in the baths, wherever one went, whatever one did, the secret emissaries of the Sultan were there to report. To espionage Abdul Hamid has given his choicest thoughts, and the system of surveillance which he organised with the power of his private means was a wonderful yet terrible piece of machinery. Through it no father could

New Bridge Valideh Sultan Keuprisi

trust his sons, nor a master his servants, for Abdul Hamid had proved that no one was beyond suspicion nor above temptation. As a consequence, the lives of the highest and of the lowest of his subjects were affected in a most remarkable manner. A feeling of constraint permeated everywhere, influencing the simplest actions and the most unconsidered speech, until life became, from the capital itself to the most distant confines of the empire, a constant horror, unenjoyable even by the spies themselves, as the Sultan was too astute to place any credence in the evidence of the spy that himself had not been spied upon.

To a system of delation that was marvellous in the perfection to which it attained, the Sultan added a policy that was based upon corruption and regulated by favouritism. The worst methods of Eastern despotism have prevailed for years past at Yildiz, where for many reasons it would have been better to have regarded the court as aboriginal and Asiatic. From his earliest youth Abdul Hamid has always gone in fear of assassination, and partially on this ground he has chosen to administer the government of his empire single-handed. If the pressure which such a system of centralisation naturally produces proclaims the Sultan of Turkey to be among the hardest worked of contemporary sovereigns, it also prepared the way for systematic abuses which arose from the impossibility of the task that he had set himself.

Among the first to feel the effect of this system of government were the public services, for the interests of which a sufficiency of funds was not forthcoming. Dissatisfaction

with the Government on account of arrears of pay was universal, and class preyed upon class. While in the higher circles of the Government offices were bought and sold, and promotion was only possible at a price, the lower grades resorted to illegal taxation and were no less corrupt. The existence of such an order of life continuing year after year ultimately affected the rank and file of the nation, goading them to that support of the Young Turks without which recent developments would have been impossible. It will be seen, therefore, that the moment was ripe for the Young Turks to press the acceptance of their propaganda upon the Sultan, for the nation was behind them, and the conspicuous success which has rewarded their efforts must be taken as revealing its weariness with existing conditions.

In spite of the careful organisation which their various measures show the Young Turks party to possess, there has been an element of luck in the proceedings which it is necessary to consider. Hitherto in Turkey the Sultan has been able to rely upon his army; but the more carefully the events of the last few weeks are studied, the more clear does it become that the force which brought about the surrender of the Sultan was the army. Popular movements are never satisfactorily championed by military *pronunciamientos*. In such cases they are usually subservient to some influence, either personal or professional. If the motives which called forth the proclamation of the Third Army Corps in Macedonia are scrutinised, it will be seen that they are professional rather than political. No doubt Niaza Bey was sincere when he gave the signal of revolt to Monastir by

capturing Marshal Osman Pacha; no doubt he was inspired by the highest aspirations of his party when he issued at the same time his famous manifesto to the Greek, Bulgarian, and Servian inhabitants whose jealousies had brought chaos to the province. Yet, because the bands laid down their arms and fell upon each others' necks in the enthusiasm of their sentiments, it does not follow that the army, once its grievances have been adjusted, will continue to profess sympathy with the Young Turks.

Undoubtedly many of the military leaders are patriots, but the majority of the officers who have joined the Young Turks are actuated chiefly by grievances in regard to arrears of pay, excessively prolonged service, and an intolerable system of "secret reports," with its concomitant or unfair promotion. If their discontent has found a ready response in the usually docile and loyal rank-and-file, it is not because the Young Turkish propaganda has made any great progress in that direction, but because the conditions of service in Macedonia during the last few years have been subversive of all discipline. On this point an interesting testimony is to be found in the last Macedonian Blue-Book. Writing to the late Sir Nicholas O'Conor last January, our Consul at Salonica says:—

"The military authorities have for a long time past been quite sensible to the fact that the discipline and military efficiency of the Third Army Corps have been most injuriously affected by the system under which, for the past five years, the troops composing it have been scattered over

the country in small detachments of from ten to twenty men, engaged in guarding roads, railways, vilayets, and even outlying farms, all sense of cohesion not only in battalions, but even in individual companies, being thereby lost."

Soldiers in this condition clearly would have been ready for any mischief. Perhaps in this direction lies the explanation of the alacrity with which the Albanians responded to the Young Turks' signals of mutiny and telegraphed to inform the Sultan that they had taken the oath in favour of a re-establishment of the Constitution. With his pet troops on strike and the remainder of the army making common cause with the rioters, the Sultan was driven into a corner. With no means of crushing the movement, the alternative to an immediate revival of the Constitution of 1876 was death.

The Sultan, however, is a past master of the art of graceful surrender. Yet, even then, there must have been an element of unreality in the strange scene which occurred when he received at a window of his palace, for the first time in a reign of thirty-two years, an address from his subjects:—

"Our desire is," the speaker said, "only for your good health. Some perfidious ones have prevented us from seeing your face. For thirty-two years we wanted to see you. Thank God, our wish is now gratified. Long live our Padishah."

The Sultan in reply said:—

"Inasmuch as since my accession I have laboured for the salvation and the prosperity of the Fatherland, God is now witness that my greatest object is the prosperity and salvation of my subjects, who are no other than my own children."

In view of such an incident it is hardly astonishing that two days later Abdul Hamid took the oath of allegiance to the Constitution, and with his hand on the Koran made the following declaration to the Sheikh-ul-Islam:—

"I have been made very happy by the thanks of my people. I swear, and adjure you to declare in my name, that I will execute to the letter the Constitution which I have granted to my faithful people. Nobody can stop me."

Turning to the officers in attendance, the Sheikh-ul-Islam then added:—

"I inform you that this declaration has been made with the Sultan's hand on the Koran, and that his Majesty declared that all useful reforms will be made when required."

If the protestations of the Sultan at such a crisis are suspect, it is because his is the strangest figure in the comedy now being performed in Turkey. For thirty-two years he has ruled alone; for thirty-two years he has believed in no one but himself; he has made no confidences, sought no friendships, save those which the exigencies of his empire imperatively demanded. His position has been unique among Western potentates, and perhaps the most unenviable, for in his close proximity to Europe he has found only

ruin and despoliation. The opponent of every form of liberalism, he has ruled by oppression in the same way as did his predecessors, and it is because the Finest Pearl of his Age and the Esteemed Centre of his Universe can no longer maintain a barbarous supremacy over his people that the Constitution of 1876 has been revived. In the absence of any retrograde manifestation, therefore, it is wiser to consider the development itself than to mistrust the spirit which dismissed the secret police, restored the rights of the individual, the liberties of the Press, and inviolability to the home. Viewed from this standpoint, then, it will be seen that the privileges of the earlier Parliament are renewed in the terms of the Hatti-Humayun dealing with the new.

After referring to the Constitution granted by his father and by himself, and confirming the declaration that henceforth there would be no interference at any time or in any way with the working of the Constitution, which he made on the occasion of receiving the congratulations of the Foreign Representatives on the restoration of the Constitution of 1876, it ordains that:—

1. All Ottoman subjects, without distinction of race and origin, shall enjoy personal liberty, and be equal as regards rights and responsibilities.

2. Nobody shall be questioned, arrested, imprisoned, or punished in any manner without legal grounds.

3. Extraordinary Courts shall be prohibited, and it shall be forbidden to summon any person outside the Department of the Competent Tribunal.

4. The domicile of all persons is inviolable, and it shall not be permissible to enter a house or to keep any place of abode under observation, otherwise than in conformity with the provisions of the law.

5. Officials, noble or otherwise, shall not prosecute any person otherwise than as specified by law.

6. All subjects of the Sultan shall have the right to reside where they wish, and to associate with whom they desire.

7. The censorship of the Press shall be abolished, letters and newspapers shall not be intercepted in course of post, and offences of the Press shall be investigated by ordinary courts.

8. Education shall be free.

9. Officials shall be responsible to the laws, and they shall not be obliged to obey orders contrary to law. No one shall be appointed to a post against his will.

10. The Grand Vizier shall choose the Ministers, and submit them to the Sultan for his sanction. He shall also choose the diplomatic agents, the valis and the members of the Council of State, with the assent of the Minister of Foreign Affairs and of the Minister of the Interior and of the President of the Council of State respectively, as far as it concerns them.

Articles 11 and 12 determine the conditions regulating the duties of provincial officials, while Article 13 provides that the best of the budget of ordinary and extraordinary receipts and payments as well as the budget of each Department and Vilayet shall be published at the beginning of each official year.

14. After the revision of the existing laws and regulations relative to the organisation and duties of the ministries and vilayets, bills, for the alteration of said laws and regulations, according to the present requirements, shall be drafted, with a view to their being submitted to the Chamber of Deputies which is to meet shortly.

15. The condition of the army shall be advanced, and the weapons and equipment improved.

A later edict carries the Governmental programme still further. All laws and regulations incompatible with the new *régime* are to be amended, all departments of Government, naval, military, judicial, and administrative, are to be reorganised. The right of property is consolidated, and non-Mussulmans for the future will be eligible for military service and admitted to the military colleges. The commercial treaties are to be renewed, but it is intended to secure, with the assent of the Powers, the abolition of the Capitulations, and to demonstrate, by winning the confidence of foreigners and maintaining cordial relations with the Powers, that the necessity for such privileges no longer exists.

CONFLICTING AMBITIONS

J. ELLIS BARKER

About two-thirds of the inhabitants of European Turkey are people of various nationalities: Bulgarians, Greeks, Serbs, Rumanians, Albanians, etc. The small states adjoining Turkey are Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro. Roughly speaking, it may be said that the Bulgarian inhabitants of Turkey predominate in that part of Turkey which adjoins Bulgaria, that Greeks predominate in that part of Turkey which adjoins Greece, and that Serbs predominate in that part of Turkey which adjoins Servia. Hence it is only natural that Bulgaria and Greece, and, to a less extent, Servia and Montenegro, entertain the closest relations with their compatriots and co-religionists across the Turkish frontier.

Bulgaria, Greece, and Servia are small but ambitious States. Their narrow territory and unfavourable geographical position give little scope to their inhabitants. Bulgaria and Greece have a glorious history, the leading statesmen and patriots of these countries are aware that the future is to the great nations; they wish to see their country expand, and it is only natural that they desire to see their country strengthened by uniting with their compatriots and co-religionists who are their immediate neighbours across the Turkish frontier. The wish of Bulgaria, Greece, and Servia

to join hands with the Bulgarians, Greeks, and Serbs dwelling on Turkish soil is perfectly justified on sentimental grounds alone. Besides political interest, the instinct of self-preservation compels the Balkan States to expand. Servia is cut off from the sea, and her trade is deliberately hampered and stifled by her neighbours, and especially by Austria-Hungary. Furthermore, Belgrade, the capital of Servia, lies on the Danube, and is separated only by that river from Austrian territory, and may therefore at any moment be taken by a *coup-de-main*. In similar insecurity lie Sofia, the capital of united Bulgaria, which is situated at a distance of only a day's march, and Philippopolis, the capital of Eastern Rumelia and the second largest town of the principality, which is situated at a distance of but a few hours' march from the Turkish frontier. Both Bulgaria and Servia occupy economically and politically an exceedingly precarious position and, as Bulgarians and Serbs are animated by a fervent patriotism, they ardently desire to provide for the security of their country by an increase of territory, which to the inhabitants of these States appears to be a necessity.

The treaty of San Stefano, which was revised at the Congress of Berlin, had contemplated the creation of a greater Bulgaria, which would have included the districts peopled by Bulgarians which still belong to Turkey. The hopes of the Bulgarians were shattered by the Powers. The southwestern provinces of this greater Bulgaria were cut away from the Bulgarian principality, and were handed back to Turkey. The ideal of all Bulgarians is the creation

SERVIAN PEASANT

of a great Bulgaria—the Bulgaria of the Treaty of San Stefano; and it is only natural that ever since the Treaty of Berlin it has been the greatest ambition of the Bulgarians to regain those territories inhabited by their brothers which were arbitrarily taken from them, especially as the possession of these territories would increase the security of the Bulgarian capital, which then would be situated right in the centre of the enlarged State.

Whilst the Bulgarians wish to see their country expand, partly in order to effect a reunion with their compatriots and co-religionists, partly in order to increase the security of their country and of its capital, the Greeks claim the right of expansion at Turkey's expense chiefly on historic grounds. They lay a claim not only to those parts of Turkey which are inhabited chiefly by Greeks, but also to other parts, and some to Constantinople itself. They remember that Macedonia was the cradle of Alexander the Great. They dream of re-establishing the Empire of Alexander the Great and the Byzantine Empire, and they argue that the Greeks have the strongest claim to the territories of Turkey, because the whole civilisation of the Near East was created by the Greeks.

The foreign policy of the Great Powers is a complicated one. They have many and varied interests. The foreign policy of Greece, Bulgaria, and Servia is a simple one. They have practically only a single aim and object to achieve—and this is a reunion with their compatriots which can be effected only by expansion at Turkey's cost. Upon that single aim and object all the political energy of Greece,

Bulgaria, and Servia is concentrated. The leaders of society and of thought, the Church, the army and the universities unitedly follow the same policy. Bulgaria, Greece, and Servia press upon European Turkey from three sides and in the middle between these three States lies Macedonia.

In Macedonia, Turks, Bulgarians, Greeks, and Serbs dwell together in inextricable confusion. There are in Macedonia belts inhabited chiefly by men of a single nationality, but in a large part of that country the various nationalities are so much mixed that one can speak neither of a Greek, nor of a Bulgarian, nor of a Serbian sphere. These parts of Macedonia became a bone of contention between Bulgaria, Greece, and Servia. Each nation laid claim to those parts in which the nationalities are mixed and asserted that among the inhabitants of Macedonia the men of its own nationality formed the majority. In support of their claims, Bulgarians, Greeks, and Serbs drew up statistics regarding the population of Macedonia, a comparison of which is very amusing. Three of these statistical tables are as follows:

POPULATION OF MACEDONIA

	According to Gobchevitch (a Serb)	According to Kantchef (a Bulgarian)	According to Nicolaides (a Greek)
Turks	231,400	489,664	576,600
Bulgarians	57,600	1,184,036	454,700
Serbs	2,048,320	700	
Greeks	201,140	222,152	656,300
Albanians	165,620	124,211	——
Vlachs	74,465	77,267	41,200
Various	101,875	147,244	91,700
Total	2,880,420	2,248,274	1,820,500

It will be noticed that Bulgarian, Greek, and Serbian statisticians put the number of men of their own nationality as high as possible, and that of their more important national competitors as low as possible.

Unfortunately the competition of Greece, Bulgaria, and Servia in Macedonia is not limited to the comparatively harmless occupation of manufacturing statistics. In order to strengthen their claim the competing nations endeavoured to nationalise the inhabitants of Macedonia by means of their national school and their national church. The Bulgarian Church organisation, the Exarchate, and the Greek Church organisation, the Patriarchate, competed keenly for the souls and bodies of the inhabitants. Soon the persuasion of priests and schoolmasters was reinforced by armed bands, which strove to convert Greeks into Bulgarians, or Bulgarians into Greeks by threats and violence, by murder and arson. A Greek appeal to the chiefs of the different dioceses in Macedonia proclaimed: "The Hellenic people will be grateful to the valiant defenders of Hellenism for the struggle which they have undertaken with the purpose of proving to the whole world that Macedonia is an exclusively Greek land. Priests, school-teachers, notables are to be exterminated. Burn! Shoot! Slay!" Similar instructions were issued by the Bulgarian committees. A terrible campaign of murder and devastation ensued, which lately claimed on an average two thousand victims every year.

The last British Blue Book on Turkish affairs contains the following interesting table, which gives an excellent insight into the terrible state of Macedonia:—

TABLE SHOWING TOTAL NUMBER OF POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS, ETC.

Reported during the Year 1907.

	Bulgarians	Greeks and Patriarchists	Serbs	Vlachs	Moslems	Soldiers, Zaptiehs, etc.	Totals
Killed by Bulgarians	120	184	49	11	86	71	521
" Patriarchists (Greeks)	320	17	—	21	12	22	392
" Serbs . .	68	—	1	—	2	25	96
" Vlachs .	—	23	—	—	1	8	32
" Moslems .	172	1	16	1	1	—	191
" Unknown .	75	5	1	3	26	9	119
Armed insurgents killed in encounters with the troops . .	236	89	88	4	—	—	417
Total .	991	319	155	40	128	135	1,768

As not all the murders are reported, and as many of the wounded do not die immediately, the foregoing figures are, of course, somewhat too small. At all events, the table clearly shows that in Macedonia the various nationalities are exterminating one another.

The Turks, the conquerors of Macedonia, are the ruling class among the quarrelling alien nations. They have no preference for any of the subject races, for in the eyes of the Turks all Christian peoples are equally untrustworthy. Desiring to maintain a " balance of power " among the subject races, they have hitherto supported on principle the weaker side, and they have rather encouraged than discouraged the mutual slaughter of their Christian subjects. Consul O'Conor reported on September 14th, 1907:

" The Turkish policy of playing off one rebellious Chris-

tian element against another instead of reducing all to subjection by legitimate methods of repression, is responsible for the maintenance of the present insecurity and the consequent impossibility of applying remedial measures." A French Consul, Mons. Bapst, reported similarly: "The Turkish Government contemplates with pleasure the internecine warfare of Christians and takes no steps to bring it to an end." The fact that the Turks support on principle the weaker side against the stronger is confirmed by the foregoing table. Numerically the Bulgarians are far stronger in Macedonia than are the Greeks, and it is certainly not merely by coincidence that, according to the official British statement, the Moslems and Turkish troops killed during 1907 four hundred and eight Bulgarians and only ninety Greeks.

The Bulgarian, Greek, and Serbian bands are composed partly of inhabitants of Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece, and especially of Crete, and partly of Macedonian peasants. Thousands of Greek and Bulgarian inhabitants of Macedonia have become brigands by choice or by necessity, from revenge or from despair.

Much money is required for financing these bands. Not only are arms and ammunition, which have to be smuggled across the frontier, very costly, but the leaders of the bands and the rank and file demand high pay and substantial compensation in case of disablement or death. Whilst the Bulgarians are perhaps more ready to fight and to lay down their lives for their country than are the Greeks, the Greeks dispose of far larger funds than the Bulgarians, who are a

nation of small farmers. The Greek bands are financed by patriotic Greek millionaires, who reside in Egypt and elsewhere.

The pitiless campaign of mutual extermination is telling on the unhappy inhabitants of Macedonia. Consul-General Lamb reported recently: "The Bulgarian element in the southern portion of the Sanjak of Seres is reduced to virtual extinction. Emigration is assuming such large proportions that nearly sixty thousand peasants are stated to have emigrated in the past few years to America from the vilayet of Monastir alone, of whom two-thirds are Bulgarians."

Such is the state of Macedonia, and such are the motives which have created that State. Will the Young Turks succeed in creating peace and order in that unhappy country?

TURKEY IN EUROPE

SUTHERLAND MENZIES

TURKEY in Europe is divided into two great portions, separated by the chain of the Balkans: (I) the countries belonging to the basin of the Danube; (II) the countries belonging to the Peninsula commonly called the Hellenic. The first comprehend Bosnia, Servia, Wallachia, Moldavia (Roumania), and Bulgaria; the second comprise the Provinces of the south of the Archipelago, which are Thrace, Macedonia, and Thessaly; Provinces to the south of the Adriatic—Albania and Herzegovina.

The Hellenic Alps divide the peninsula into two great watersheds: that of the Archipelago, and that of the Adriatic Sea. The watershed of the Archipelago comprehends, in the Ottoman Empire, Roumelia, or the ancient Provinces of Thrace, Macedonia, and Thessaly; that of the Adriatic Sea, the Herzegovina and Albania.

Ancient Thrace is a vast plain bordered by a mountainous amphitheatre, a plain dotted with little hills, woods, cultivated tracts, and swamps, and which is comprised in the basin of the Maritza.

The basin of the Maritza is surrounded on the east by the Strandja Mountains, on the north by the Eastern Balkan, on the west by a vast slope detached from the Balkans, the Rhodope, which the Turks have called Despoto-Dagh

(Mountain of the Priests) on account of the numerous monasteries formerly scattered over these mountains.

No country in Turkey presents such fine mountain summits or upon so grand a scale, especially when seen from Tatar-Bazardjik and Philippopolis, where one has, on the other side, the aspect of the Balkans, which loses by being placed in a vicinity so magnificent. The Despoto-Dagh forms a perfect amphitheatre, where, below the verdant mountain-tops, or the bare rocks, are staged superb forests of pine and larches, then a zone tufted with beech, and, lower down, oakwoods with meadows and vineyards encircling the villages. These mountains have served as a refuge to the Greeks, who, persecuted by the Turks, here cantoned themselves in the villages and monasteries placed at the bottom of the valleys or upon the scarps, but the Christian population has been successfully and designedly expelled by the Mussulmans.

The Maritza takes it source in the Samarorv mass; it flows at first through a deep ravine as far as Kostanitza, where it is joined by the route of Soulu-Derbend; it begins to extend itself in an open country at Tatar-Bazardjik, a town of eight thousand inhabitants, important by its position; then it traverses a wide and fertile valley, well populated, but the cultivation of which being chiefly rice-fields, it is swampy, unhealthy, and travelling difficult. It continues to be skirted by the route from Vienna to Constantinople, and reaches Philippopolis, an industrious city of twenty thousand inhabitants. The plain which it traverses remains fertile and populous, and it thus waters a multitude

of small towns and villages as far as Adrianople. This ancient city is now looked upon as the second capital of the Ottoman Empire, of which it was the metropolis from 1369 to 1453. It stands on the Maritza, near the confluence of the Tundja and the Arda with the Hebrus. Its site is a spot celebrated alike in the earliest traditions of antiquity and in the records of more authenticated and modern history. It was at the junction of these three rivers that the infuriated Orestes purified himself from the contamination of the murder of his mother; and a town erected in commemoration of that event bore his name, and is frequently mentioned by the Byzantine authors. Here, also, where the Hebrus first changes its course from the eastward to descend to the south, the Emperor Adrian afterwards rebuilt the city, which, at a later period, enjoyed the dignity of a metropolis, and still retains a name derived from its Roman restorer.

Adrianople is the capital of a pachalik, and occupies a fine situation in the midst of a beautiful country, and is now about five miles in circumference, surrounded by old walls, and defended by a citadel. But, although its appearance from a distance is highly imposing, its beauty sadly diminishes upon a nearer view, like that of most Turkish cities. On entering the suburbs by a long, narrow bridge over the Tundja—picturesque but not over strong—the streets are found to be very narrow and darkened by wooden projections from the opposite houses. The population used to be estimated at one hundred thousand, and included a large number of Greeks, but is now much less, owing to two

annual fairs, to which Russians with furs, and Germans with cloth, were in the habit of resorting, having ceased to exist. Its trade is, however, still considerable, consisting chiefly in its exports of raw silk, and a colouring substance used as a yellow dye, known generally by the name of *grains d'Avignon*. It has also silk manufactures on a small scale, wool and cotton, and there are establishments for making rose-water and other perfumes.

The public buildings, for size and beauty, are equal, if not superior, to any in the whole empire. The Mosque of Selim and the Bazaar of Ali Pacha are called the pride of Adrianople. The Mosque has four minarets, which are fluted, and much admired for the elegance of their construction. Three spiral staircases, winding round each other, separately conduct to the three different galleries of each minaret to the highest, of which there are three hundred and seventy-seven steps. The interior is highly imposing. This Mosque is supposed to have nine hundred and ninety-nine windows; but Christians are not allowed to count them—the Turks have a superstition that to allow of such a calculation being made would be unlucky. The exterior court is paved with large slabs of white marble, and the antique columns of the cloisters built round it are of various orders and dimensions, but all of the most costly materials—either Verde antique, Egyptian granite, or snow-white marble. Taken altogether, the Mosque of Selim is considered one of the largest and most beautiful Mohammedan temples in the world. There are about forty other mosques and fountains, which add considerably to the quaint character of the streets.

Pera and Galata Docks

Macedonia is surrounded on the northeast by the chain of Rhodope; on the north by the series of high plateaux and of mountains that we have called Central Balkan and Eastern Balkan on the west, by the Hellenic Alps; on the south by a vast counter-slope of those Alps which are terminated by Mount Olympus. It is a country with distinct boundaries and occupying a central position on the one side between the neighbouring region of the Adriatic Sea, or Albania; on the other side, between the region which touches on the Straits and on the Black Sea, or Thrace; finally, between the southern portions of the Hellenic peninsula. That position explains the part which it has played in antiquity and that which it may yet play. It is almost wholly mountainous, but with vast plains of great fertility, and it is remarkable by the peninsula which it projects, the Chalcidian, so important in ancient times and which seems, by its position and its ports, destined to dominate the Ægean Sea. It is, moreover, a country the geography of which is very little known, and wherein explorations might be made as in the unknown parts of Africa.

The Rhodope Mountains, the scene of the Mussulman insurrection, are famous in classical fable as the last homes of Orpheus. It was to "Rhodope's snows" whence "Hebrus wanders, rolling in meanders all alone," that the divine maestro of mythical song retired after the loss of his Eurydice. Macedonia is one of the most fertile provinces of the Ottoman Empire; it produces chiefly cotton, corn, oil, etc.; its mountains furnish magnificent timber and mineral products badly worked. The climate is excellent,

the air pure and salubrious. Its inhabitants are what they were in the time of Alexander—handsome, strong, active, intelligent, and warlike. It is chiefly thence those European Turks have come of Hellenic origin, but converted to Islamism, who have aggrandized and maintained the Ottoman Empire—we will cite among them only the three viziers Kupruli, and the Pacha of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, born at Cavalla, a little fortified port upon the route from Salonika to Constantinople. The peninsula comprised between the Black Sea, the Bosphorus, and the Sea of Marmora is a country slightly hilly, but very much broken up, covered with thickets and intersected by ravines. The road skirts the sea-coast on approaching Silivri, but it is cut through continually by rivulets and torrents and presents numerous obstacles.

The Black Sea, which receives more than twenty great rivers and a very considerable mass of water, pours the overflow of it into the Ægean Sea by two narrow necks which are united in a retaining basin: the two necks of water, or straits, are the Bosphorus of Thrace and the Hellespont; the retaining basin is the Sea of Marmora or the Propontis.

The Hellespont, a deep, winding strait, devoid of islands and having but few shoals, resembles, with its two shores scooped out amphitheatrically and grooved with valleys and picturesque sites, not a sea, but rather a wide river running from northeast to southwest. It is without a rival in the world from the importance of the seas which it opens; it is the key of that fine maritime lake interposed between Asia

and Europe, and which the ancients called Propontis; of that city, the site of which is unequalled—Constantinople; of that vast closed sea (*mare clausum*), the Euxine, which is the unique link of the northern and eastern steppes with the fairest regions of the South, that is to say, between barbarism and civilisation.

The strait is narrowed at its entrance, which is about 2800 metres in breadth, by the two capes, Eleontum and Sigeum, platforms of some 100 metres high, resembling terraced ramparts. At their feet are the two New Castles, or New Dardanelles, the glaring whiteness of which contrasts with the dark azure of the sea. The Turks call the European castle Sedil-Bahr-Kalessie; and the Asiatic fortress Koume-Kalessi; the first has, moreover, on the height, the old fort of Paleocastro; the second is built on the left bank of the Simois. Four leagues above the New Dardanelles between Cape Rhetico and Cape Dardanus, at the part where the Strait is only 1500 metres broad, stand the Old Dardanelles, or the Kilid-Bahr in Europe and Kilid-Soultanie in Asia.

The navigation of the Hellespont is difficult, the current which hurries along the waters of the Black Sea into the Ægean, and which runs at the rate of 5560 metres an hour, is only opposed by a counter-current running along the coast of Asia and coming from the Archipelago. The winds from the north blow with great force here during summer, and from the south during winter.

The Hellespont has been crossed under remarkable circumstances by armies; by Xerxes and his million of soldiers,

by the Crusaders of the Third Crusade in 1189, by the Turks in 1356, etc.

The strait widens and becomes the Sea of Marmora between Lampsaki in Asia and Gallipoli in Europe. This last-named town has a good port, and from 12000 to 15000 inhabitants, but is dirty, gloomy, and miserable; it was the first point conquered by the Turks in Europe; it commands the entrance of the strait. The Isthmus of Gallipoli is only two leagues broad, and was closed in former times by a wall flanked by three fortresses, Cardia, Sysimachia, and Pattiæ. The possession of this isthmus is indispensable to whomsoever seeks to keep the strait, and consequently the Black Sea. Gallipoli was occupied in 1854 by French troops, who had fortified the isthmus and made the peninsula the base of their occupation of Turkey in Europe.

The Sea of Marmora has 253 square myriametres of surface. It is deep, easily navigable, disturbed only by the great current of the Black Sea; it is masked, at its entrance by the Island of Marmora, famous for its marble quarries. On the coast of Asia, which is sinuous, the peninsula of Cyzicus and the gulfs of Moundania and Nicomedia; upon the coast of Europe, which is nearly straight, Rodosto, a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, Grekli, the ancient Heraclea, which is now nothing more than a village, and Silivri, the ancient Selymbria, a mediocre port defended by a fortress. It was between Heraclea and Selymbria that the Macron Teichos, or great wall of Anastasius commenced, which extended as far as Derkon, on the Black Sea, and enclosed that angle of land which ends at the Bosphorus and

terminates Europe. It was constructed under the Lower Empire to defend Constantinople against the barbarians; its length was fifteen leagues, and it formed the base of a triangle of which Constantinople occupied the apex; vestiges of it are still visible. From Silivri the coast is skirted by the route from Adrianople to Constantinople, a rugged road, intercepted by torrents and having several bridges. At the extremity of the Sea of Marmora lie the rocky and picturesque isles called Isles of the Princes, and which contain several Greek monasteries. Then the sea narrows into another maritime stream, the Thracian Bosphorus, at the entrance of which stands Constantinople.

The Thracian Bosphorus, or Strait of Constantinople, is a winding channel, nineteen miles long and only half the width of the Dardanelles, varying from 600 to 3700 metres. Its general direction is from northwest to southeast. It is a maritime inlet, which has no equal in the world for the depth of its bed, the limpidity of its waters, and the beauty of its shores. Exceedingly steep, those shores are furrowed by embanked alleys, at the outlets of which seaward are bays that afford the safest anchorage; so that the entire channel may be regarded as the roadstead of Constantinople, a roadstead of seven to eight leagues in length, capable of holding all the ships of Europe. It is very sinuous and the salient angles of one shore correspond so exactly with the re-entering angles of the other, that both would dovetail easily if the same cause which separated them could occur to reunite them. Throughout its length it is skirted by picturesque rocks, verdant hills, magnificent foliage, clear

rivulets, smiling villages, mosques, fountains, wooden houses of light and quaint architecture, which are embowered with climbing plants and hedges of flowers. Not an islet, reef, or sand bank impedes the waterway; ships of war approach so close to the banks and houses that they strip off foliage from the trees; each village has its quay, alongside which the largest vessels can anchor. This channel, ploughed incessantly by hundreds of ships, barques, and vessels of every kind, presents a most animated spectacle; giving Constantinople an aspect of life, prosperity, and happiness. Its navigation is not at all times nor everywhere easy, on account of the current from the Black Sea, which breaks itself upon all the salient angles and forms eddies which must be struggled against. It is always easy to enter into the Bosphorus, and it is almost always difficult to get out of it.

The terraced batteries by the side of the European and Asiatic lighthouses, on either side of the entrance, are two and a half miles asunder, but between the castles of Karibsche and Poiros the distance is only half as great. Next to these batteries are Bujuk Liman, which lies on the European shore *à fleur d'eau*, and Filburnu on the Asiatic, perched high up on the side of a rocky cliff. These were built in 1794 by the French engineer Mounier. But the real defense consists in the co-operation of the four great forts, Roumeli and Anadoli Kawak, Tellitabia and Madjar Kalessi. Between these forts the Bosphorus is only 1497 and 1245 paces wide and 166 heavy guns are so placed that they can concentrate their fire and support each other. A ship, while engaged in the closest fight with one of the

batteries, is raked from stem to stern by all the rest. Nothing can be more favourable in this respect than the position of Madjar Kalessi. Lower down the Bosphorus again widens, and there are only a few small batteries on the European side. In fact, only the northern end of the Bosphorus is calculated for defence, as the suburbs of Constantinople extend along its beautiful shore for nearly fourteen miles without interruption.

The heights, between which the Bosphorus winds like a broad river, rise towards the Black Sea to an elevation of eight hundred feet. Near the Sea of Marmora they are much lower and flatter, but fall steeply, in many places precipitously, down to the Straits.

Near the Castle of Asia, Anadoli-Hissar, are the Sweet Waters, a delightful promenade on the banks of a little river much frequented by the women of Constantinople and holiday parties—like Hempstead and Highgate. To the north of the Castle of Europe, Roumeli-Hissar, is the village of Baltadiman, celebrated by the Convention of 1849. Beyond the castles the Bosphorus widens, the hills are discrowned of their verdure, but the shores are well-wooded and populous. Sailing eastwards the voyager passes on the coast of Asia a deep bay, that of Beïkos, where the English and French fleets were stationed in 1853; and near which is Unkiar Skelessi, celebrated by the treaty of 1833; next is seen on the coast of Europe, the charming village of Therapia, where are the country houses of the French and English Ambassadors; then an indentation of the shore as profound as that of Beïkos, the Gulf of Buyukdere, with

a small port for vessels to put in at that are leaving the Bosphorus. It is renowned for the beauty of its waters and magnificent depth of shade. Opposite on the coast of Asia, juts out a huge mass, the Giant's Grave, whence may be enjoyed an enchanting panorama. On one hand is descried the termination of the Bosphorus and the majestic entrance to the Black Sea; on the other are the delightful landscapes of the channel, and in the far distance the minarets of Constantinople.

The Fortress Rumili-Hissar

CHARACTER OF THE TURKS

LORD JOHN RUSSELL

THE primitive character of the Turks is a simple one; it is that of the pastoral or warlike nations; they are by turns active and indolent, cruel and merciful; easily excited to combat, but with difficulty induced to labour; equally pleased amid the toils of war and the luxury of repose. In their general mode of living, they are temperate and even abstemious; implicit followers of the commands of their Prophet, and haughty despisers of all other institutions. By nature they are frank, candid, and sincere; but too barbarous to consider properly the obligation of a treaty, or the sanctity of a promise, more especially with regard to nations of a different faith. Venality seems to have been long a blot upon their character. Integrity is the virtue of extreme simplicity or extreme refinement; the Turks soon passed the one point and never reached the other. Yet, although the possession of a rich empire has tended greatly to corrupt their manners, the noble nature of the savage is still perceptible: the generosity of the Turk is spontaneous, and even his injustice, though violent, has something which savours of hardihood and grandeur.

The Turks appear to be distinguished from the nations which occupy the rest of Europe in nearly every circumstance. The ample folds of their garments, their shorn

heads covered by a turban, their long beards, their stately bearing, form a direct contrast with the trim dress and coxcomb fashions of our Christian communities. Nor is there less difference in substance than in outward appearance. The Turk is moved by few passions, and those few carry him straight to their object; if he is revengeful, he takes away the life of his enemy; if he is covetous, he seizes the possessions of those who are weaker than he is; if he is amorous, he buys and shuts up in his seraglio the object of his love. He has no conception of the complicated intrigue, the perpetual bustle, the varying opinions, which attend and influence the business of life in our northern countries. Still less can he imagine the active society; the distinctions of rank; the conversation without anything to say; all the toys, in short, by which vanity seeks to be remarked, and the love of novelty requires to be gratified. His life is simple, tranquil, dull, we should say, when not moved by the great passions of our nature. A steady trade-wind carries him to port, or a calm leaves him motionless; of the varying state of our atmosphere, and all its shifting breezes, he has no adequate conception; he wonders at and pities our activity. Whether these dispositions are suited or not to promote the happiness of the individual, may admit of a doubt, but it is quite evident they are unfavourable to the progress of a nation. The busy motion of commerce, the disinterested ardour of science, the continual desire of distinction, the slow advancement of patient industry, the passion for notoriety, and the favours of what is called public opinion, are the wheels upon which the great machine of civilised

society is moved forward; they are all unknown to or despised by the Turk.

Much of the form, and many of the events of our communities, are owing to the admission of women in every part of our private and public life. This great element of pleasure and anxiety is wanting to the Turk. In their behaviour to women, the policy of this people is dictated by a mixture of the most delicate respect, gross sensuality, and refined jealousy. They admit no stranger, not even their dearest friend, to see the face of their wives; on the other hand, the apartment of the woman is sacred from intrusion, and a Turkish wife may hold property even when the husband has not that power. The ladies of the harem may go out in the street to attend the mosque or visit their friends; but if their lord is rich they are always followed by numerous attendants, who guard and preserve, or are intended to preserve, his honour.

CONSTANTINOPLE

G. C. CURTIS

CONSTANTINOPLE, the capital of Turkey and of the Ottoman Empire, is situated at the junction of the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora. The promontories on which the capital lies are divided the one from the other by the last and largest of those inlets which cut the western shore of the channel known as the Bosphorus. This inlet is a large and important harbour, running from east to northwest, capable of floating 1200 ships. It curls up in a course of little more than four miles to the foot of the hills which, joining the heights on either side, seem to form a vast amphitheatre, till it meets the united volume of two streams—the Cydaris and Barbysus of the ancients—the two whelps of the oracle,—

> "Bless'd they who make that sacred town their home,
> By Pontus' mouth upon the shore of Thrace,
> There where two whelps lap up the ocean foam,
> Where hind and fish find pasture at one place."

This peculiar harbour has always, by reason both of its form and its fulness, been called the Golden Horn. It is "like a stag's horn," Strabo says, "for it is broken into wavy creeks like so many branches, into which the fish, pelamys, running is easily snared." In former times this fish was, and at the present day might be, a source of rich revenue—ever from time immemorial rushing down from the

Sea of Azoff and the Black Sea, and when it approaches the white rock, on which stands the Maiden's (miscalled Leander's) Tower, glancing off it, and shooting straight into the Horn, but never enriching the rival city on the coast of Asia—Chalcedon, "The City of the Blind." If the figure of a stag's horn resembles the harbour, that of an ancient drinking-horn would represent the general form of Constantinople proper—the Seraglio point being turned inward like the sculptured mouth-piece. On this knot the Megarian city stood gathered about its Acropolis, and occupying the eastermost hill on the verge of Europe. Constantine aimed at building his new capital, after the old, on seven hills; his wish was fulfilled—not at first, however, but a century after its dedication,—and he wished it to be in name, as in foundation, a counterpart of the ancient city. But it is the founder, not the model, that is commemorated in the name Constantinople, while its designation as "New Rome" lingers nowhere but in the official language of the Orthodox Eastern Church. Its Turkish name of Istamboul, or Stamboul, is said to be a corruption of the Greek. About the end of the Eighteenth Century, it was corrupted by a fanatical fancy into Islambol, or the city of Islam. Like the name, the emblem also of the city was adopted from the Greeks by the Ottomans. The crescent and the star formed its device from the earliest times, and are found on Byzantine coins and on the statues of Hecate. So the body-guard of the Sultan retain insignia of the Varangian Guard of the Greek Empire, of which traces seem to have been discovered in the Crimea. The sign manual of the Sultans,

rudely representing a left hand, originated with the action of a Sultan who is said to have signed with a bloody hand a treaty with the republic of Ragusa. Under Constantine, who founded it on the site of Byzantium, the city was more than doubled. His forum was fixed on the second hill; the walls were extended till a new enclosure was made, which spanned the peninsula from about the end of the old bridge to the mouth of the River Lycus in Vlanga Bostan; the line of his walls was not direct, but made a compass round the Polyandrion or Heroon. It is said that 40,000 Goths were employed in first raising and afterwards manning these works; the seven gates separated the eight cohorts each of 5000 men.

The landward walls of Constantinople bear marks of the labour of many hands, and represent different and distant epochs. Their construction is unique. If the outer defence of the fosse is reckoned they are quadruple; the two inner are furnished with a series of towers, the smaller below, the larger above—round, octagonal, or square at about 50 feet apart. As the gaunt array of castles droops into the valley, or seems to climb the hill beyond, one may decipher some of its now obscure inscriptions on marble or in tile work (one seems to be a prayer to Christ), and wonder at the contrivance which appears to defy a natural law. The great ditch, now a productive vegetable garden, is divided into a number of compartments or open cisterns, which used to be filled with water brought by pipes, carried along each partition-wall, and furnishing the supply from cisterns from within and without the city.

Equally remarkable with these fortifications is the system of large cisterns, which are said to have furnished water to 1,000,000 men during four months; they were a necessity to a city subject to perpetual assault. One seems to have been annexed to every considerable monastery and palace—imperial and patrician. They may be reckoned the more ancient portion of the city, which is thus subterraneous;—for while the buildings above ground are scarcely any of them, in the condition now visible, older than the time of Justinian, the cisterns that can be distinguished date from the times of Arcadius, Theodosius, and Constantine.

The position assigned to the old imperial palace is, generally speaking, that of the Mosque of Ahmed, which adjoins the Hippodrome. It was not one large edifice, but a scattered group of buildings within gardens, spreading to the Hippodrome on the one side, and on the other to the seashore; the northernmost point of its enclosure reached the site occupied now by the fountain of Ahmed III., then by the Geranion. This palace was gradually abandoned after the Twelfth Century for that of Blachernæ within the Horn. It was separated from the church of St. Sophia by the Augusteum—the square in which stood the statue of Justinian looking towards Persia, the Milliarium, and among other monuments the column that bore the silver statue of the Empress Eudoxia, which occasioned the remonstrances of St. Chrysostom. Mohamet II. built his new palace (the Seraglio) on the site of the Acropolis, about which ancient Byzantium had clustered, a situation specially favourable to his purpose, as it afforded the combined advantages of a

lovely prospect, a perfect retreat from the noise of the city, and a facility for observing all the movements in the harbour. In erecting it he followed the three divisions of the palace of the Byzantine emperors—(1) the *Chalce*, the defensive part held by the guards; (2) the *Daphne*, which touched the Hippodrome and was used for receptions, and (3) the private chambers occupied by the imperial household. The three corresponding portions of the Ottoman palace are distinguished by their several gates:—(1) *Babi Houmaïoum*, the Imperial Gate, opening into the court of the Janissaries; (2) *Orta-Kapusi*, Middle Gate, in which the Sultan receives on high festivals and (3) *Babi Saadet*, Gate of Felicity, where he formerly received ambassadors. Of late years the sovereign has resided in winter at Dolma-bakcheh, or Tcheragan; in summer at Begler-beg on the Asiatic shore, or at some inland kiosk.

The main streets of the Stamboul of the present day follow the lines of the city of Constantine; thus the tramway, which turns from the New Bridge towards Serai Bournou, upon reaching the platform of St. Sophia, enters upon the direction of the Mése (middle street), now called Divan Yoli. The Mése parted into two branches, of which the one went to the gate Roussion, or new gate, the other to the Polyandrion. On the north of the middle street one branch passed along the shore of the Golden Horn from the place where the railway station is, and issued at the gate Xylo-circus near Balata. On the south, another street passed through the two Golden Gates. These three main lines were distinguished from the smaller tortuous streets by their

The Fountain of Sultan Ahmed

adornment as well as by their breadth. They were bordered by rows or covered ways and arcades, some of them double, with pavements above, decorated with statues, etc. A few traces still remain *in situ*, just as there are fragments of the ancient bazaars, khans, and baths. Imperial gates closed the lines of these principal thoroughfares.

The following is an outline of the modern city, divided according to the seven hills and the intervening valleys. On the first hill, the most easterly, are situated the remains of the Seraglio, former palace of the Ottoman sultans; the great church-mosque St. Sophia; St. Irene; the imperial mint; the Atmeidan (Hippodrome), with three of its numerous monuments remaining; the Mosque of Ahmed, etc. Along the first valley are traced the walls of the Seraglio on the west, made up of ancient materials, and the Babi Ali, or Sublime Porte. The tramway runs along this valley. On the second hill stands the Burnt Column, that of Constantine the Great (which stood in the centre of his forum, and under which are said to be the instruments of the Crucifixion and a Palladium of Troy), and the Mosque of Osman. The second valley is occupied by the bazaars, several khans, and the Mosque of Valideh Sultan, or Yeni Jami, overlooking the bridge and the head of the tramway. On the third hill are the Seraskierat (War Office) on the site of the cemetery of the Byzantines and the forum of Theodosius; the fire-tower, and the Mosque of Suliman. Along the third valley is carried the Aqueduct of Valens, built out of the walls of Chalcedon destroyed for the citizens' rebellion; near it is At-Bazar (horse-market). On the fourth hill

rises the Mosque of Mahomet II., where stood the church of the Holy Apostles and the church of the Pantocrator. South of this mosque, in a garden, is seen Kiz-tash, the Maiden's Column, or column of Marcian, once that of Venus. On the fifth hill follows the Mosque of Selim, on the edge of a large open cistern, south of which is the covered cistern of Arcadius. Below on the north lies the Phanar (so named from a lighthouse), the Greek quarter, which reaches to the Golden Horn. This division includes the church of the Patriarchate, the great school of the Greek nation, the church-mosque Fetiyeh Jamisi (Pammacaristou), and the church of the Mongols (Mougloutissa). The sixth hill is distinguished by the palace of the Hebdomen, with its coronation hall, built, it is said, by Constantine I., and known vulgarly as Tekfur-Serai—palace of the lord. At its foot appears the church-mosque Kahrieh, or Kahireh, formerly Mone tes Choras. Below this hill, the quarter called Balata, from Palatium, now occupied by Jews, follows the Phanar, then the ancient suburb of Blachernæ. Here are seen some remains of the Pentapyrgion,—five towers used by the Greeks of the Lower Empire as a political prison. This quarter is succeeded by Eyoub, celebrated for its mosque—which no Christian may enter—and for its cemetery. In this quarter, after Greek precedent, the sovereign is invested. On the hill near, in the Cosmidion, the first Crusaders pitched their tents. The seventh hill is to be looked for in the most southern corner of the city. It is occupied by the fortress of the Seven Towers, the political prison of the Sultans. It is isolated by the River Lycus.

Of the ecclesiastical buildings of Constantinople by far the most important is the Mosque of St. Sophia, or Aya Sofia Jamisi, which ranks as perhaps the finest example of the Byzantine style. In striking contrast with the nobler specimens of Gothic architecture, it presents from the outside an uncouth and disproportionate appearance, even the effect of its unusual dimensions being destroyed by its lack of symmetry. But within the visitor cannot fail to be impressed by the bold span of the arches and the still bolder sweep of the dome, while his eye is at once bewildered and charmed by the rich, if not altogether harmonious, variety of decoration, from the many-coloured pillars down to the mosaics and inscriptions on the walls. The dome is raised at the centre 180 feet above the ground, and has a diameter of 107 feet; its curve is so slight that the depth is only 46 feet, and round the rim it is relieved by a row of forty windows. The first stone of St. Sophia, or the Church of the Divine Wisdom, was laid in 532 on the site of several successive churches of the same name, the first of which had been erected by Constantine the Great. Anthemius of Tralles and Isidorus of Miletus were the architects employed by the Emperor Justinian, at whose command the enterprise was commenced. No fewer than 10,000 workmen are said to have been engaged under the direction of a hundred master builders; and when the work was completed it had cost the imperial treasury about £1,000,000. The principal material of the walls was brick, but the whole interior was lined with costly marbles; and to add to its splendours the temples of the ancient gods at

Heliopolis and Ephesus, at Delos and Baalbec, at Athens and Cyzicus, were plundered of their columns.

The mosques of Constantinople are reckoned variously from 350 to 500, mesjids (chapels) included. Many of them retain the materials as well as occupy the sites of ancient churches. The great Mosque of Suliman was chiefly built of the remains of the church of St. Euphemia at Chalcedon, where the fourth Œcumenical Council was held, 451. This church stood above the valley of Haidar-Pacha, near Kadikeui; an ayasma belonging to it stands near the railway terminus at a little distance from the shore. The imperial mosques, that of Eyoub included, are nine in number. Most of them stand on high ground; and, with the harmonious contrast of dome and minaret, they offer to the eye a more pleasing view than the Christian churches of the past. The hills may be counted as these lordly structures follow in stately order, and the monuments of Osman, Suliman, Mahomet, and Selim seem to repeat the form fixed on the first hill by the architects of Justinian and on high festivals their soaring minarets, more airy than the campaniles of the West, and beaming with festoons of light, shine out like beacons over the neighbouring waters.

Along the north shore of the Golden Horn spreads the quarter known as Galata, rising up to the crest of the hill and including the massive tower which crowns it. Beyond and above Galata, Pera stretches forward along the ridge that runs parallel with the shore. Both these quarters are chiefly inhabited by Christians, native and foreign. Galata is the seat of commercial establishments, Pera that of the

diplomatic bodies. At the foot of the great tower of Galata is gathered a cluster of English institutions,—the consulate, consular court, consular prison, seamen's hospital, post-office, and sailors' home. Several institutions, native and foreign, have been established of late years in Pera. The main street which connects these two quarters winds up from the outer bridge. A little beyond the Municipality House, it is crossed by another near the point where it separates the Russian Embassy from the Hotel d'Angleterre; hence the Greek name of Pera (the cross roads). This street, rising tortuously from above Tophaneh, is said to have been formed by the track of Mahomet's fleet of boats, which were rolled up to the crest of the hill and then down on the other side of the inlet below Kassim-Pacha, on the edge of which the Divan-Haneh (Admiralty) now stands. Before reaching the point of intersection this street, called Koumbaraji Sokak (street of bombardiers), passes beside the elegant English church (Crimean Memorial Church) which was consecrated under the name of Christ Church in 1868. The great tower of Galata, like that of the Seraskierat (War Office) on the opposite height in Stamboul, is used as a fire-tower. In the times of Genoese occupation it was the main castle, or keep, of the town; it was heightened, not founded, by those settlers from Italy. The original tower was built about the end of the Fifth Century by the Emperor Anastasius Dicorus. Since that time it communicated with another huge tower (long ago destroyed), which stood near the site of the present terminus of the Adrianople Railway in Stamboul,—the tower of Eugenius. It was joined to this

tower in time of war by an iron chain laid across the Golden Horn to keep out enemies' ships, while a similar chain, fastening the tower of Eugenius to a fort replaced now by the Maiden's tower (miscalled Leander's), barred the passage of the Bosphorus. From the tower of Galata there spread out, as spokes from an axle, some three or four lines of wall, which ran downward till they met on the right the line which guarded the quays, on the left a sweeping line which embraced that extension of the town which had crept along the shore as far as the modern Tophaneh. The inner line, which unequally divided the quarter that lies between the bridges, was double. Some portions of this and of the other still exist, with towers and gateways; but of the numerous tablets visible upon them when they were standing, two only remain in their original place. Below the double wall, which gave passage to troops from the great tower to the seaward wall, stands the remarkable mosque called Arabjamisi (Saracens' mosque). Its form and contents serve as a record of the history of Galata. Its minaret, unlike the minarets of Turkish mosques, is square, recalling the Moorish towers of Spain. Remains of Genoese monuments on its floor and in the outer court testify to its Christian use. Originally a Mahometan place of worship, it is not orientated, nor has it an apsidal termination. It is said to have been first built for the Arab colony that lingered here since the invasions of Constantinople by the Arabs. When Galata, already occupied by the Genoese at the commencement of the Thirteenth Century, was, from motives of gratitude or of policy, given up entirely to that colony of

daring merchants by Michael Palæologus on his recovery of the city from the Latins, this mosque became their chief church, but when, nearly two centuries afterwards, the Ottoman Turks became masters of Constantinople, it reverted to its first purpose, and Christian worship gave way to Mahometan. Besides the great tower and some ruins of walls and towers, the massive blocks of building that are now banks and merchants' offices, the palace of the podestà, the Lombard Church known as St. Benedict's, which is at this day a centre of French philanthropic and religious works, are existing memorials of the settlements of those Genoese merchants, the active and successful rivals of the Pisans and Venetians,—whose proper quarters lay at the foot of the tower of Eugenius, now within the Seraglio wall —and the ancestors of the enterprising merchants of later times, who are known and respected as the Greeks of the island of Scio. The names Pera and Galata have not always been restricted to their present limits. *Pera*, like *Peræa*, is Greek, designating the region over the water, and was naturally employed as from Constantinople to mark that quarter of the city which lay on the other side of the Golden Horn. The name was accordingly first given to the lower portion of the town, now called Galata and formerly Sycæ (the fig-trees). This quarter of the city was enlarged and adorned by Justinian, but before his time, under Arcadius, it was reckoned one of the regions of Constantinople. The ground which it covered seems to have been used still earlier as a cemetery of the Christian citizens, and corresponded thus with the site of the Seraskierat in Stamboul, on

the third hill, which heathen monuments—discovered on the spot—show to have been the burial-place of the citizens of Byzantium. As all Galata was in former times called Pera, so Pera seems to have been sometimes included in Galata. Galata-Serai, the palace of the Turkish governor of Galata (now a Franco-Turkish lyceum), is situated in the centre of Pera. The name Galata, which has been the subject of much discussion, appears to be the corruption of the Italian *Calatæ* (descent), the name whereby that quarter of an Italian seaport town is known which spreads over the sloping shore. Until a few years ago Galata and Pera were separated by a dry moat. This is now filled up with streets.

The climate of Constantinople is generally healthy, owing to the position of the city, its natural drainage, and the currents of the Bosphorus, but the temperature is subject to great and sudden changes.

THE OLD SERAGLIO AND OTHER IMPERIAL PALACES

WILLIAM J. J. SPRY

THERE is not indeed, in all Europe, another corner of the earth whose name alone awakens in the mind so strange a feeling, or creates so much insatiable curiosity as this great historic monument, which sets forth so much concerning the secret chronicles of the Turkish Empire. From Mahomet II., who laid the foundations, to Abdul Medjid, who abandoned it to inhabit the palace of Dolma-Bagtché, twenty-five Sultans have lived in it.

Here the dynasty planted its foot soon after the Conquest. Within its walls what scenes have been enacted! Here Sultans were born, ascended the throne, were deposed, imprisoned, strangled. Here all the conspiracies began and the cry of rebellion was first heard. Again, what dreams of ambition or love, what wild hopes, what agonies, intrigues, treacheries, despair, have trembled and thrilled around those walls, of which but faint rumour only reached the outer world!

This great straggling palace is built upon the most eastern of the hills of Stamboul, which is washed on the one side by the waters of the Sea of Marmora, and on the other by the mouth of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn.

Here, before the Conquest, was situated the great Acropolis of Byzantium, and near by was the colossal Palace of the Emperors. Even now we see on all sides remnants of its masonry and an outline of its massive grandeur, half-buried arches, monstrous blocks of marble, and fragments of columns lying about in the greatest confusion.

Truly well chosen is the site of this stronghold, built, as it were, on two great continents of the world, and dominating Turkey, lying at its feet. And how great is the peace, how great the melancholy splendour of its complete isolation, far away from the turmoil of modern life, in the absolute silence of abandonment!

We traverse a sort of garden, wild and uneven, planted with gigantic cypresses and plane-trees. One of these latter, more ancient and rugged than the rest, has, we are told in a whisper, a weird and sinister history. It is known as the "Janissaries' Tree," for it was from its spreading branches that scores of those turbulent soldiers and others were hanged.

A large gateway, flanked by two loopholed towers and guarded by sentinels, barred our further progress until the *tescarie* was produced; then the gate swung open, and we entered. Within is a large enclosure where there are still evidences of Oriental magnificence. At one time it was surrounded with graceful buildings, gilded domes, and beautiful trees. Now, however, all seems to be in a condition of calm decay, from the effects of age, want of care, and the many fires which have from time to time occurred within its precincts.

The Grand Divan

Crossing this enclosure we arrived at what was known in days gone by as the "Hall of the Divan." Here we were permitted to enter, and our guide told us the interior is almost exactly in the same state and condition as in those old times when used for the Council of State. It is almost circular in form and its sides are pierced with numerous trellised windows. There is no furniture, with the exception of the Divan upon which sat the members of the Council, the walls and ceilings are adorned with gilding and arabesque designs, now somewhat faded from age, as, also, are the curtains and carved cornices.

We move on to other chambers, very scantily furnished except for a few mirrors and clocks. The walls are prettily coloured and decorated with sentences from the Koran, said to have been traced by the hand of Mahomet II., who was a clever and exquisite caligraphist.

Next we pass on through the Gate of Felicity, and find ourselves in a large enclosure. Making our way across, we are taken into a pretty kiosk of Arabian architecture approached by steps of marble, where we see traces of all the splendour of ancient Oriental magnificence. The vaulted ceiling decorated with arabesques in gold and colours; the walls hidden by marble and porcelain tiles; the floor covered with Persian rugs and carpets; tall windows filled with stained glass, shedding rays of coloured light, making the carving, gilding, and tracery sparkle in the sunshine.

We next entered the "Throne Room." The greater portion of this apartment was occupied by the throne, in the form of a divan or couch, with a canopy supported by

columns of gilded brass, beautifully inlaid with arabesque designs and studded with a variety of precious stones.

It is difficult to imagine anything richer, more elegant, or more truly regal than this throne, made as a seat for the Sovereign when the Ottoman Empire was in the height of its glory and grandeur. Facing the throne was a window ornamented with a massive grating of gilded bars. It was outside this barrier that in olden times the foreign ambassadors waited standing, while their humble communications were submitted to the consideration of the mighty Sultan. Leaving this gaily decorated saloon, we find the exterior none the less remarkable; a large projecting roof covers the edifice, and columns of marble sustain the sculptured and decorated arcades, which are ornamented with masses of carved flowers and Oriental designs in the greatest profusion.

Another pavilion of Saracenic architecture is close at hand, which holds the Library. The bronze door leading to this apartment is truly a marvel of interest from its intricate design and exquisite workmanship. In the interior, arranged on the shelves, we see rare and valuable works by Turkish, Persian, and Arabian writers; priceless Arabic manuscripts, Korans, poems, etc., transcribed in beautiful characters by Sultans and distinguished scholars. From the Library we went to the Imperial Treasury. The Pacha in charge was summoned to open this building for our inspection—a request seldom acceded to.

What a marvellous sight met our gaze! No cave of Ali Baba ever contained such riches. For eight centuries match-

less stones and marvels of art have been hoarded up here. When our eyes, still dazzled with the outside sunshine, became accustomed to the obscurity, the diamonds began to scintillate on every side. A profusion of objects of unknown age and of inestimable value were displayed in endless variety. Here were weapons of every period, from that of Yenghis Khan to that of Mahomet; weapons of silver and weapons of gold, loaded with precious stones; collections of golden cabinets of every size and every style, some covered with rubies, others with diamonds or sapphires; coffee services of silver and gold; flagons and ewers of antique forms and of exquisite beauty; fairy-like tissues; saddles and harness; saddle-cloths embroidered with silver and gold and bordered with flowers in precious stones; great chairs of state, made to sit cross-legged on, some of them one blaze of rubies and pearls, giving them a roseate hue; others, again, covered with emeralds and shining with a green light, like the ripples of sea-water.

The Dolma-Bagtché was begun during the reign of Abdul Medjid, on the site of a wooden structure, which had been erected in Mahmoud's time. This Sultan, and likewise his successor, Abdul Aziz, spent incalculable sums on its erection and decoration.

The façade, which is nearly half a mile in extent along the shore, can be seen from a considerable distance, shining beautifully white in contrast to the blue of the sea and the dark-green foliage of the hillside.

This enormous structure is built of marble, with rows of Doric and Ionic columns and cornices of exquisite design;

windows framed in festoons of flowers and leaves; arches of delicate tracery; doorways of beautiful form; balconies, parapets, and wreathed pilasters, with the intermediate spaces crowded with sculptured masses of foliage of fantastic elegance. It is a scene of beauty, look where one will.

My reverie on the beautiful exterior is cut short by the arrival of the attendant who, full of courtesy, bids us enter. We are escorted to a small apartment where coffee is served in cups having stands thickly encrusted with large diamonds; cigarettes, also, are handed round, and when we are sufficiently rested our conductor leads us through suites of rooms, furnished in the most luxurious style and having curtains of gold-embroidered brocade. On gilded brackets are mirrors, clocks, vases, and lamps; the delicate tints of the walls and the gilding and rich colouring of the cornices and ceilings making quite a fairy-like scene.

We pass through beautifully carved and decorated doors of maple and cedar, which open out into long corridors and suites of rooms.

Ascending the grand marble staircase we enter the great Audience Hall, a room worthy of the loveliest architecture described in the *Arabian Nights*. What fertility of imagination the architect must have possessed who decorated this chamber and the many other rooms of this great building—there were more than three hundred to be dealt with, and all, by the caprice of the Sultan, were ordered to be of different design! In some we see the Arabian style of architecture adopted with its undulating lines, its tracery, its

frescoed ceilings, and "bee-hive" niches; in others, Saracenic decorations are carried out. The combination of colours, enriched with gold and silver devices, make these decorations truly of Oriental splendour. In this Grand Hall of the Throne the first meeting of the representative Parliament was held, which was a most impressive ceremony from what I could gather concerning it—the beauty of the hall and the picturesque intermingling of European and Oriental costumes making a most magnificent scene.

In rooms branching from here we see Parisian cabinets of marquetry; others are inlaid with gold and pearl, tortoise-shell and lapis-lazuli; certainly the most beautiful I have ever seen. There were chairs in some of the apartments, handsomely carved and gilt; the divans were covered with the richest cashmere and brocade; hanging curtains of the same rich materials; and clocks, vases, and cabinets, of beautiful form and design—truly works of art.

In the Sultan's private apartments the window hangings were of the richest gold brocade. Divans covered with damask silk embroidered in gold thread; chairs, cabinets, clocks, and beautiful vases made up a scene of fairy magnificence.

What a panorama is seen from those windows overlooking the coast of Asia. Scutari with the great white building used as a hospital in the days of the Crimean War; the great screen of dark cypresses marking the vast field of the dead; the landing-place crowded with vessels; the varicoloured *Yalis* and *Konaks* and the white mosques and tapering minarets. The Bosphorus, too, is spread out at

our feet, its rapid stream covered in all directions by warships, foreign steam-vessels, *caïques,* steam launches, and boats of all sizes and forms; flocks of birds are skimming over the waters, and the whole is a scene of beauty rarely to be met with.

We are next conducted to what is perhaps the gem of the whole structure—the Sultan's Bath. It is constructed in the Moorish style of veined Egyptian alabaster, with colonnades and pillars and graceful overhanging capitals of the same beautiful material, carved and traced with an infinitude of lovely design beyond the reach of description. Words fail to describe the excess of luxury everywhere displayed. The chamber is lighted from a dome of coloured glass, the rays from which brighten up the polished floor and make it shine like silver—all the fittings of this magnificent chamber are made of that metal, producing an impression long to be remembered.

From here we pass along corridors illuminated from above, shedding soft light along our path; then there are others, whose small domes of crimson glass give rosy tints, making the floors and surroundings blaze with their rich colours.

The Harem, joined to the Sultan's private apartments by a long passage, is barred by a very handsome door—"The Door of Felicity"—through which no profane foot of male may pass while the "beauties" are in residence. It is said that when Sultan Abdul Aziz was deposed, as many as fifty or sixty boat-loads of these ladies were carried off to the Old Seraglio for safety, where, after remaining awhile, they

were either married or otherwise provided for. From the threshold of this "abode of bliss," we take our survey. We see the windows, so easily recognised by their wooden gratings, which permit those behind them of seeing the outer world without themselves being seen—like the ladies who once lived here, the Harem wears a veil to screen it from vulgar eyes. The floors are covered with rich carpets, and the divans round some of the apartments are covered with handsome brocade. As bedsteads are not generally used by the Turks, mattresses are nightly spread on the floors and are removed in the morning, being stowed away in the cupboards which are built in the walls.

It is idle to attempt a description of the other apartments; suffice it to say that room after room and floor after floor were alike magnificent; and as each new scene was enjoyed, we saw others which were still more beautiful, and so on until it was time to stop.

We wander forth into the gardens and grounds which are tastefully laid out with various kinds of flowering plants and shrubs. High enclosures surround the Palace, the beauties of which may be imagined by the wealth of the various foliage that towers above the walls and the luxuriant richness of the overhanging Virginia creepers. Trees and plants seem to rejoice in the bright sunshine; everywhere water sparkles and falls in little cascades and completes a scene without a rival.

Our visit to the Tcheragan Palace was also an event we had long looked forward to, and, under the guidance of our aide-de-camp, and armed also with an authority from the

Porte, we landed one fine morning and found the attendants in waiting to receive us.

On entering the large reception room we were, as in the case of our visit to Dolma-Bagtché, escorted over the vast interior. The rooms and apartments are beautifully furnished and all of a costly description. The eye is dazzled by the gilt decoration, gold and silver brocades, splendid mirrors and chandeliers, and carved and inlaid furniture are seen in every room. It was to Tcheragan that Abdul Aziz was removed shortly after his deposition, and where, in one of the rooms, he is supposed to have committed that mysterious act of self-destruction, for which, later on, Midhat Pacha and several distinguished statesmen were tried and found guilty of aiding and assisting in his murder—for the present Sultan and his advisers would not allow it to be considered a case of suicide.

The mass of buildings occupy a frontage along the shore of more than a quarter of a mile and are divided into a Selimlik, a Divan or Grand Hall of Receptions, and the Harem. At the back is an extensive garden flanked with a prettily-decorated pavilion, connecting the Harem with the Sultan's private apartments.

To this must be added the surrounding buildings, occupied by the principal officers of the household, the kitchens, stables, and barracks, in short, almost a town in population. When royalty is in occupation some two thousand persons, including body-guards, are fed daily within its precincts, exclusive of those living in the immediate enclosure of the Harem.

At Ortakeui is Yildiz Kiosk, a pretty white stone building, completed during the reign of Abdul Medjid, and where during his lifetime resided his mother, the Sultana Valide, who was his confidante and counsellor. Like all the palaces, it is surrounded with high walls, trees, and extensive grounds, and is charmingly situated on the top of a hill, from which a commanding view is obtained, seemingly almost too beautiful for description. Over the sunlit waters of the Bosphorus, with its graceful curves and vine-clad hills, are seen ruined castles, old fortresses, shining marble palaces, gilded domes, tapering minarets, mosques, villas, terraces, colonnades, walls draped with the blue wistaria and Virginia creeper—all warm and glowing in the bright sunshine. Such is the situation of the present home of the Sultan, who, in preference to the many splendid palaces along the shore, prefers this comparatively small building for quietude—and he is rarely seen outside the gates.

We take a glance round some of the apartments comprising the Harem. The floors are covered with fine matting and the walls are distempered in delicate colours. Handsome curtains, divans covered with brocade of beautiful texture and design are everywhere displayed. Such was the home of the hundreds of handsome "houris" in the happy days of the late Sultan.

The bathroom was perfectly lovely in shape and design, being of white marble carved and traced with an infinitude of designs.

The Great Hall, where His Majesty holds receptions and officiates at the religious ceremony on the departure of the

pilgrims for Mecca, is well worthy of careful inspection, with its fine black and white marble columns, supporting elaborately designed cornices.

One lovely afternoon, with Captain the Hon. W. Hylton-Jolliffe, we step into a *caïque* (one of the most delightful of conveyances) at Therapia and proceed down the Bosphorus. As we paddle along, look where we will, the views are most beautiful. The Asiatic shore is charmingly wooded and undulating, with little valleys running up into the high mountainous hills, which are literally lined with kiosks, yalis, and palaces of the Pachas and Ministers of State, some being painted in pale green or yellow, and having Oriental colonnades. One of the handsomest is, perhaps, the Imperial Kiosk, or Palace of Beylerbey. Here, on the handsome marble terrace, we land, produce our permit, and are at once taken charge of by the attendant and escorted over the beautiful building.

From the hall, with its fine black and white marble columns supporting a grand cornice bright with gold and colour, we proceed through several of the large rooms, all more or less sumptuously furnished, ceilings highly decorated, and a few pictures of ships and scenes on the walls.

From the Selamlik we go through the apartments of the Harem. Here we notice pretty cabinets and some beautiful chandeliers, candelabras, vases, clocks, and a few divans; round the walls, which are whitewashed, instead of being painted, are hung curtains, as in the Selamlik. Descending the stairway, we are in the Hall of the Fountain, a very at-

tractive, cool, and most enjoyable resort on a warm summer afternoon.

Built by Sultan Abdul Medjid—who, as well as his successor, lavished large sums on its decoration and furniture—it is perhaps one of the handsomest of the Imperial kiosks on the Asiatic shore. The lawns, fountains, and trees, the beautiful vale below known as the Sultan's Valley, bordered by the rivulet called the Stream of Heavenly Waters, unite to form one of the most lovely scenes on the Bosphorus.

We wander over the vast pleasure-grounds. All are laid out with artistic care, adding much beauty to the panorama of hill, valley, and plain spreading out in all directions. All the hillsides are well wooded. We get glimpses of orchards and vineyards, the trees and vines weighed down with their burden of ripe fruit. The slopes are laid out in terraces, whose perpendicular sides are clothed with the contrasted shades of sombre ivy leaf and the bright foliage of the wistaria and Virginia creeper, carrying our thoughts back to descriptions of the hanging gardens of Babylon.

Nature and art have done much to make this a delightful spot. With lakes, cascades, flower-gardens, aviaries full of rare birds, great cages in which are confined lions, tigers, and other wild animals, it is a place worthy of a visit and one long to be remembered.

Ottoman Sultans, with but two exceptions, I believe, have never, in our acceptance of the term, been known to marry. The *mates* of the Sultan, chosen from time to time from

amongst the rank and beauty of the inmates of the Harem, rise in favour according to their charms. It is not at all difficult to imagine, amongst the hundreds of lovely women here gathered together, the amount of jealousy that exists when two or three from their midst have been selected to become special favourites. But the whims and caprices of Sultans are of so uncertain a nature that the favourite, though in the zenith of her power to-day, may be a disgraced outcast on the morrow. Consequently, they are obliged to have recourse to every art and device which may improve and preserve their beauty (which, in an Eastern clime, soon fades), to fight hard against the intrigues of their rivals, and carefully watch over their offspring—should they have any—which is an essential qualification to becoming a favourite.

Theirs must be a strange and fascinating life while in the height of their popularity. They are then provided with separate apartments from the others, having their own attendant slaves, their own carriages to drive in, and their own *caïques* to convey them when visiting friends on the Bosphorean shores. They are supplied with the choicest apparel and jewellery and all requisites for their exalted rank; they dine in their own apartments, receive their lady visitors, and are permitted occasionally to go beyond the walls of their prison.

Fancy one attaining this rank! What a new world dazzling with gold, luxury, and refinement is thus opened to her! She is raised far above all her former companions, who now, setting aside all previous familiarities, stand before

before her with folded hands and kiss the hem of her garment with profound respect.

It can well be understood that, amongst the thousand or fifteen hundred women who are inmates of Imperial Harems, there are, of course, many who never enjoy a passing glance from His Majesty, and disappointment is naturally very deeply felt by them on seeing they are likely to remain in a subordinate and unrecognised position, after having, perhaps, had their hopes and ambitions raised to higher things. This disappointment tells on them, and especially on those of a sensitive disposition. They also suffer from the taunts and sarcasm of the more favoured ones, or the jealousy engendered in their breasts consequent on learning of others gaining honour and distinction, while they themselves are left behind in the race. Brooding over their grievances brings on ailments from which many reach an early grave.

Years ago, before the craze to imitate Western fashions came into vogue, the indoor dress worn by ladies of rank consisted of a gown of cloth or damask silk, richly embroidered. A stylish velvet jacket open in front, displaying usually a handsome silk-gauze chemisette, the sleeves of which hung loosely at the wrist. Trousers of blue silk, falling in folds over small feet closed in slippers, often covered with jewels and embroidery. Around the waist a bright and stylishly embroidered Damascus sash. A jaunty little cap was worn on the head, its gold tassel and embroidery setting off the pretty face of the wearer. Diamonds sparkling round the neck, in the hair, on the arms, and in the

ears. Such was the beautiful and lovely costume of former years, which usually gave a dignity and grace to the owner. Now, however, these pretty and appropriate garments are superseded by a semi-European costume.

TURKISH WOMEN

MARGARET MACGREGOR

YOUR eye can scan every beauty of your European belle as she passes you by in the Park or the Bois, but the possibilities of the pretty Moslem in the streets of Constantinople are merely suggested, and in a way that is as fascinating as it is provoking.

Through a soft black net flashes the glance of dark liquid eyes, and the gleam of a dazzling alabaster complexion, and so the inevitable veil only serves to enhance a thousand fold the charms of the Turkish coquette. The Sultan is continually issuing orders enforcing the wearing of the thick black veil that effectually hides those charms, but these orders are perhaps obeyed for a day, and then the Turkish beauty again brings out her thinnest and most transparent gauze.

Just as her veil fails to hide her face, so also her trim black *tchartchaff* fails in its end,—that of hiding her figure, and it is to-day taking lines that are distinctly Parisian, instead of being the shapeless black cloak that her grandmother wore over her baggy trousers.

But, alas! how often the *tchartchaff* and the veil are but a thin disguise for the ungainly form and haggish face of the ordinary Turkish woman!

Very seldom does the true Turkish girl keep long any beauty she possesses; like all Oriental women, she matures

very early, and the reign of the belle is short. Want of exercise, both of mind and body, soon makes the Turkish girl develop into a fat, unattractive woman.

In these Eastern women their want of bodily exercise is betrayed in their ungainly figures, just as their want of mental exercise is revealed in their lack of expression, and their childish curiosity and inordinate love of gossip. I have seen some lovely Turkish girls; indeed, the beauty of one haunts me still. She was sitting by the Bosphorus with her veil thrown carelessly back, revealing a perfect oval face with a creamy complexion, large dark eyes, liquid and dreamy, full crimson lips, and finely pencilled eyebrows, and as she smiled when I passed, she displayed two rows of dazzlingly white teeth. I have never, however, seen a beautiful Turkish woman. If you do meet a beautiful woman in a Turkish house, you will probably find on enquiring into her history that she is either a Circassian or a Georgian, two races that have for centuries supplied the Turkish harems with wives and slaves of great beauty.

The true Turkish type is a fat figure, a sallow hag-like face with hard, expressionless black eyes. You meet it every day in the *dames turques* on a Turkish railway, and directly you meet it, it betrays its characteristics.

As soon as you enter a *dames turques* your fellow passengers will at once throw back their veils and devour every detail of your costume, and before you are seated you will probably be asked how much you paid for the material of your dress, nor will they scruple to take it in their hands and examine and discuss its quality. They will find out how

A Turkish Lady wearing Yashmak

that frill is put on, and this tuck arranged, not improbably will they pick up your skirt to see what your petticoat is like! You will then be asked whether you are married or not, and if you are married how many children you have, what your husband's occupation is, and what income he has!

And all these questions are not impertinent in their eyes, but a rather flattering interest in your affairs, or so you must regard them.

Such curiosity is, however, the natural outcome of the limited lives they lead. They have no large interests in life; from the time they put on the veil at thirteen or fourteen, their lives are a continual, narrow, shut-up existence. Shut up metaphorically, not practically. Practically the Turkish woman is as free as her European sister, or at least the Turkish woman of the middle or lower classes. She goes out and in as she likes; but in her position with regard to men, and this exception means everything, the Turkish woman is a slave to the Mohammedan idea that woman is merely an instrument for man's pleasure, that she is a plaything, a toy; she has hardly a soul and certainly no mind.

But she has a body, and as her body gives her her only importance, it is her object in life to make that body attractive, to adorn it in silks and laces and flashing jewels. Beneath the *tchartchaff* almost every Turkish woman is a European, and the orthodox trousers of the Moslem women are practically never seen. It is Paris and Vienna that supply the gowns of the ladies of the grand harems, while cheap Manchester cottons and befrilled blouses of loud

patterns peep out from under the *tchartchaffs* of the less wealthy.

The Turks love the loudest colours and boldest patterns, and as the ladies of the Royal Harem pass by in their carriages on their way to the Selamlik, you catch flashes of pink and purple brocades, flowers, and ribbons of red and blue and scarlet, all softened by the white muslin of the picturesque *yashmak*.

Unfortunately the *yashmak* is only worn on state occasions, and by ladies of high degree, though it is imagined by some people to be the universal adornment of Turkish women. The *tchartchaff* of black or dark-coloured brocade is the ordinary street costume, worn with a black veil more or less thick.

The *tchartchaff* consists of a perfectly plain skirt that is slipped over the indoor dress, and a cape that is fastened over the head and tied in at the waist. The veil is first pinned on to the hair and the *tchartchaff*, fastened over it, keeps it in place. The black-veiled figures of the women give the only mysterious sombre note to the prodigality of colour that makes the streets of Constantinople a continual feast for the eyes.

The most striking fact about the Turkish woman as you see her in the streets or travelling is that she is never in the company of a man, even of her own husband. To be seen with one's father would be a terrible breach of Turkish etiquette. A eunuch is the only man privileged to escort a Turkish lady, and a lady of social position never goes out except followed by her man-servant.

The higher you go in the social scale, the less freedom you naturally find, and you can hardly conceive a duller existence than that of the *grande dame* of Turkey.

Harem life is not to-day the picturesque mystery usually depicted by writers of romance, but simple unalloyed dulness.

It is even unrelieved by the exciting possibilities of polygamy, for the modern Turk, like most modern men, finds one wife quite as much as he can manage—financially speaking.

The distinction between the harem or women's apartments and the Selamlik, the men's apartments, is, however, still rigidly observed, and the Turkish women never cross the threshold of the Selamlik. Most Turkish households are composed of a mixed crowd of relations. There is usually the mother of the head of the house, who is, after him, the person of most importance in it, then possibly one or two aunts or uncles, besides the mistress and the children of the house, and if any of the daughters of the house are married, they at least begin their married life in their old home. I knew of one old Turk whose household, including his slaves, consisted of forty people—but then he was old-fashioned enough to have two wives!

In spite of the proverbial mother-in-law these mixed families are not the fiasco one would expect from our Western experience, and the reason is not far to seek. In an Eastern household every one has his or her clearly defined position and as they accept that position there is no friction. The Harem is often under the rule of an old hag of a grand-

mother, but it *is* under her rule, and as there is no rebellion consequently there is peace.

The profoundest respect for parents is inculcated by all Mohammedan teaching, and this gives the mother-in-law her privileged position, and also exacts from the young people a deference that is, unfortunately, quite out of fashion in the West. The precocious child and the emancipated daughter are both unknown quantities in the Turkish family, for there the old adage of children being seen and not heard is still put into practice, and unless they are spoken to, children, even when of age, are never expected to speak either at table or in any assembly of their elders.

Although smoking is so universal a habit among Turkish women it would be considered very disrespectful for a girl to smoke in the presence of older people, though she might do it with impunity among her contemporaries. In everything, even in the greeting between a parent and his child, when the latter respectfully kisses her father's hand, in everything is seen the deference that youth pays to age. "A man can get another wife, but he cannot get another mother," is the Turk's explanation of putting his mother before his wife, and as it is the accepted order of things, the wife does not feel aggrieved.

Moreover, it is to his mother's agency that the Turk usually owes his wife, for the Turkish mother with a marriageable son goes the round of the Harems and selects the most eligible *parti*, for whom the son then makes an offer. If his offer be accepted by the lady's parents, the civil contract takes place and is celebrated by a big dinner party.

This dinner is given by the bride's father, and the guests of the Harem and the Selamlik dine separately.

Though they are both under the same roof, celebrating the most important event in their lives, the betrothed couple do not see each other, and even if the engagement be one of some years' duration, the bridegroom does not see his bride's face until the moment she throws back her veil after they are man and wife, when he looks for the first time on the face of the woman he has married. At this critical moment the young couple are left alone, and it is interesting to notice the bridegroom's expression as he emerges from the ordeal.

Until they are married the young man is expected to send frequent presents to his *fiancée,* presents of jewellery or dress usually, as these are the two things best beloved of the Turkish woman. During the yearly feast of Bairam, however, the bride's father must send to his future son-in-law a *trousseau*, consisting of two sets of apparel, from two collars down to two pairs of shoes.

The monotony of a Turkish girl's life can hardly be conceived by us who enjoy the varied, free life of Western women. At fifteen, or sixteen, or even earlier, she becomes engaged, but that fact makes little or no difference to her life, and when she is married even she probably continues to live in the house in which she was born, without even the break of a honeymoon.

From its very *raison d'être* the life in a Harem must be monotonous; to be cut off from all intercourse with men means that every family must live very much to itself, since

there can be no unrestrained intercourse between unrelated families. And, except for ceremonious calls upon each other, the women of Turkish families have no outside interest in their lives. They are not allowed even to enter a restaurant or *café*. There are no concerts or theatres or balls for them, nothing excepting such entertainments as the rich are able to have privately in their Harems. Reading, smoking, working, and a little walking is the unvaried programme of their daily lives, and every day is like every other; even the Moslem Sunday (Friday) brings no variety.

The women only go to mosque once a year, unless they are religious, and the higher class Turkish women are not usually religious. This yearly visit to the mosque and fasting in the month of Ramazan is, as a rule, all the religion they occupy themselves with. Harem life is like convent life, but with this important difference—that Harem life has no inspiration and no resource.

Nor is the modern Harem itself the luxuriously comfortable abode depicted by painters of the East. To begin with, it is usually Europeanized until it has no touch of the East, and is only a travesty of the taste of the West. The rugs and hangings and divans are all superseded by linoleums and muslin curtains and velvet upholstered chairs! The wall-papers are in colouring and pattern what you would have chosen for your servants' bedrooms twenty years ago! The rooms are more like the showrooms of an upholsterer than the lived-in rooms of a home, excepting that the modern upholsterer is artistic.

The Turkish woman have lost all their own Oriental

picturesqueness, and have not yet gained that indefinable charm that belongs to cultivated women of the West, a charm that is revealed even in the atmosphere of a Western woman's home.

Many Turkish women are highly educated: they read and speak, perhaps English and French, they are often good musicians and usually beautiful workers; but all those little touches and graces that reveal a woman in a house are entirely wanting in an Eastern Harem. The women check all their natural Oriental taste and strive to be European, and the result is pitiable. They have given up their beautiful Eastern embroidery for crude European crewel work on satin. They think flowers in the house the proper thing, so they have a hideous conglomeration of velvet and satin atrocities in gilt jars. The truth is they are like children; they have still to be educated. At present, they blindly imitate without any discrimination, but increased intercourse with Europeans will be their education and in this the salvation of the Turkish women lies.

The present Sultan is continually repressing any sign of emancipation in the Turkish woman, having even gone so far, I believe, as to express his disapproval of foreign governesses in Harems. Her object is, of course, perfectly clear: he is afraid of the political result of educating the women of his country, knowing the power and influence women possess.

THE BAZAARS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

WILLIAM J. J. SPRY

AMONG the first places to which strangers bend their steps after reaching Constantinople are the Bazaars.

This vast labyrinth of enclosures within enclosures, streets traversing streets, and alleys intersecting alleys, stored with the richest and most diversified products of Eastern industry, and always thronged with a busy multitude, is a matter of bewilderment even to me after my many and repeated inspections, and I find it very difficult to write a description which shall be at once clear and comprehensive.

One of the necessary evils which a stranger has to endure while visiting Bazaars, or any other place of interest here, is in having to submit to the guidance and inevitable roguery of the dragoman, or guide, one has to employ.

With our guide we walk along under covered rows of shops, which must be miles in extent, whilst vista after vista opens on our gaze, and one can scarcely feel other than astonished at seeing such varied productions of the world unfolding as in a moving panorama, and in being able for over an hour, without traversing the same ground a second time, amidst gems of all kinds displayed with gold and ivory, Cashmere shawls and Chinese silks, glittering arms, costly perfumes, embroidered slippers, rare brocades, Persian knick-knacks, and a medley of rare and curious objects of all sorts

Street Pedlers of Simites

and descriptions. We stop frequently on our way to admire and to ask the prices of these beautiful things. What a variety of tints and colours meets the eye in every direction! The wares, the costumes, the noise, the people—all make up a strange spectacle, quite bewildering at first to the stranger. All that I could say would convey but an imperfect idea of the real interest which such a place calls forth, or of the most extraordinary collection of treasures displayed amidst so much apparent shabbiness.

The crowd we meet on all occasions makes it somewhat difficult to pass through the extent and intricacy of these covered ways. However, one is amply repaid for all the trouble, for no sight elsewhere vies with the East in so many interesting peculiarities.

Not only in the covered ways, but in those which more resemble open streets, separate districts are severally allotted to particular trades and merchandise, after the manner of Athens and Rome, and of the city when under the dominion of the Greeks.

The shops of jewellers and engravers of precious stones occupy one quarter; those of the goldsmiths another; the curriers being found in a third. Then there is a long line of drug merchants and pipe-makers; shops, again, are tenanted by book and paper-sellers. Each of these shops in this "world of traffic" may be about six feet wide; the owners, as a rule, sitting cross-legged on a little bench on the lookout for the passing stranger, for they are keen on business and anxious to show off their wares. Only stop for an instant before one of these stalls and speedily there are spread

out in tempting array rich Broussa silks and tapestry of all sorts in such profusion that soon the bench is full of rainbow tints. Here we see stuffs of gold, gauzy-like fabrics interwoven with flowers of silver, and there seems no leaf in botany or device in antiquity that is not imitated in these rich brocades.

In the centre of the bazaar, occupying a considerable space, is what they call the "Bezestan." It is reached from four directions by massive gates.

This place is devoted to the sale of arms, and to costly articles only. The roof is, perhaps, loftier, and the light more dim than the others we have just passed through. Here are subjects for the artist's pencil. Take your eyes, if you can, from those Damascus sabres, with their jewelled hilts and costly scabbards, or from the gemmed daggers and guns inlaid with silver and gold, the bowls of rich porcelain ware, the silver trays, the strings of pearls and precious stones; and see what a range there is of grand old greybeards, with their snowy turbans. These are the Turks of the past, who are yearly getting less and less, and soon will have passed away altogether. I have spent many an hour here enjoying its rich Orientalism, and I have sometimes been fortunate in making purchases from amongst this endless variety of things rich and rare.

Walking into the square of the Sultana Valide, we see it is crowded as usual with buyers and sellers, like in a travelling fair; a sort of market where all wants can be supplied. Let me select one stall as an illustration of the many scattered over the enclosure. Under a huge plane-tree stands

the booth of a group of Georgians, their round and rosy dark faces set off with a tall black cap of curling wool, their brightly-coloured, tight-fitting jackets and flowing silken sashes giving them quite a picturesque appearance. Hardware is the staple of their shop, and there they sit, patiently waiting for customers. The alleys between these booths are crowded with a medley of all sorts and conditions of men and women; the latter seeming to be amongst the chief puchasers. The effect of their enveloped forms in their loose *feridjees*, and their eyes peeping from the muslin folds of their *yashmaks,* being most curious to the stranger.

Here every nationality seems distinguished by its dress, and almost as certainly by its branch of trade. Thus we see the Jew, wherever trafficking is to be done, in a small black skullcap and a long, dark cloak. Greeks, Armenians, Persians, and British and American tourists are all easily detected in this motley crowd by their costumes.

Leaving this market we enter a street of confectioners. The East is well known for its sweetmeats, and truly a more tempting display never entered the Christmas dreams of a schoolboy. The jellies were looking delicious; and then the candy of all the colours of the rainbow—not enviously shut within pitiful glass cases, but piled up to the ceiling—looking, oh! so tempting; and then so cheap, for with a few piastres we can purchase as many of these tempting delicacies as will last us for a day or two. Of one kind I have vivid recollections, called in Turkish "Peace to your Throat;" and the "Rahat-lakoum" (Turkish Delight) was luscious. They call things by such poetical names in

the East that they are of themselves an inducement to taste and try.

We now enter a place more Oriental and picturesque than any of the previous ones, and find it is the drug bazaar. One long avenue runs through the building, having arched roofs and being lighted by small windows pierced in the curves. As our eyes become accustomed to the light, we discover vessels of varied sizes ranged along the receding shelves of stalls filled with varied productions. The edges of these baskets and jars are turned over with coloured papers (a peculiar colour to each drug), and broad wooden spoons lie across the tops. Here, in one of these vessels, we have "Henna," a deep brown powder. This is a kind of powdered clay, formerly used to a great extent by all classes of ladies for dyeing their hair and tinting their finger-nails; but this fashion is rapidly disappearing from amongst ladies of rank. Some of the lower classes, however, still use it for these purposes.

Here, in jars, are gums of all kinds, spices, roots, dye-woods, and minerals. Choice perfumes are seen in bottles ranged along the shelves, each of which is a triumph in itself. The size of this place, the abundance and variety of the goods, and the seeming respectability of the dealers render it one of the most interesting sights in the city.

The shop-boards are backed by a small open space. Here sits the master upon his little carpet, almost as motionless, unless addressed, and almost as yellow as the box of sulphur beside him, with his long grey beard, his string of beads in one hand and his pipe in the other.

Often have I, during my visits to Stamboul, dropped into this bazaar, idling up and down in the dim light, fingering the soft henna, sniffing the delightful perfumes, and studying the remarkable faces, until my mind became, somehow, full of tales of the East, and what will be better understood, getting my clothes steeped in the mixed and agreeable odours of the thousand-and-one spices.

How I have wished I was an artist since I have been here, for there is not a corner of Constantinople, nor a native in its streets, that is not a novel and entertaining subject for a pencil.

Passing from here we come to the silk bazaar. What a marked difference between the stern composure and outward indifference of the old Turk in the place just left to those with whom we are now brought into contact, for this department seems to be entirely left to the Armenians. While we walked through the jewel bazaar, looking and gazing with covetous eyes on many of the beautiful objects, the owner scarcely condescended to ask if anything was required; but in the silk market it is impossible to put in an appearance without causing the eager shopmen to excite and agitate themselves with shouts of "Signor! Signor! Johnny Capitani! Ingleesh! Ingleesh!" at the same time calling your attention to their display of silks and lovely fabrics. The annoyance of dealing with these people is their want of honesty. They, in the first place, demand from fifty to one hundred per cent. more than the fair price. I have often been asked as much as £12 sterling for an article which they have, after the usual haggling, let me.

have for £3. But the Turks are not behindhand in this matter; in fact, the greater number of the bazaar merchants are of the same class, and all are more or less guilty of giving short weight and measure if not carefully looked after.

With the Turk, however, honesty is a matter of religious scruple; for the Prophet hath said: "He that gives short measure in this world will receive the difference in bitter pangs hereafter." So, perhaps, this makes them a little more cautious in their dealings.

There was a time when all the goods exposed here for sale were of home manufacture; but this is no longer the case. The demand is greater than the old-fashioned looms of Broussa could supply; so large quantities are imported from England, France, Germany, and Italy; the richer silks and brocades from Lyons having completely superseded those formerly received from Broussa, where the manufacture of this article was established before the Conquest. What is produced now is of varied quality—some interwoven and figured with gold and silver thread, others more or less intermixed with cotton. None of the products now, however, seem to be remarkable either for their taste or originality of design.

After our long and tiring walk through the Bazaars, we pass along the main thoroughfare, pushing our way through the throng of itinerant dealers. Let us seek a convenient place for refreshments. None can be more appropriate than the shop of Abdullah, where we can lunch *à la Turque*. The restaurant has an open front, ornamented with a clean

marble slab, on which are deposited bowls of *yoort* and *keimak* (clotted milk and cream), skewers of mutton ready to be converted into *kabobs*,* rice for pilaf, fowls for stewing, pumpkins and vine-leaf dolmas, pickles, lettuces, and a variety of other articles agreeable to the Eastern palate.

We are told that no stranger should visit Stamboul without partaking of *kabobs*, so we order sufficient for our party and quite enjoy the repast.

After the enjoyment of our lunch and a short rest we leave the precincts of this busy scene and pass along a narrow street which seems almost exclusively inhabited by the makers of spoons, for on the benches we see a most marvellous display of these useful articles, some extremely elegant in design—tortoiseshell and ebony, the handles inlaid with silver, coral, and mother-of-pearl. Others have bowls of fine horn or ivory, with slender and delicately-made stems. We eventually reach the Seraskierat Square and the Mosque of Sultan Bajazet II. It happens to be the month of Ramazan, so we come on a most picturesque scene not met with during any other month of the year, for the courtyard of this mosque is utilized by merchants from the Far East as a bazaar for the sale and display of such tempting wares as are seldom brought together in one place. They set up their little stalls around the quadrangle and about the outer court. I would not have missed this scene on any account, the merchants themselves being as worthy of attention as their wares. To describe the contents of these stalls would

* *Kabobs* consist of small slices of mutton roasted over wood embers, garnished with chopped onions and parsley, with *yoort* poured over the whole.

indeed be a difficult task; but I could not help noticing the spices, the gums, the sweetmeats, pressed dates, *rahat-lakoum*, dried fruits, and the perfumes, the spicy odours of which pervade this quarter. Rare volumes of Arabic, Persian, and Turkish literature are on another stall. Another displays lovely specimens of old china, porcelain, and dainty wares. Year after year these dealers come—from India, China, Damascus, Aleppo, Bokhara, and Egypt—to dispose of their wares. Sometimes opportunities offer for getting beautiful specimens and articles of great rarity at a small outlay, as I was often fortunate in doing. This bargaining, however, is always a very difficult task, and requires great patience and tact, for they rarely omit to ask four or five times the amount they eventually take, and it often seems a matter of indifference to them whether they dispose of their wares or not.

RAMAZAN

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

THE Ramazan, as every one knows, is a sort of Lent blended with a Carnival; the day is a *fast*, the night a *feast;* the penance is followed by a debauch as a legitimate compensation. From sunrise to sunset—of which the precise instant is made known by a signal gun—the Koran forbids the tasting of food or drink, or even the indulgence of the pipe; which last is a dreadful privation, to a people from whose lips the amber mouthpiece of the *chibouk* or *narghilé* is rarely absent. To assuage even the most agonizing thirst by a draught of water, were, during the day, a grave sin; but from evening till morning everything is permitted; and the devotees then recompense themselves amply for their previous compulsory abstinence. To-night, therefore, the Turkish part of Constantinople keeps Ramazan. From the promenade of the Little Field, one beholds a wonderful spectacle. On the other side of the Golden Horn, Constantinople glows and sparkles, like the crown of carbuncles of an Oriental emperor. The minarets blaze with rows of lamps from all their galleries; and from spire to spire verses of the Koran gleam in letters of flame,—seeming, in the distance, as if written upon the azure page of the firmament by the hand of Omnipotence. Saint Sophia, Sultan-Achmet, Yeni-Djami, the Suleimanieh, and all the long line of temples of Allah which rise between Serai-Bournou and the

hills of Eyoub, blaze with resplendent light, and pronounce with tongues of fire the formula of Islam. The crescent of the moon, attended by a single star, seems to emblazon the insignia of the empire upon the unfurled standard of the sky.

The waters of the bay reflect and multiply these myriads of lights, and seem to pour a stream of molten jewels. It is said that in a dream there is always an element or touch of reality; but here the reality surpasses the dream. The tales of the *Arabian Nights* offer nothing more magical or fairy-like; and the treasures of Haroun-al-Raschid would pall beside this blazing and colossal casket of a league in length!

During the Ramazan the utmost freedom of action prevails; the use of the lantern is not compulsory, as at other times; the brilliantly illuminated streets render this precaution unnecessary. The Giaours can remain in Istamboul until the last light is extinguished—an experiment full of danger. I, therefore, eagerly accepted the proposal of a young native, to whom I was recommended, to descend to the landing-place of Tophana and take a *caïque* to go and see the Sultan on his way to prayers at Schiragan, and then finish the night in the Turkish quarter of the town.

The descent from Pera to Tophana is by a narrow and almost perpendicular street, much resembling the dry channel of a torrent. As we descended the crowd increased; and the shops around, brilliantly illuminated, lighted up the thoroughfares crowded with Turks, seated on the ground or upon low stools, smoking with that evident zest earned by a day of abstinence. The streets presented a perpetual coming and going; the most animated and picturesque bustle

Gipsies' Houses in old Stambout

and confusion imaginable; for between the motionless lines of smokers poured an endless stream of pedestrians of all nations and ages.

Carried along by this stream, we reached the square of Tophana, and traversing the court of the mosque, found ourselves in front of that charming fountain in the Arabian style, which pictures have made familiar to all the world.

The *bal-masqué* in *Gustavus* does not exhibit a greater variety of costumes than the great square of Tophana on a night of Ramazan. The Bulgarians, with their huge overcoats and their fur-trimmed caps, seem not to have changed their dress since leaving the banks of the Danube; Circassians, with their slender limbs and expanded chests; Georgians, with short tunics bound with a ring of metal and patent leather casques; Arnauts, wearing embroidered jackets over their bare and brawny chests; Jews, distinguished by their robes open at the sides, and their black caps bound with blue handkerchiefs; Greeks of the islands, with their ample trousers, crimson sashes, and *tarbouches* with silken tassels; modernized Turks, with their single-breasted frockcoats and red fez; Turks of the old style, in broad turban and *caftan* of pink, yellow, or pale blue, recalling the time of the Janissaries; Persians, with black lamb's-wool caps; Syrians, distinguished by their gold-embroidered scarfs and gowns of Byzantine form; Turkish women in white *yashmaks* and light-coloured *feridjees;* Armenian females, less closely veiled, in violet dresses and black boots;—all these, formed in groups which blend and disperse unceasingly, constitute the most novel and curious medley that can be conceived.

Stalls in full trade, selling milk curds and boiled cream; shops of confectionery—of which the Turks are enormous consumers; the counters of the vendors of water distinguished by chimes of small bells, which are rung by a miniature hydraulic machine; stalls of sherbet dealers and of sellers of snow-water; are ranged around the sides of the square which is brightened by their illuminations. The shops of the tobacconists are filled with persons of some pretension, who look out upon the scene, while complacently smoking the finest tobacco through pipes of jasmine or cherry-wood. At the farther end of the *cafés,* the *tarbouka* rattles, the tambourine beats, and the shrill notes of the flute are heard; while nasal and monotonous songs, blended from time to time with the sharp notes of the Tyroleans, rise from amid the clouds of smoke. It was with great labour and difficulty that we reached, at length, through this compact throng, the landing-place of Tophana, where we were to get our *caïque.*

A few strokes of the oar sent us out into the stream, and we could see from the centre of the Bosphorus the illuminations of the Mosque of Sultan Mahmoud, and the gun-foundry, which has given its name to the landing-place of Tophana. "*Top,*" in Turkish, signifies "cannon"; and *hana,* a "place" or "warehouse." The minarets of the Mosque of Sultan Mahmoud are considered among the most graceful in Constantinople; and are cited as specimens of the classic style of Turkish architecture.

They raised their slender proportions sharply in the deep blue of the night, with their outlines traced in fire, and

united to one another by verses of the Koran, producing a most graceful and striking effect. In front of the foundry the illumination was composed of a gigantic cannon with its carriage and wheels, forming the insignia of the Turkish artillery with striking exactitude.

In following the Bosphorus we coasted the European shore, all blazing with light and bordered with innumerable summer palaces of viziers and pachas; distinguished by illuminations mounted upon iron frames, and representing complicated ciphers or monograms in the Turkish manner, blended with figures of steamboats, bouquets, and sentences of the Koran; until at length we reached the palace of Tcheragan, composed of a triangular portico with fluted columns and two wings trellised with windows, and resembling a couple of immense cages. The name of the Sultan, written in lines of fire, glowed upon the front; and through the open door a large hall was visible, where amid the blaze of innumerable candelebra, dark shadows moved in pious convulsions, the Padischah, who performed his devotions, surrounded by his grand officers, kneeling upon the carpet. A sound of nasal psalmody also issued from the hall, combined with the yellow light of myriads of tapers, and dispersed itself abroad in the calm blue of the evening.

After a few minutes' contemplation we signed to our *caidgi* to return so that I might see the other shore,—the shore of Asia, on which stands Scutari (the ancient Chrysopolis), with its illuminated mosques and its screens of cypress spreading behind them the folds of their funereal foliage.

AL KADI—THE NIGHT OF POWER

WILLIAM J. J. SPRY

THE 27th night of Ramazan, 1298. The Ambassador had made up a party to visit Saint Sophia. Leaving Therapia, we were off Tophana in good time to reach Stamboul, to be present on this special occasion.

"Allah, Akbar!"—God is Most Great! I have just left the grand Mosque of Saint Sophia, and for sublime simplicity, intense religious feeling, and spirit-stirring devotion, the spectacle witnessed to-night stands alone and unequalled in my memory.

It is the *Leilet el Kadi,* the Night of Power, the night of the revelation of the Koran, the night when prayer can compel Divine mercy, when angels hold communication with the sons of Adam, and, travelling backwards and forwards between heaven and earth, carry up to the throne of the Almighty the supplications of believers and return with their hands full of blessings to shower along their path.

At the supreme hour of this night the gates of Paradise are thrown open, and through their widespread portals the Divine Spirit, sweeping for a moment over the universe, sheds love on all that lives and calm on lifeless things. Then, as the Spirit moves over the earth and over the waters for *one* brief second, the salt waves of the deep are made sweet, the streams flowing oceanward stop still, the rustling leaves in the forest are hushed, wickedness and sin die out

of all created things, and the very spirits of evil and of death bow down powerless in silent adoration before the Supreme Essence of Goodness and Life.

And surely it was some higher spirit than that which usually governs mankind which to-night inspired the army of prostrate worshippers that I saw on entering the gallery of this grand building—to which place alone the "Giaour" is admitted on such nights as these—their long serried ranks extending diagonally across its entire area. Barefooted, with faces turned towards the Holy City of Mecca, with palms upraised and eyes uplifted, they stood in silent prayer. There were, perhaps, two or three thousand people gathered together. A solemn silence reigned throughout. The whole power of the soul seemed concentrated upon the act of adoration. Suddenly a voice sounds shrill and resonant, reaching to the uttermost ends of the temple—a shout, as it were, of victory—terminating in a long, weird-like wail. "Allah, Akbar!" cries the Imaum from the pulpit, and the whole congregation take up and repeat the cry in a hoarse, half-stifled whisper. Then, as it were, with one impulse, without moving their feet, they sink upon their knees, and, slowly bending down to the ground, touch the marble pavement with their foreheads, and remain for some time in prostrate adoration of the Most High. Again, as if with one accord, they fall back upon their knees and slowly rise again to an upright position.

To each of these motions, which are all performed with that marvellous ease and grace which the dignity of Eastern manners and the suppleness of Eastern dress can alone en-

sure, the Imaum recites some special invocation. Now, from a raised tribune, Koran-readers chant certain chapters from the sacred book; the host of worshippers repeating in unison the last verse.

Then again peals forth the voice of the Imaum, "Allah, Akbar!" when similar ceremonies to those described are repeated some three or four times; after which the last chapter, especially referring to the solemn traditions of the night, is read. Throughout the ceremony no sound is heard but the weird chant of the officiating priest, the deep, half-muttered responses of the Faithful, and the rhythmical rustling of their garments as they kneel or rise in prayer.

No superficial lip-worship was this: no conventional condescension of man towards his Creator.

Amidst the blaze of some thousands of lamps the old Byzantine frescoes shine out once more in their semi-barbaric splendour; all the architectural details of the basilica stand out in bold relief; the gorgeous columns of granite, porphyry, and marble—the plunder of Egypt, of Baalbek, and of Ephesus—the golden mosaics with their four gigantic angels; the lofty dome, poised as it were, in mid air; all the splendid memories of Imperial Christianity serving only to enhance the stern simplicity of the victorious faith of Islam.

The only emblems of the conquerors displayed are six huge shields bearing, in golden letters on a dark green ground, the names of God and His Prophet and of the first four Caliphs.

The real monument which they have raised to the Most High is the imperishable faith of a patient, long-suffering

people who give to their God, not the child-like tender piety of the Christian devotee, but the fierce, passionate devotion of a clansman towards his chief.

When the last prayer is over and the Imaum has once more sent up his shout—"Allah, Akbar!"—then the pent-up torrent of enthusiasm is let loose, and from some thousands of throats there peals forth a wild kind of shout, "Allah, Akbar! Allah! Allah!" the breath of their very souls. As it dies out in strange echoes under the lofty vaults the whole temple seems on fire with the old spirit which stirred the conquering legions on the memorable 29th of May, 1453, when Mahomet II. rode, in the first flush of triumph, through the throngs of the vanquished straight up to the high altar of the Christian Church, and, springing from his horse, prostrated himself in humble adoration; then, rising, threw his heavy sword upon the golden altar and proclaimed in stentorian tones, which resounded above the tumult of strife, the triumph of Islam: *La ilah, ila Allah!* (There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His Prophet).

As I passed out of the temple, with its heated atmosphere charged with fierce emotions, into the cool night air, a *mushir* was singing in the streets; "Give, give, O ye Faithful, for this is the Night of Power." And, truly, the power is still there, mighty as ever; but where is the head or the heart to guide and govern it?

The streets are full of wild, excited people; the mosques are all brilliantly illuminated as we drive onward through the thoroughfares to the bridge, where the steam pinnace is awaiting us.

FEAST OF THE BAIRAM

WILLIAM J. J. SPRY

THE Ramazan is over, and without detracting the least from the zeal of the Moslem, it may be acknowledged that the termination of the fast is always received with general satisfaction; because, despite the nocturnal carnival which is blended with the daily fast, it is, no doubt, an excessive strain on the constitutions of the Faithful.

So the Bairam is hailed with much rejoicing. It begins with the new moon succeeding that of the month of Ramazan; and soon after its faintest crescent has been sighted the announcement is made by guns firing from the ships and batteries along the shore of the Bosphorus, and the city is soon in a blaze of illumination. The minarets of all the mosques look exceedingly beautiful, their encircling galleries hung with coloured lamps, and illuminated festoons suspended from one to the other. All public and official residences are similarly bright with the glare of lamps; the ships of the fleet are decked from keel to truck with thousands of lighted lanterns. The following morning, at sunrise, salutes are fired from all the ships and batteries, and the fleet of warships is dressed in its brightest bunting.

The Sultan, as has been the custom from time immemorial, starts in procession with a large retinue of ministers and others to attend services at one of the principal mosques, on

this occasion visiting that of Sultan Achmet. The streets are crowded with his faithful subjects, who are never happier than when their Imperial master shows himself in public.

After the solemn prayers of the day, His Imperial Majesty returns from Stamboul by water — the procession of State *caïques* being most gorgeous and picturesque—landing at Dolma-Bagtché Palace, where he partakes of a slight breakfast, and afterwards holds the customary reception.

Such a number of carriages line the palace square full of Turkish ladies in their smartest dresses; and, notwithstanding the early hour of the day, there are large crowds assembled, clothed mostly in new garments—for this is the occasion when every Turk renews his wardrobe, if at all possible. So nothing could be prettier than to see the roadway sparkling with bright costumes of blue, pink, green, and scarlet, ornamented with embroidery displaying all its first freshness, unsoiled by dust or wear—the women in the whitest of *yashmaks,* and the men in the brightest of red fezzes; in fact the metropolis of Islam has put on holiday garments from head to foot, giving a picturesque beauty to the scene.

Bairam, which implies a feast or holiday, lasts three days, from sunset of the last of Ramazan to sunset on the third day. It may be regarded as the Moslem carnival, and is an occasion on which the dignitaries of the Empire come from near and far to pay their homage to the Padishah.

During the late Sultan's reign Turkish magnificence on these occasions was to be seen in all its splendour; but they are not carried out to that extent at the present time. Still,

there is a certain amount of pomp and ceremony, and it is, perhaps, one of the most favourable occasions that can be selected by a stranger for studying and admiring the luxury ordinarily concealed behind the mysterious walls of imperial palaces.

It is not always easy to witness this ceremony; but, through the assistance of our embassy, I was so favoured. Landing at Tophana, it was with some difficulty that I made my way through the crowded thoroughfares leading to the palace. At length I reached the gates, and was permitted to enter.

The great throne-room was crowded with State dignitaries, in their most gorgeous costumes—the Sultan being seated on the throne, surrounded by Imperial Princes. The ceremony of the day was begun by the Grand Vizier, who advanced to the foot of the throne, and, after performing the Oriental salutation and kissing reverently the hem of His Majesty's garment, retired backwards and gave place to another, who followed with the same salutation, the same genuflexion, the same prostration, and the same manner of approaching and retiring. This was continued by about a dozen of the foremost personages of the Empire.

Next after the Pachas in this act of homage came the Sheik-ul-Islam, attired in his white caftan, and turban of the same colour, crossed in front by a gold band. The Sheik-ul-Islam is the Mahommedan Patriarch next to the Sultan in the religious scale, and consequently exceedingly powerful and greatly reverenced. Other members of the religious hierarchy followed, and after all present had per-

formed their part of the ceremony, and were ranged round the great hall, the spectacle which the enormous throne-room presented at this moment was truly grand. The Imperial band, stationed in the gallery, continued to play while the ceremony lasted.

On the conclusion, the Sultan returned in a carriage to Yildiz Kiosk, where he received the homage of the dignitaries of the palace.

Salutes were fired from the war-ships and the batteries, and so terminated the great ceremony of *Baise-main* for another year.

MACEDONIA

H. F. TOZER

MACEDONIA is the country between Thrace on the east and Illyria on the west, bounded on the south by Thessaly and the Ægean Sea, and on the north by the lands which belong to the basin of the Danube. The most definite limit in its physical geography is that towards Illyria, where the Scardus range, which still bears the name of *Schar,* forms a continuous barrier between the two countries; on the side of Thessaly also, Mount Olympus and the Cambunian mountains constitute a well-marked frontier. In the other two directions its natural limits are less clearly defined. Towards the east, during the greater part of its history, the river Strymon was regarded as its proper boundary; but after the foundation of the city of Philippi it encroached on Thrace, and extended as far as the river Nestus, or even Mount Rhodope. The original Macedonia was confined to the inland region west of the Axius, between that river and the Scardus mountains, and did not include the northern portion, which was known as Pæonia, or the coast-land which, together with the eastern districts, was inhabited by Thracian tribes, and was regarded by the Greeks at the time of the Peloponnesian War as part of Thrace. The people of this country were not Hellenic, though its rulers ultimately succeeded in claiming that title for themselves, at

the time when Alexander I. was admitted as a competitor at the Olympic games. The same thing may be said of the land itself, the appearance of which presents many points of contrast to that of Greece proper. Instead of the delicate, bright, and varied scenery of that country, with its clear atmosphere and sharp outlines, we find in Macedonia broad masses of mountains, extensive sweeps of lowland, and uniformity of colour. The climate of the inland regions also is severe, so that the cypress and other trees which flourish in Greece will not grow there.

The river Axius divides Macedonia into two parts, the eastern of which resembles the neighbouring country of Thrace in the irregularity of its surface; but in the western part there is a succession of valley-plains, generally elevated themselves, though deeply sunk among the rocky walls that surround them. These lie under the flanks of Mount Scardus, and differ in a still more striking manner from the country of Illyria on the further side of that chain, which is made up of a number of irregular, and usually narrow, river-valleys, separated from one another by rugged mountains. The characteristics of these valley-plains are the well-defined basins in which they lie, their rich alluvial soil, and the river which waters each of them respectively, and in each case makes its exit through a narrow passage, which is its only means of escape. The northernmost and smallest of these is now called the Tettovo, and from it the main stream of the Axius issues. On the southern extremity of this a branch detaches itself from the Scardus, and bending southward forms an important secondary chain, which is

continued until, under the name of Bermius, it approaches Mount Olympus. This branch, in the upper part of its range, forms the eastern boundary of the second and most important valley-plain, that of Pelagonia (now the plain of Monastir), from which the Erigon (Czerna) forces its way to join the Axius. This plain, which is 40 miles in length by 10 in breadth, and 1500 feet above the sea, was one of the primitive seats of the Macedonian race, and was suited for developing a hardy yet thriving population which might afterwards become a great people. Here is laid the scene of the story of the foundation of the Macedonian monarchy, which Herodotus has related (viii. 137, 138). According to this, three brothers of the family of the Temenidæ of Argos, having entered the service of the king of the country, and having been defrauded by him of their wages, made their escape in a romantic manner, the narrative of which contains numerous fabulous incidents, and ultimately conquered all Macedonia. The southern part of this plain was called Lyncestis, and was the scene of the encounter between Brasidas and the Illyrians, which Thucydides has described (iv. 124-28); the famous retreat of that general was made by the pass at its south-eastern extremity. Between Lyncestis and the lowlands, near the coast, is a lake district of somewhat inferior elevation, which bore the name of Eordæa. Again, to the southward of Pelagonia is another extensive plain, from which the Haliacmon (Vistritza) draws its waters; that river ultimately breaks through the Bermian range behind Berrhœa (Verria), and flows into the Thermaic Gulf.

The coast district between the Haliacmon and Olympus, as well as the sea-slopes of that mountain, formed Pieria, the original home of the Muses. The chief cities of Pieria were Pydna, where Perseus, the last king of Macedon, was defeated by the Romans, and Dium. From this neighbourhood to the head of the Thermaic Gulf a vast maritime plain extended, which was intersected by the Lydias and the Axius, as well as the Haliacmon.

The rivers of this country, notwithstanding that they are larger than any that are found in Greece proper, can hardly be called navigable, though barges are floated down them at the present day. The Axius, which is the more important, is celebrated by Homer, on account of its fertilizing water, as "the fairest stream that flows in at the earth" (Il., ii. 850), and the valley in which it runs must always have formed a line of communication between the barbarous districts of the interior and the sea. The point of demarcation between the uplands and the lowlands is marked by the Stena, or, as it is now called, the Iron Gate (Demir Kapu) of the Vardar. Here the river cuts through at right angles the mountains that join the Scardus and Orbelus ranges, and forms a deep ravine, through which it rushes in rapids for the distance of a quarter of a mile, beneath steep cliffs that rise to the height of 600 or 700 feet above; and traces of groovings in the rocks are visible, where a passage has been made in ancient times. At the point in its upper course where it receives its northern tributaries, and begins to bend towards the south, stood the town of Scupi, the name of which was changed by the Byzantines

into Scopia, or "the look-out place," and has now been corrupted into Uskiub. The importance of this consisted in its neighbourhood to the pass over the Scardus, by which the barbarian tribes to the west used to descend into the more level and fertile country, and in its commanding the principal line of traffic. Between Scupi and the Stena, at the confluence of the Axius and the Erigon, was Stobi, the ruins of which were discovered by M. Heuzy, of the French "Mission de Macédoine." This town was in Roman times the meeting-point of four great roads—one from the Danube by Scupi; another from Sardica, near the modern Sophia, to the northeast; a third from Heraclea (Monastir) to the southwest; and a fourth from Thessalonica. The Strymon (Struma) follows a direction nearly parallel to the Axius in eastern Macedonia, and, after passing through the chain of Orbelus, enters the rich plain of Serrhæ (Seres), and flows into the Lake of Prasias or Cercinitis, shortly after emerging from which it reaches the sea. On the shores of the Lake Prasias were a number of lacustrine habitations which Herodotus has described, corresponding in their general features to those of which so considerable remains have recently been discovered in Switzerland and elsewhere. At the point where the Strymon leaves the lake was built the important town of Amphipolis, which was surrounded on three sides by the river, thus occupying a very strong position. It was founded by the Athenians in 437 B.C., and was valuable on account of its neighbourhood to the mines of Pangæus, and as furnishing a large supply of timber. Its port, at the mouth of the Strymon, was called

Eion. The ancient capital of Macedonia, Ægæ or Edessa (Vodena), stood at the point where the passes from Lyncestis and Eordæa emerge into the lower country. Its situation seems to suggest dominion; for, while it has at its back all the resources of the richest districts, the view from it embraces the wide maritime plain, the mighty mass of Olympus, and a portion of the Thermaic Gulf. The site, which resembles that of Tivoli, is one of extreme beauty, for below the level table of land on which the city is built the rock falls some 200 feet in steep precipices, and the river which passes through it, a tributary of the Lydias, divides into a number of smaller streams, which plunge at various points in cascades down the cliffs. When Philip of Macedon transferred the seat of government to Pella, Edessa continued to be the national hearth of the race, and the burial-place of their kings. Pella, the later capital, occupied a much inferior position, being on low hills at the edge of an extensive marsh in the middle of the maritime plain. This was naturally an unhealthy site, and its only strength lay in its swampy surroundings; so that its nearness to the sea must have been its chief recommendation. The place is now deserted, but the name of Pel is still attached to its vicinity. In Roman times Thessalonica became the chief centre of these parts, which at all times it deserves to be, for it is admirably placed for purposes of communication and trade, as it lies on the innermost bay of the Thermaic Gulf, and forms the natural point of transit for exports and imports. Its appearance recalls that of Genoa, from the way in which the houses rise from the water's edge, and ascend

the hillsides behind. This city was the terminus of the Via Egnatia, the great Roman road which joined the Adriatic and the Ægean, and formed the main line of communication between the West and the East. Starting from Dyrrhachium, it threaded the defiles of Illyria, and passing the Lacus Lychnitis, crossed the Scardus by the southernmost of its two passages, which descends on Heraclea; thence it traversed Lyncestis and Eordæa, till it reached Edessa, and finally crossed the plain to Thessalonica.

It remains to speak of the maritime district of Macedonia, called Chalcidice, which projects like a trident into the north of the Ægean between the Thermaic and Strymonic Gulfs. When seen on the map, it strikingly resembles the Peloponnese in miniature, from its three southern promontories, with deep intervening bays, and the massive breadth of ground from which these spring. This resemblance is still further borne out in the form of the mountains and their vegetation; and in most respects it corresponds so well to what the Greeks desired for their settlements that we cannot be surprised at finding its shores fringed with Hellenic colonies. Several of these were founded from Chalcis in Eubœa, which city gave its name to the district; but the important town of Potidæa was a Corinthian colony. The most eastern of the three peninsulas, that of Acte, is far the highest, and rises from its isthmus until it forms a steep central ridge, which gradually attains the height of 4000 feet, and finally throws up the vast conical peak of Mount Athos (6400 feet). The isthmus, which is about a mile and a half broad, still shows traces of the canal made

by Xerxes for the passage of his fleet, in order to avoid the dangers of shipwreck on the rocks of Athos, which had destroyed the expedition of Mardonius. On the land side of the isthmus stood the city of Acanthus. Separated from Acte by the Singitic Gulf was the promontory of Sithonia, with the town of Torone; and still farther to the west, beyond the Toronaic Gulf, was that of Pallene. The former of these, though of lower elevation than Acte, is intersected by a well-marked ridge; but the latter is almost level, and from the traces of volcanic action that are found there was called by the Greek Phlegra, and was said to have been the scene of the conflict between the giants and the gods. On the southern side of Pallene were the towns of Mende and Scione, and its isthmus was occupied by Potidæa, near which, at the head of the Toronaic Gulf, stood Olynthus. The Greek cities on this coast were a continual thorn in the side of the Macedonian monarchs, and caused them to take part against Athens during the Peloponnesian War. The northern part of Chalcidice is mountainous, and beyond these mountains is a considerable depression, in which lies the Lake of Bolbe.

Macedonia first comes into notice in history in the reign of Amyntas (about 500 B.C.) and in that of his son Alexander, who was king at the time of Xerxes's invasion of Greece. But whatever historical interest attaches to it is due rather to the great empire which sprang from it than to the importance of the country itself. During the Peloponnesian War we notice it chiefly as it affects the principal contending parties, but in the time of Demosthenes it at-

tracts our attention as furnishing the keynote of the policy of that statesman, and being the proximate cause of the overthrow of Greek liberty. After the Macedonian Empire was subjugated by the Romans in 168 B.C., the country was left with a nominal automony, but lost its national unity by being divided into four districts, which were separated from one another by rigid political and social limitations. Before long it was reduced to the form of a province, and this, at the division of the provinces in the time of Augustus, was assigned to the senate. Thenceforward it followed the fortunes of the Roman empire, and, after the partition of that dominion, of the eastern branch of it. In the time of Alaric it was frequently plundered by the Goths, and in the interval which elapsed between Justinian I. and Heraclius a considerable part of it was colonized by Slavonians. During the prosperous period of the great Bulgarian monarchy in the Tenth Century a large portion of Macedonia was included in that kingdom. After that age extensive depopulation must have ensued, for in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries colonies of various tribes of Asiatic origin—Uzes, Turks, and Patzinaks—were established there by the emperors of Constantinople. In the partition of the Eastern empire, which followed the capture of the city by the Latins at the time of the Fourth Crusade, in 1204, Macedonia was assigned to Boniface, marquis of Monferrat, who assumed the title of king of Saloniki. This kingdom in turn was brought to an end in 1224 by the Greek despot of Epirus, Theodore I., and by him a Greek empire of Thessalonica was founded, which for a time seemed likely to

become the heir of the Byzantine power, but afterwards was merged in that of Nicæa, and on the recapture of Constantinople by Michæl Palæologus once more formed part of a united Greek empire. In the latter half of the Fourteenth Century the greater part of Macedonia was in the possession of the Servians, whose kingdom was now at the height of its power; but before the middle of the Fifteenth it had passed into the hands of the Ottoman Turks, by whom it has been held ever since. At the present day the population of the inland part of the country is mainly composed of Bulgarian Christians, mixed with Turks, while the Greeks occupy the coasts, the whole of Chalcidice, the plain of Seres, and some other districts.

ADRIANOPLE, SALONIKA, AND MONASTIR

JOHN FOSTER FRASER

In the blackness of the night the train slowed and drew long breaths at Hermanli. We were still in Bulgaria, and the frontier guard was smart and alert.

On went the train through the dark. There was a fire on the bank. At attention stood sallow, ill-clad, ill-washed, down-at-heel, and fezzed soldiers. We were in Turkey.

With groans the train pulled up at Mustapha Pacha, ill-lit compared with Hermanli, and the guard slouched on either side of the carriages whilst a search was made for contraband—they crumpled my shirts, and were suspicious about my soap-box—and passports were inspected and returned. On again, in the land of the Sultan. At every half-mile, at every culvert and every bridge, blazed a fire, and there was a group of melancholy Turkish soldiers.

Not so long before this the Bulgarian revolutionaries had made an attempt to benefit their friends in Macedonia by blowing up a bridge on this line to Constantinople. Now the Turks were keeping watch.

I was expected at Adrianople. The train had hardly slowed when I was saluted by a black-whiskered, red-fezzed man. "Sir," said he, "I am the dragoman to the Consulate of his Britannic Majesty." Behind him stood the Con-

sulate *kavass,* a Circassian, tall and as fair as an Englishman, handsome in his blue uniform and gold-strapped sword, and with the British arms on his fez. There was a scrimmage and a babel among the Turks over passports, and a further inspection of baggage. The officials mistook me for a person of distinction. They saluted and salaamed. I offered my passport. They would not trouble to look at it; the coming of the *effendi* had been telegraphed from the frontier; also news came a fortnight before from the Turkish representative at Sofia that I was "a great English lord," and must be shown courtesy. Should I open my baggage? The officials would not think of it. I saluted; they salaamed. Soldiers would deliver it. A carriage and pair was waiting.

Adrianople is two miles from the station. The night was pitch. Not a soul was about but the men on guard. They peered at the carriage, but when they saw the *kavass* they shuffled to attention. Over the cobbles we rattled through that city as of the dead. No lights save dim flickers in the guardhouses.

While the morning was yet fragrant I was out in the narrow, crowded streets. Their meanness was saved by the dome of many a stately mosque, and the graceful and frail tapering of many a lofty minaret piercing the blue vault.

The scenes were very Turkish in their grime and sloth. The people were just a mob in deshabille. All the men seemed half-dressed; all the women were shrouded as though to hide how negligent they had been before their mirrors. The air was cracked with angry shouts, hucksters in the

way, mules which would not get out of the way. There was the shrill cry of the vendor of iced lemonade. The glare and the uproar were blinding and deafening.

A wheel to one side and we were in a caravansary. Memory of Haroun al Raschid!—here was the real East. A great yard walled with high buildings, brightly painted, and with arched balconies. The slim limbs of trees spread wide branches, so the pavement was fretted with a mosaic of lights and shadows. In the middle was a fountain of marble, cracked and smeared, but the splash of water in a sun-ray was coolness itself. On a little platform squatted dignified Turks, their beards henna-dyed, their cloaks falling loose and easy, their turbans snowy-white—save one which was green, indicating a *haji* who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. They all puffed slowly, sedately, meditatively, at their narghilés. Here was no vulgar hustle; here was only repose.

Next to the long, dimly-lit tunnels with shops on either side, called bazaars. It was all weird and garish and un-European. Then a look at the wares. That crockery was from Austria; all these iron articles were German; the cheap jewelry was from France; the flaming cottons were from Lancashire; the gramophones shrieking "Ya-ya-ye-a-ah-ah-ah!" to attract, came from America. Nothing was Turkish save the dirt.

The population is a medley of Turk, Greek, Jew, and Armenian. But all the trading, the commerce, and the banking is in the hands of foreigners. The Turk is hopeless as a business man.

Yet an old-time veneration rests upon Adrianople. Its story goes back to the time of Antinous. It was rebuilt by the Emperor Hadrian. In the Fourth Century Constantine defeated Licinius out on the plains, and half a century later Valens was defeated by the Goths. But the walls of the city were so strong that they did not capture it. A thousand years later it fell into the hands of the Turks, and it was their capital before Constantinople became the centre of Ottoman rule. Another five centuries, and the Russians, without opposition, marched into Adrianople and compelled the Turks to recognise the independence of Greece. It rose, it became mighty; it has fallen from its great estate.

Solemn is the mosque of the Sultan Selim, rearing its four stately minarets. Beautiful is the minaret of Bourmali Jami, spiral in white marble and red granite. Highest of all is the minaret of Utch Sherifely, with three balconies, where, at the fall of the sun, flushing Adrianople with radiance, stand the priests and cry, echoingly, pathetically, over the tumult of the city: "There is only one God, and Mahomet is His Prophet. Come, all who are faithful, and pray!"

The Turks hate the Christians; the Christians hate each other; the Jew hates both.

I was in Adrianople during the great fire of September, 1905, when sixty thousand persons were rendered homeless. It broke out in the Armenian quarter. "The Turks have done this, or the Jews, who else?" shrieked the Armenians. Armenians all over Turkey believed it was the diabolical act of their enemies. They could not be persuaded to be-

lieve anything else. As a matter of fact, the origin of the fire was most ordinary—the upsetting of a lamp. Half a dozen Christian women were taken ill in a narrow street near the British Consulate. "Ah, sir," yelled an Armenian of whom I saw much, "there you have proof of how wicked those devils the Turks are. They poisoned the well." "Yes," I said, "but the well is used by Moslem women, and how is it none of them were poisoned?" The Armenian did not know; but he was not going to sacrifice the conviction that the Turks were the cause of the poisoning of Christians. Everything that happens in Adrianople is ascribed to the religious hatred of somebody else.

Adrianople is a city of terror. Christians, Armenians, whispered into my ear tales of revenge on the cruel Turks. But they did not take place. The Turks were in constant fear of outrages, bombs, and the like, from Bulgarians or Armenians. At sundown every Christian must be within doors. Otherwise there is arrest and imprisonment. No light must be burning in a Christian house three hours after sundown, or the soldiers butt the door with their rifles, demand reasons, and under threats levy blackmail; no Mahommedan can go through the streets after dark without a lantern; no Mahommedan must even be in the streets after ten o'clock without a special permit. The only sound at night is the heavy tread of the patrol.

When the city is wrapped in dark it is like a place in siege. One night I dined at the Austrian Consulate. The table was spread in the little courtyard; the surroundings

of the old Turkish house, the drip of the fountain, the gleam of the moon, gave a touch of romance. The hours sped merrily. But when I was ready to go I found six Turkish soldiers waiting in the porch to be my escort back to the British Consulate. I felt like a prisoner.

I shall ever think that at the Mount Olympus Hotel in Salonika I had the best room. Perhaps every other wayfarer was assured he had the best room—just as at Chamounix it is understood that every bedroom window looks out upon Mont Blanc.

Anyway, at the break of day, when the quay was awakened into the life and colour only to be seen in the East, it was pleasant to throw back the shutters, look across the way to where the quaint *caïques* were bobbing on the burnished bosom of the sea, and then away, over a pat of mist resting on the waters, to the crest of Mount Olympus flushed with rose by the young sun.

It was indeed pleasant for a modern pilgrim like myself to fill lungs with crisp ozone, stretch idly in pyjamas in a deck-chair on the balcony, whiff a Kavala cigarette, and think of the ancient Greeks who thought Olympus touched the heavens with its top, thought that there was neither wind nor rain nor clouds, but an eternal spring, where the gods wantoned and where Jupiter held his court. That was when the world was young, life was poetry, and the Greeks were brave.

Beneath my balcony were modern Greeks, sitting at little tables on the pavement, sipping their five-o'clock-in-the-

morning coffee, smoking, chattering, quarrelling, reading Greek papers, enjoying the *Graphic,* which is always to be found in every Salonika restaurant—crowds of them, mostly podgy, wearing European clothes and the obligatory fez.

There is a row. Two Greeks jump to their feet; their black eyes flash; their tongues clip insult. They press their hands to their waists as though searching for stilettos. "Bah!" to each other. They move apart, breathing fire. It is war to the death. Then one weeps and peevishly picks up a stone and throws it girl-like at his foe. His foe runs away. And this is the up-to-date manner in which Greek meets Greek!

One afternoon I went on a little yachting excursion. The breeze was sprightly, the sky clear azure, the sea merry. I got a good view of Salonika, a white and clean city making a curve with the bay, rising on a sharp slope, and then suddenly checked by walls and turrets. Mosques and minarets provided picturesque points. It was all entrancing, and yet somewhat like a scene to be occasionally noticed on the drop-curtain of a theatre.

Salonika has its distinctions. Near the quay, where are the big hotels and boulevards and the syrup-sipping and the horse tramcars, is a touch of Europe. Within the town the streets narrow and are covered; the bazaars are gloomy and Oriental and smelly—the more Oriental the more smelly. There is the aroma of the East. At one part of Salonika you can get a nice French dinner. You can jump on a tramcar and in five minutes you are in another land,

where there are no chairs and tables, nothing but mats and Turkish food and the heavy narcotic smoke of turbaned Moslems puffing narghilés.

The population is hotch-potch. When you get above the poorer class, garb alone is no aid to decide nationality. Everybody speaks Greek and most know Turkish. But you have to note the features, the eye, the walk, the general manner, to decide whether this man be a Turk, a Greek, an Armenian, a Bulgarian, or a Jew. The shifty eye tells the Armenian, the swagger of demeanour proclaims the Greek, the quiet alertness reveals the Jew. They are all Turkish subjects, and all have to wear the fez. But here are men of distinction, tall, swarthy, proud in their carriage. These are Albanians, with quilted white petticoats, black caps, silver-braced coats, and a couple of revolvers stuck in the girdle. They are the dread of the Turk. They are part of the Turkish Empire, but they do not recognise Turkish authority. They do as they like. They pay what taxes they choose. If an Albanian kills a Turk, of course the Turk provoked him. Turkish authorities will do anything to conciliate the Albanians.

The beautiful women are Greek. They are tall, carry themselves gracefully when young, dress well in the Parisian style, and are decorative and amusing in the little gardens by the sea-front, where at sundown everybody gathers to listen to indifferent music and drink indifferent lager beer. The stalwart, big-boned, plain-featured women in red skirts are Bulgarian.

But the most striking costumes are those worn by the

middle-aged and elderly Jewish women—not by the young Jewish women, for they, following the example of their Greek sisters, prefer last month's Parisian style. But this garb worn by the Jewesses is peculiar to Salonika. Three or four hundred years ago great crowds of Jews were driven out from Spain. Many came to Salonika. Now, whilst the fashion of costume has changed all over Europe, the Jewish women of Salonika, on passing the age when "the latest thing" attracts, wear the precise costume that was worn in Spain before the persecution. From mother to daughter, through long generations, has the style of this quaint garb been passed, a symbol and a reminiscence of how the Jews were hunted by the Christians before they found refuge in a Mahommedan land. Being a mere man I hesitate even to attempt a description. At first shot I would say the Salonika Jewess is like a middle-aged and portly Geisha girl wearing a smoking cap. At second shot I would say she looks like one of Tom Smith's Christmas crackers on end with a head sticking up. For third shot take this: a plain Jewish face and the hair brushed smooth, but the plait twined about a low-crowned crimson fez. The jacket is zouave, generally satin, silver slashed. It is open in front, showing a flowered, or a white, but generally a green, soft, cross-bosom covering, leaving much of the bosom bare. Around the throat are ropes of real pearls; tassels of pearls rest upon the breasts, and at the back you will find two heavy green bands with clusters of pearls in size and quantity proportionate to the wealth of the owner. Pearls are the one ornament, and the Jewish woman gives a fair

indication of the position she holds in Salonika society by the quantity she wears.

Another class of women, differing not only in costume, but in caste, and peculiar to Salonika, is that of the *Deunmeh* (convert). Two hundred and fifty years ago a man appeared among the Jews and proclaimed he was the real Messiah. The Turks put him to the test by ordering him to perform a miracle. This was impossible, and he acknowledged he was not the Messiah. Then this Jew turned to Mahommedanism and, as he had great power over his followers, they did the same. Now the Turk has a great contempt for the man who changes his faith. The consequence was that these *Deunmeh,* though Moslem in religion, were not allowed to marry into Moslem families, and, though the converts are Jews by race, no Hebrew man or woman would demean themselves by an alliance.

So the *Deunmeh* have been a class apart. They have had to marry amongst themselves, and this they have been doing for two hundred and fifty years. Altogether they do not number more than ten thousand, and their headquarters are at Salonika. The fact that the Jewish-Mahommedans are ostracised by both Jews and Turks, and so live in isolation, has had the effect of making them witful, keen, the sharpest of business men. The *Deunmeh* are amongst the richest people in Salonika. Certainly those I saw were cultured, well-bred, and had an aristocratic air not to be found among the others.

The *Deunmeh* ladies have faces pale and pensive and with the delicacy of alabaster; their eyes are large, dark, and

dreamy; they are tall, handsome, and lackadaisical. The way they compromise the severity of dress incumbent upon them as Mahommedans with the characteristic fondness of Jewish women for finery is ingenious. They always dress in black, and the head-covering is a thin shawl. But the cut and the adornment of the dress are exquisite; the head-covering is tastefully arranged; forearms are bare; black fans are wafted and held up—not too rigorously when the lady is beautiful and knows it, which she generally does—so that the face be hidden from the eyes of men. There is nothing but black in the dress of the *Deunmeh* ladies, but their grace and ingenuity make it distinctive.

Then there are the Turkish-Mahommedan ladies, who never appear in the streets save swathed in plain black or blue gowns, keep their faces covered, never walk with their husbands, never sit in the gardens listening to the band, are kept in the harem, and have no man to talk to besides the husband.

There are three Sundays a week in Salonika, Friday for the Moslems, Saturday for the Jews, and Sunday itself for the Christians. Or rather there is no Sunday at all, for there is never a day when you notice any cessation in business.

Much of the business is done at the *cafés*. If you want a man you go to his favourite *café* and not to his place of business. Some *cafés* are busy in the mornings and others busy in the afternoons, and all are busy in the evening. The Salonikan loves the shade. At one hour a *café* will be packed. The sun creeps along the pavements over the mass

of little tables. Gradually customers go to the tables on the other side of the road and leave deserted the sun-baked side.

Dining at home is not popular. The Greeks like to sit beneath the trees and have dinner served from the adjoining restaurant. And they are charming, gay, and courteous. I should have liked them very much if I had not had the misfortune to see so many of them eat. Their table manners were atrocious; they made noises over their soup; they messed the food; they held their fingers and forks pointed starwards, and they shovelled vegetables with their knives.

Now though the Turks are a minority of the population of Salonika, they are the ruling class. The wonder is that the quay is so long and so fine. It must have been built by foreigners. It was decided a little time ago to widen the front. All that was done was to get one man to go to the outskirts of the town, load a wheelbarrow with *débris,* wheel it to the quay, and tipple it into the sea. A friend of mine calculated it would take four hundred years at that rate for the necessary quantity of material to be procured. When there is a road to be repaired part of the work will be done. Then everybody will get tired and no further progress will be made for perhaps a couple of years. The Turk, when you talk to him, will argue it is rather a bad thing to keep a road in repair. Keeping a road in repair occupies only a few men. Let it get very bad and then a great number will be required. Further, the higher officials like a road to get beyond repair. Then a large sum will be needed

to make another road, and the heads of departments get their "squeeze."

For a great port—looked upon with greedy eyes by Austria, and to be the ultimate possession of Germany, so Berlin thinks—Salonika does its trade in a rather haphazard way. The Greek flag flies most often from the masthead of incoming steamers. British vessels number maybe thirty in a year. Cotton, tobacco, and opium are found more profitable than cereals. Fezzes and cigarette papers come from Austria. About £20,000 worth of cigarette papers alone, mostly of inferior quality, comes yearly from Austria.

The town of Monastir, capital of the vilayet of Monastir, lies in Macedonia, just about half-way between Bulgarian and Greek territory. North, the majority of the Macedonians are Bulgar; south, the majority are Hellenes. The villages meet, cross, and mix in the Monastir vilayet. The reason, therefore, we hear so much about disturbances at Monastir is not because the Turks there are more wicked than Turks elsewhere, but because there is a persistent feud between Greek and Bulgarian political religionists.

A winding railway line runs from Salonika to Monastir. There is one train a day, and it crawls leisurely through a picturesque land. All the little stations are pretty. Each has its flower garden, and each station-house is trailed with gorgeous creepers. There is plenty of fruit to be bought; lads sell jars filled with chilled water. There are Turks and Greeks and Bulgarians, all merry, greeting friends,

Croatians and Albanians

seeing friends away—quite a happy country scene. Yet this is the cut-throat part of Europe!

Monastir is an undistinguished, motley sort of town of some 60,000 inhabitants, 14,000 of them Greek, 10,000 of them Bulgarian, 4000 or 5000 Albanian, 2000 or 3000 Jew, and the rest Turk.

There is a sufficient variety in costume — but after a month or two the jostling of differently-clad races ceases to attract the eye. Monastir is an ordinary Turkish European town, even to the attempt at a garden where the richer Turks and Bulgars and Greeks come and sit at little tables and drink beer and listen to a string band composed of girls from Vienna.

Everybody is jolly. Murder is so commonplace that it arouses no shudder. In the night there is the little bark of a pistol, a shriek, a clatter of feet. "Hello! somebody killed!" That is all.

But though geniality reigns, you notice things which make you think. Half the population consists of Turkish soldiers. Night and day they are about. On all the neighbouring hills you see military encampments. A caravan of mules laden with maize comes in from the country, and each four mules are convoyed by a soldier with a gun ready.

Monastir goes about its business. But it stands on the fringe of a fearful massacre. Bulgarians are in a minority, and are avoided by Greeks and Jews. In the *cafés* plots are hatched. A man whispers in your ear. Last night two Bulgarians were stabbed to death! Hush! they deserved it.

Had not the Bulgarians put poison into the communion wine at the Greek church?

One murder a day is about the average. Sometimes all is quiet for a week. Then half a dozen men are wiped out and the average is maintained. The Greeks have warned the Bulgarian residents in Monastir that for every Patriarchist murdered by the "bands" in the country they will murder two Bulgarians in the town.

Sarafoff, the insurgent Bulgarian leader, is pressing the peasants so hard for contributions that they are forced to sell their cattle at ten to fifteen shillings a head in order to satisfy him. At Prilip, which I visited, a Moslem youth returning from his farm with his mother, was murdered by Bulgarians; his mother was impaled alive and afterwards mutilated in the most barbarous manner.

The number of Turkish troops in Macedonia is something like 150,000. This means that practically the whole male population in several parts of Turkey has been forced to leave its home and its ordinary work to take part in the concentration in these provinces. Such a state of affairs produces the most terrible misery.

At the village of Moghila, near Monastir, after the destruction of a "band," both Bashi-Bazouks and soldiers proceeded to strip the dead of their outer garments, footgear, and arms, and lacerated the corpses with knives and bayonets. Almost every house in the vicinity was sacked. The Turks carried off whatever suited them, and cut into ribbons the new sheepskin coats and other garments they could not take away. Corn and other foodstuffs were scattered on

the ground and burned. Finally about a dozen cottages were set on fire with petroleum.

The village of Smyrdesh was wholly destroyed by the Turks on the pretext that the inhabitants had provided the *Komitajis* with means of subsistence. Out of a population of 1200, 140 men, women, and children of the village were killed, and out of 286 houses only twenty or twenty-five were left standing. The booty carried off was large, comprising all kinds of stores and household goods, as well as cattle, horses, and the sacred vessels in the church. A family of seven persons were massacred, and the corpses were piled one atop of another in the fireplace.

In some villages in the Monastir district the Bulgarian population has seriously contemplated a change of religion as the only means of securing comparative immunity from the Turk's oppression—because the Turk is, for the time being, favourable to the Greeks.

The dreadful autumn of 1903, when the Bulgarian insurrection broke out in Macedonia, has left deep traces. Then the insurgent forces were computed at 32,000 men, armed and drilled. Bridges were blown up and bombs thrown. Krushevo was occupied by insurgents, against whom the Turks and Bashi-Bazouks came in force. After defeating them the troops entered the town, massacred seventy-seven people, burnt and pillaged 570 shops and houses; hundreds of people were ill-treated and beaten and women were violated. Of course, the Turks caught none of the insurgents, who decamped from one side of the town as the Turks entered at the other. The pillage and destruction

continued four days. The Bulgarian quarter was spared, owing, it is said, to bribes given to the Turkish soldiers. The rest of the inhabitants, mostly Greco-Vlachs, were ruined, and were naturally incensed at the Bulgarians escaping the general destruction. It was suspected by the Greeks that the Turkish commander was in league with the insurgents, and had of set purpose attacked the Greek inhabitants. The mere investigator cannot say. Things are so cross-grained in Macedonia.

Six hundred women and children from villages close to Monastir, who arrived in a deplorable condition, were not allowed by the authorities to enter the town. After the representations of the English Consul, Hilmi Pacha provided them with bread and sent them to a neighbouring village, and finally to their own villages. The local authorities of Kastoria, where the troops made a clean sweep, were ordered to provide timber for the reconstruction of the ruined houses. A mill was built in each village at public expense, assistance was to be given in the harvesting of the crops, all stolen live stock to be restored and paid for, and the taxes for the current year to be remitted. Thus the Turkish authorities alternate between bursts of ferocity and bursts of philanthropy.

The sum distributed by the Porte for the restoration of the destroyed villages—of which so much was made by the Turkish Government—amounted to about fifteen shillings per family. The villagers in many cases refused it, as they were unable to undertake the obligation to rebuild with such utterly inadequate means.

In one village near Monastir a Greek "band" fell upon a Bulgarian house in which a wedding was being celebrated, and killed, in the space of twenty minutes or so, thirteen men and women, and wounded five or six others. Turkish officials were only despatched to the spot on the following day, although there was a military post within earshot. A few days later a Bulgarian "band" murdered a number of Patriarchists out of revenge.

What is done by the Turkish troops is the result of instructions from Constantinople. But when there is an endeavour to reach a conclusion whether what is done by the Greek and Bulgarian "bands" is with the sympathy, active or passive, of the Governments at Athens and Sofia, one is stepping on very delicate ground. As to Greece, my own opinion is that the "bands" are not only winked at by the Greek Government, but are actually encouraged by the Turkish Government.

ALBANIA AND THE ALBANIANS

SUTHERLAND MENZIES

THE Albanians, or Arnoots, are the only *condottieri* left in Europe. They are, therefore, in somewhat bad repute in the East. Their swords are at the disposal of the most promising paymaster, and they serve indifferently in the ranks of the Khedive, the regular army of Greece, or the irregular levies of the Ottoman Sultan. To the Turkish conscription and to service in the Nizam, they have, as a rule, a rooted objection; and an attempt to enforce among them the new law of enlistment on the re-organisation of the Ottoman army in 1843 created an insurrection which was only put down after considerable trouble and bloodshed by Omar Pacha. It has, consequently, been judged by the Sublime Porte to be more politic to humour them, and considerable districts of Albania are exempt from conscription at the present day. Klephts, by instinct as well as by the force of surrounding circumstances, and impatient of discipline or control, their predilection for plunder and unlicensed war leads them to become Bashi-Bazouks. They fought savagely for the Turks in all the wars against Servia, Montenegro, and Greece; and, on the other hand, in the Greek War of Independence distinguished themselves among the Palikars against the armies of Sultan Mahmoud. To appreciate their impartiality in the latter

respect, it is necessary only to recall the origin of the Palikars.

In the days of the Byzantine Empire, a species of militia called *armatoli* existed, whose chief duty it was to keep the roads clear of robbers. The Ottomans found it necessary to continue the same kind of police, and all Greece, from the river Axius to the Isthmus of Corinth, was gradually divided into seventeen *armatoliks*. South of the Isthmus, in the Morea, there was none. The rank of a commander of *armatoli* was hereditary. The members of each band were called *palikars*—heroes or brave fellows. In addition to the *armatoli* acknowledged by the Porte, all the mountain communities maintained a small body of *palikars* on their own account, professedly as a rural police, but more generally for the waging of their own petty tribal feuds, in order to protect themselves against the Turk, or these very same Albanians, a great number of whom afterwards became their staunch allies. In civil life—as dragomans, body-servants, hotel hall-porters, *kavasses, zaptiels,* and in other employments of more equivocal nature—the Arnoots perpetuated, according to nineteenth century modifications, the character given by Gibbon to their ancestors, as a "vagrant tribe of shepherds and robbers." Several nations claim kinship with these half-civilised people. Pouqueville says that the Kelts, starting from Italy, impressed their features on the race, but Lord Byron had occasion to remark that "Pouqueville is always out." Enthusiastic Scotchmen have seen in the "Wild Albanian, kilted to his knee," but another McPherson in the "garb of old Gaul." The Slavs are especially

predisposed to detect in the Albanians the descendants of the ancient Illyrians. The Armenians believe in some relationship, for no better reason than that Albania was a Roman name given to Armenia. The Albanians, in reality, present such an intermixture of Sclav, Greek, Wallach, Bulgar, Turk, and other blood, and their language is such a compound of various dialects, that it is quite impossible to recognise their true nationality. They call themselves Skipetars (men of the rocks) and are excessively proud of this word. They are subdivided into Gulghes, fiercest exactors of blood for blood; Miridites, belonging to the Romish Church; Liapes, Tzimis, and Toskes, the first to embrace Islamism. One of the ancient divisions of the country was Threspotia, whence, according to Pausanias, Homer took his nomenclature for the rivers and lakes of the Infernal Regions. To the northeast of Threspotia was situated the country of Molossi, which rejoiced in the oracular oaks of Dodona with the prophetic pigeons. The general ancient name of the Albanians was Epirotes.

Epirus has produced its share of celebrities—among them, Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, himself a neighbouring Thessalian; Olympia, the mother of Alexander the Great; George Castriot, better known as Scanderbeg; Mustapha Bairactar, the celebrated Pacha of Rustchuk, who placed Sultan Mahmoud on his throne, and perished in a subsequent revolt of the Janissaries in 1808. In the ninth and tenth centuries Albania made part of the first kingdom of Bulgaria, the capital of which was Lychnidus, the modern Okida in Middle Albania. In 1081 it was invaded by Robert Guiscard,

the Norman Count of Apulia. In 1204 Michael Angelus of the Comneni was Lord of Janina; and even during the Latin Empire at Constantinople the Byzantine Emperor of Nice governed Albania by deputy. The Turks first invaded the country in the reign of Murad I., but it was not till nearly a hundred years had elapsed that they obtained a permanent footing. Mahomet the Conqueror made desperate efforts to subjugate the mountaineers, but was kept at bay for twenty-four years by the great national hero, George Castriot, Lord of Croïa. After his death, in 1467, the country submitted to the Ottoman yoke, and the inhabitants of the towns and valleys for the most part became Mahommedans.

Next to Scanderbeg, the most formidable enemy to the Turkish power that Albania has produced was Ali, of the family of Hissus, of the Toskes tribe, who was born at Tebelen, some fifty miles to the north of Janina, in 1750. His mother, who was an Amazon, was a descendant of Scanderbeg. Ali's career was long and turbulent. From a soldier, he rose to be Turkish governor of his native province, and aspired to independence, if not to the throne of Stamboul; but there was not room enough in Turkey for two such men as the "Old Lion of Janina" and Sultan Mahmoud the Reformer. After defying the Porte for more than thirty years, he was betrayed and slaughtered along with several members of his family, in 1822. Their heads ornamented the gate of the Seraglio for a considerable period, and their tombs may now be seen outside the Silivri Gate of Stamboul.

Albania is the most mountainous, confused, and difficult country of Turkey in Europe—the mountains there heap together, cross, and entangle in such a way that it is impossible to follow their direction, and attach them one to another; the valleys there are tortuous, broken up, traversed by torrents, and merge only into little plains; the amount of cultivation is small; all nature appears harsh and savage, and the inhabitants are of aspect and character conformable to that nature—handsome, tall, robust, fierce, and warlike.

The Albania of political geography is commonly represented on maps as extending from the frontier of Montenegro on the north to the boundary of Greece and the waters of the Gulf of Arta on the south; bounded on the east by the mountains of the Pindus range and the broken chain which, rising to the eastward of Lake Ochrida, runs in a northerly direction through the districts of Dibra, Prisrend, and Djakova, then curving to the northwest, terminates between Plava and Ipek; and limited on the west by the Adriatic and Ionian seas. But the population of this region is wanting in homogeneity. Like the Ottoman Empire in miniature, it is peopled by a mixture of races, having neither political nor religious unity nor social cohesion.

The plateau of Janina, which constituted the ancient Hellopia, entirely surrounded by mountains, and having an elevation of from 400 to 500 metres above the sea-level, is occupied by a lake of some four to five leagues long by one or two wide, the aspect of which is generally gloomy, whilst its banks are smiling and fertile. Upon these shores is an enchanting site at the extremity of a magnificent plain, set

ALBANIANS

in a framework of the grandest mountain range, supported on one side by a narrow peninsula defended by two small forts, and on the other by hills crowned by a fortress flanked with towers, stands Janina, a town of 25,000 inhabitants, almost all Greeks engaged in commerce, and who were formerly reputed the most enlightened of the whole peninsula. It was the centre of the domination of Ali Pacha, who was there subjected, in 1822, to a siege, during which he was assassinated and the town half ruined. It had then schools, libraries, and factories that no longer exist. The plateau of Janina is the dominant portion of Epirus, and the centre of the entire Hellenic peninsula; it is the point of convergence of the routes from Thessaly, from Albania, and from the littoral; it is a military position, in fact, from which roads radiate in every direction, and which it is indispensable to occupy in order to be master of Albania.

Albania, which comprehends a portion of ancient Illyria and all ancient Epirus, contains a population of 1,600,000 inhabitants, of which 200,000 are Roman Catholics, 500,000 Greeks, and 900,000 Mussulmans. The Gueghes are mingled with the neighbouring Slavs of Bosnia and Servia, and yet have adopted almost nothing of their manners or language. The Toskes are mingled with the Greeks much more intimately, speak their language, and have with them numerous affinities. The Gueghes are thick-set and muscular, the Toskes slender and agile, both strong, vigorous, and perhaps the finest race in Europe. The characteristics common to both peoples are love of independence, love of war, a revengeful spirit, merging into ferocity. They are wild,

plundering, indefatigable soldiers, selling their services and their blood to those who pay them highest; but lively, gay, adventurous, sober, generous, and heroic so soon as it concerns the defence of their country, their tribe, or their family. They are an iron race, hard as the rocks they inhabit. They proved the most intrepid soldiers in the armies of Pyrrhus, of Alexander, Diocletian, Scanderbeg, and lastly, of the Sultans of Byzantium. They have been in the pay of the Italian States, chiefly of Venice, and, under the name of Stradiotes, have rendered themselves famous alike by their valour and cruelty.

The Albanian Catholics are the inhabitants of the Mirdita and the Dukagin: they are almost entirely independent, pay no tribute, suffer no Ottoman upon their territory, and allow themselves to serve in the Turkish armies only for pay; Catholicism has not softened their manners or their ferocity. The Albanian Greeks are found chiefly in Epirus, and share the ideas and passions of the Greeks. The Albanian Mussulmans occupy the central portion of the country; these are very slightly zealous followers of the Koran, and have only adopted Mahometanism to escape from Turkish oppression and to preserve their liberty. The Albanian Greeks and Mussulmans are better subjected than the Catholics to the Ottoman domination; but, in reality, they govern themselves and are divided into tribes, which enjoy great independence.

Albania, consisting entirely of mountains, defiles, gorges, and precipices, where wide plains are only found in the lower basin of the Drin, is a country very difficult to con-

quer, very formidable to a war of stratagem, and almost entirely isolated from the Ottoman Empire. It is generally unfertile and badly cultivated, producing only olives, fruit, a little corn, a little wine, abundant pasturage, and very few horses. Of commerce there is almost none.

IN ALBANIA

JOHN FOSTER FRASER

VIEWED from a short distance, Ochrida looks like a mediæval town, such as is represented in old plates. It is strongly walled, with the houses cramped and packed within the walls, but desolation beyond. Only, at one side, the wall seems to have fallen away and the town fallen after it, right down to the edge of the lake. It is a disjointed, higgledy-piggledy place, sinister and dark at night, the very spot where a romantic story of filibustering could find a picturesque locale, and where the dark corners seem specially made for lurking assassins.

Ochrida is a hotbed of intrigue. Nothing goes right, for Greeks and Bulgarians are ever plotting against each other, always lying concerning everything that takes place, and the muddling Turk who rules gets no thanks from either side.

Perched on the rocks above the town are the remains of an old castle, with walls fifteen feet thick, but now all tumbled and ramshackle. The Romans were undoubtedly here—indeed, I came across some Roman remains—but no doubt the castle had its busiest days when the Servian Empire came south. A wretched body of dirty Turkish soldiers were in camp within the fortress. They had little tents, which were rather more foul than the tents of a gipsy encampment. They looked as though they never washed.

Their clothes were greasy and torn, and their boots wofully down at heel. I talked to the men. They told me their pay was a *medjedeh* a month, they had not received anything for six months, and during their four years of service their pay had slipped twenty months in arrear.

A quaint old church, that of St. Clement, stands on a lower slope not far away. It is a squat building, constructed entirely of thin red bricks placed on end, and the tower is low and octagonal. The mother church of St. Clement stands further off, but it was seized by the Turks, who changed it into a mosque, and the Christians were compelled to build another. The interior, dark and damp, has about it the aroma of the mysterious. Little light filters through the cobwebbed, high-perched windows. The *ikons* and the silver decorations are all old, but tawdry, and the priest who showed me round gave me a broad hint that if I cared for anything I could have it in return for a suitable present. I was not, however, a purchaser. Probably on this very spot stood a Roman temple. Indeed, two of the pillars are unquestionably Roman, and amongst the rubbish outside I noted a marble slab on which there were traces of a Roman inscription.

The great lake of Ochrida, with the far limit just discernible in clear daytime, is in places pleasantly wooded. On little promontories are Greek and Bulgarian monasteries, where daily they praise God and hate their brother Christians.

West of Ochrida I entered into Albania proper. In the course of a day's horse ride I passed from Bulgarian vil-

lages to where there were only Greek villages, and by night-time I was in a country which was purely Albanian.

The first stage, as far as the town of Struga, is along the northern shore of Lake Ochrida. A good, broad, but dusty cart-road joins the two places, and cattle and charcoal-laden mules and horsemen are always to be met.

There are plenty of boats on the lake, rather gondola-shaped, propelled with huge, shovel-like oars. Curiously, sails are never utilised on any of the Ochrida boats. However excellent may be the breeze, and however long the journey, taking sometimes a full day, the whole distance is done by oar-pulling. This is not because the natives lack the intelligence to take advantage of sails, but because the mountain gales are so sudden and tempestuous that in an instant a boat with canvas might be swamped.

The old-fashioned water-wheel utilised for irrigation is often to be seen. To a sort of treadmill are attached twenty or thirty tin cans. A man, as he works the treadmill with his feet, turns the wheel which raises the water, which is spilt into a trough and carried off to the adjoining fields. It is a simple combination of healthful exercise with usefulness. A man can take a pleasant four or five hours' walk before breakfast and never get any further than home.

In Struga are few Bulgarians or Greeks. The dominant population is Turkish. A more striking people are the Albanians. The men are tall and dark, and have handsome, regular features. There, and, indeed, all through the country, the Albanian struck me as something of a dandy. He loves his jacket to be braided with silver and gold. His

kilt is usually spotlessly clean. His shoes, often of red leather, have a huge puff-ball on each toe, which did not strike me as beautiful, but which the Albanian himself thinks particularly "swagger." The brace of revolvers carried at his waist are inevitably carved and inlaid, whilst if he prefers a gun it is long and slender and also carved and inlaid, often with precious stones, with an inset gold inscription running along the barrel.

Beyond Struga the country became wild. There were no villages, and few people were met. By a gradual rise through sparsely wooded country we struck into the hills. We halted at a little *caracol,* a kind of outpost, where rest some dozen Turkish soldiers to keep a ready eye for brigands in the hills. After that came hard work crossing a range rising some 3500 feet above the lake, and called Cafa Sane. We led our horses. The scenery was like a Scotch moorland—humped, and for miles covered with bracken.

Thus to a high-placed plain, where we met plenty of tall, fearless-eyed Albanians. Farmsteads were to be seen, but no villages. The Albanian prefers the solitary life of his own little farm among the mountains, though it may be many miles from a neighbour. When he drives his buffalo into the fields to plough the soil he always takes his gun with him. He never knows who may be coming along.

We were now in a bandit-infested land. The captain of my guard began to show nervousness, though I confess that I personally, getting a little weary of sitting long hours in the saddle, would have enjoyed a brush with these gentlemen.

Were the Albanians to cease their vendettas, stop their clan wars, and cohere into a nation, Elbasan would be the capital. It is the most central town in Albania. But there is little chance of that taking place so long as the present blood courses in the veins of these mountain warriors.

Like hillmen all the world over, they are much more independent, defiant, and even aggressive than people who live on the plain. To the north, in the Dibra district, a Turk's life is not worth the toss of a *medjedeh,* so fierce is the hatred of the Albanians in that part. Further south the rancour against the ruling power is not so strong, and ebbs the further south one goes, until down near the Greek frontier it practically disappears.

A week of hard travelling by horse will take one from the northern parts to the southern. In the course of the journey will be found very striking differences in feature. The northern men are shorter, more swarthy, and have the quick, black eagle eyes of those who are ever on the watch to give offence or to repudiate insult. Present-day Albanians are a mixture of races—Italian, Greek, Slav, Bulgar—whose ancestors in the olden times, driven by the conquerors of Macedonia, fled to these mountains, whither they could not be pursued, and where, although they had common interest in resisting aggression from the outside, they have never allowed to die out the flicker and often the flame of tribal animosity.

Seeking for a simple parallel, I might say that the condition of Albania is not unlike that of the Highlands of Scotland in the Sixteenth Century, when the clans were at con-

stant feud with one another. Many a time I thought of similarities between Albania and Scotland. There are parts of the country reminiscent of the Highlands. The passionate love of country is a characteristic of both. The alertness of the Scotch Highlander to resent insult is only equalled by the quickness of the Albanian to shoot any one who may disagree with him. The quilted petticoat of the Albanian is certainly similar to the Highlander's kilt. And if you could hear the wail of Albanian music in the hills you might, without much stretch of the imagination, fancy you were listening to the skirl of the bagpipes.

Albanians acknowledge the authority of their own Bey, or chieftain, whilst they repudiate the authority of the Turks. The head of the clan will inflict punishment on any clansman who offends against the common good of his tribe. Every valley has its own Bey, and most valleys are in a condition of war against one another.

Not only are the Albanian clans in a state of perpetual conflict with each other—if they were able to join forces they could clear the Turks out of Albania in a year—but members of the same clan are engaged in constant vendetta. Albanians occasionally die from ordinary disease, but most of them die from differences of opinion. When a man kills his enemy he must flee to the mountains, because it is the duty of the nearest of kin of the dead man to sally forth with gun and stalk the murderer till he kills him. Sometimes he gets killed himself. Then the family of the dead men wage war on the family of the man who shot first. The vendetta begins, and lasts for years.

Elbasan is a town of some twenty thousand people. There is plenty of room for quarrelling. A murder in the streets is rather more common than a street fight is in an English town on a Saturday night. The Chief of Police, a Turk, told me there were twenty or thirty murders every week. He added that not one murderer in ten is caught and imprisoned by the authorities. It is not the "game" for the Turks to meddle. When a man is killed his friends like to have the settling of the account with the murderer, whilst if he is thrown into prison, not only do they feel they have a distinct grievance against the meddlesome Turks, but the friends of the captured man have also a grievance in that he was not given fair play, allowed to escape or take his chance in the vendetta.

In most Turkish towns the scavenging of the streets is left to the dogs. In Elbasan this useful sanitary function is performed by ducks. There are hundreds and thousands of them in the streets, belonging to nobody and picking up a precarious livelihood from the refuse which is cast into the alleys of the bazaars—for drainage is a thing that is expensive, and which, therefore, the Albanians can get along very well without. The much-talked-of Oriental odours of the Eastern bazaars are, in hot weather, not so productive of poetical sentiment as fanciful writers would indicate. There are no windows to the shops; rather, the shops are all windows, with no glass, but the proprietor sits in the centre, hammering copper pots in which the inhabitants can stew their meals, or sharpening daggers with which they may settle their differences. Every man carries a dagger—usually

ROMANIAN PEASANT WITH MARKET CART

two. The women, closely cloaked in black, slither along with downcast eyes. If any man is so foolish as to let his approving eye fall upon one of these ladies, a quick and sudden death by stiletto at the hands of her male folk is the consequence. If she acquiesces, and is inclined to soft glances, the only difference is that both get killed. I made no experiments myself, but I was assured that Elbasan is the most dangerous town in all Europe in which to make any endeavour toward flirtation.

Do not suppose that the people of Elbasan have nothing else to do than quarrel. Some of the finest silk in Europe is manufactured there. All the fields in the vicinity are given over to the rearing of silkworms on mulberry trees. There are no big factories, but the manufacture is carried on by the women of the households, who do the weaving, casting the shuttle from hand to hand. The weft is not so close as in silk produced by modern machinery in France, and it is impossible to obtain a piece more than some thirty-six inches in width. But there is a quality and a distinction about the Albanian silk which none of the silk of more cultured manufacture possesses. What the price would be in a European market I cannot say; but in Elbasan itself I obtained the finest possible material at about two shillings a yard, and then I fancy I was paying twice as much as an Albanian would have paid. The trade with outer countries is disjointed and fragmentary. A merchant proceeding to Monastir on the one side, or Durazzo on the coast, will take a mule-load of the silk by way of speculation. So after he has had his profit and the purchaser has made his, and

the man who trades with Trieste has secured his share, and the Trieste man has passed it on to the dealer in Vienna, and the Vienna merchant has doubled the price, and the shopkeeper has made his legitimate profit, the lady who desires a frock of Albanian silk must pay a considerable figure for it.

There is no regular trade or any other communication from Elbasan. I wanted to despatch letters. I was told that about once a week the post went to Monastir, but it did not go unless there were plenty of letters to take; whilst the Durazzo route, which was much the quicker way to get a letter to England if it could be started on its way at once, was more uncertain because the conveyance was more haphazard, and no one could say within a couple of months when letters would be despatched.

I had been told by the officer of my guard that there was one good hotel at Elbasan. I stayed at it. It was a loft-like place, with a broad, dark passageway leading into a courtyard, where caravans and muleteers rested. It abutted upon a narrow, evil-smelling roadway. A covered balcony was on the first story, and right over the doorway was an old oil-tin, occasionally filled with brownish water, which was the only washing accommodation in the place. The result was that when one was doing ablutions the slops were spilt on anybody who might be coming in at the main entrance. There was no channel to carry off the stuff; the neighbourhood might, therefore, without exaggeration, be described as unwholesome.

By paying the excessive price of about two shillings a

night I got an apartment to myself. The planks in the floor were warped, providing ready entrance and exit to the innumerable rats with which the place was infested, and giving me casual glimpses of the horses, pigs, ducks, and hens in the stables beneath. It reeked with the odour of a byre.

The Albanians may be divided like the Scotch. The Highlands of the North are inhabited by clans; in the more fertile Lowlands of the South the clan system disappears.

And as the Scots, centuries ago, whatever their differences were, met on common ground in hatred of the English, so the Albanians find unity in one sentiment—hatred of the Slavs.

The surrounding nations have been so afraid of them—because of their ruling, inextinguishable passion for fighting—that Albanians have been much left to themselves. The absence of roads, the perilous mountain passes, the tribal jealousies have made each little region, clasped in nigh impenetrable mountains, self-contained.

A fierce chivalry is everywhere. A woman can travel safely in Albania because she is weak. The Albanian, however, would no more hesitate to shoot a man for a fancied insult than he would hesitate to shoot a dog that barked at him. There is a stern independence.

The Albanian has no art, no literature, no national politics, no "Albanian cause," no individuality as an Albanian in contradistinction to neighbouring races—except that, above all, his honour is sacred. But within his honour is included much. He is not a thief—though he is entitled to the belongings of the man he kills. He will not take the advan-

tage of robbing a man who is gunless. That touches his honour. He will not touch a woman, for by the law of tradition he is entitled to shoot a man who interferes with his womenkind. So he keeps both his eyes and his hands off the women of others. It is not fear of consequences that makes him moral—the whiz of bullets is no deterrent to the Albanian—but his honour is touched by the reflection that in attacking a woman he is attacking somebody who cannot retaliate.

Again, an Albanian's word is even better than his bond. My experience showed that when an Albanian said "I'll do it," he never failed in the performance. He will lie volubly in endeavouring to obtain the better of a bargain, because he is convinced that you also are lying, and that, therefore, you and he are on equal ground. When the bargain is made he is on his honour, and for his own sake, not for yours, he is honest.

The language is formless and bastard. There is a national alphabet, but it is hardly ever used. In one part of the country Latin characters are employed, whilst in another part Greek characters are common. In some districts much Italian is incorporated into the language, in other districts much Greek, and in others much Slavonic. The consequence is that Albanians living fifty or sixty miles apart have the greatest difficulty in understanding one another. Further, there are marked racial differences between the Gheg Albanians, who live in the wild north, and the Tosk Albanians of the less rugged south. You would conclude they were different nationalities. So they are. Indeed, it would

be quite easy to prove that the Albanians are not one people, but half a dozen peoples. They are the children of desperate races, defiant and outlawed, who were neither exterminated nor absorbed by the conquerors, but retained their independence by secluding themselves in the fastnesses of the Albanian mountains.

The tribes of Albania have no common religion. Some are Moslem in faith, and some Christian. There are both faiths to be found in the same clan. The most important of the northern tribes, the Mirdites, is Christian: Roman Catholic. Down south the Albanians are Christian, and, being contiguous to the Greek frontier, favour the Orthodox Church. The Moslem Albanian is influenced by his Christian neighbours. He drinks wine, and is particularly fond of beer—I was able to get bottled lager from Munich —and he swears by the Virgin.

The Albanian is ignorant and superstitious. He believes the hills are inhabited by demons, and is convinced that the foreigners, especially the Italians, only want to push out the Turks to get possession of the country themselves. They hate dominance, and would rather have the purely nominal rule of the Turk than the stringent rule they might expect from Italy or Austria. The agriculture is poor, and is pursued with no intention further than to supply immediate needs. There are no manufactures, except the little silk-weaving at Elbasan. As for trading, it is not understood.

BULGARIA

THE Danube flows along the whole of its northern boundary; on the east it has the Black Sea; and on the south the Balkan range divides it from Roumelia and Macedonia. It has an area of about 38,000 square miles, with a population, in 1844 (the latest return), of 3,000,000. The country slopes terrace-like from south to north, and from the west to the east, acquiring a plain-like character before reaching the Black Sea. The rivers are rapid, and tributary to the Danube. The soil in some parts is very fertile, producing great abundance of corn; in others, it does not yield sufficient for the consumption. There is excellent pasture-land, and the lower terraces are richly wooded. The exports include horned cattle, sheep, corn, wine, iron, wood, honey, wax; and otto of roses is an important article.

The earliest known inhabitants of Bulgaria were the Mœsians, who contended long against the Romans, and allied themselves with the Gothic and Sclavonic tribes against the Greek empire. Anastasius, the Greek emperor, in 507, built an extensive wall to defend his territories from Mœsian invaders. In the Seventh Century, the Bulgarians, a people of Finnish origin, whose original seat was the banks of the Volga, conquered the Mœsians, and established the kingdom of Bulgaria; they soon lost their own language and customs, and became assimilated to the other Sclavonic inhabitants. After being tributary to the Greek emperors,

BULGARIANS IN THE SQUARE AT SOFIA

and contending for some time against Hungary, Bulgaria became subject to the Porte in 1392; but the frightful oppression of despotic and sanguinary pachas has never robbed the inhabitants of a distinctively national life and love of freedom. In April, 1876, an insurrection broke prematurely out in Bulgaria, and was quenched in blood, the bashi-bazouks or Turkish irregulars committing savage excesses. The atrocities in Bulgaria, taken in connection with the Servian War and the condition of other Christian provinces of Turkey, led to diplomatic intervention; and in December a conference met at Constantinople, but without result. The war of 1877-78, between Russia and Turkey, followed. The Congress of Berlin, which revised the treaty of San Stefano, declined to sanction the erection of a Bulgarian principality extending from the Danube to the Ægean. But it constituted an autonomous, though tributary, Bulgaria north of the Balkans, and to the mainly Bulgarian province south of them, that of eastern Roumelia, it granted administrative autonomy. In 1879 Alexander of Battenberg, a minor German prince, was made sovereign. In September, 1885, an independent revolution in Eastern Roumelia united that country with Bulgaria. Servia claimed that the Berlin treaty had been violated and her jealousy of Bulgaria led her to invade the latter's territory. After a brief war, an armistice was declared; a conference of the Great Powers followed, and the Porte consented to the temporary union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. In 1886 Alexander was forced by Russia to abdicate, and in the summer of 1887 Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, against the will of the

Great Powers (especially of Russia), accepted an invitation by the regency to fill the vacant throne. When Ferdinand was made sovereign, he immediately applied himself to the difficult task of governing a people divided by party passions and thrown into confusion by a long period of political conflicts and foreign war. His position was embarrassing, for not only was the government of Russia opposed to him, but he could not count upon the confirmation of his election on the part of the other Powers of Europe, and if he were not recognised by the latter it was questionable whether the Porte would admit his rights as Governor-General of Eastern Roumelia. These were some of the difficulties with which he had to deal in the domain of foreign affairs, and the domestic situation was equally grave. In the first place, there was a party which cherished the friendship of Russia and was naturally hostile to the prince whose election had been opposed by that power. Moreover, during the period of interregnum the high-handed policy of M. Stambouloff had greatly angered a large portion of the people, and yet it was difficult for the new prince to break off with Stambouloff at once, since the latter represented what stable authority there was in the principality. During the first part of the reign Prince Ferdinand applied himself to a study of the country and of the political parties. This preparatory period may be said to have lasted until 1894, when the time came for definite action. The policy which the Prince decided upon was separation from Stambouloff and his party, and reliance upon the more moderate party. By this time it appeared that the majority of the people had ranged them-

selves on the side of the Prince, and he thought he was strong enough to overthrow the unpopular minister. The fall of Stambouloff followed and the control of affairs was entrusted to the moderate party. The way was now open to a reconciliation with Russia, especially after the death of Alexander III, for the new Emperor had not been at all concerned in those events in the past which divided political opinions in Bulgaria. Another question was that involving the status of Eastern Roumelia. When the Sultan recognised Prince Ferdinand as Prince of Bulgaria, he merely conceded his right as Governor-General of Eastern Roumelia, the latter country remaining nominally a dependency of the Porte. Nevertheless, the union of Eastern Roumelia with Bulgaria was accepted by the Great Powers, and the slight tie between the former and the Porte was in effect broken, although the fiction of immediate dependence upon Turkey was maintained. The third important matter was the Macedonian question. Macedonia, it will be remembered, was included in the limits of Bulgaria by the treaty of San Stefano, and the Macedonians, of whom a large part are Bulgarians, have joined with the latter in their demands for religious autonomy. It was important to the Bulgarians of Macedonia that the bishops, who were the official representatives of their religion in Turkey, should be members of their own race. The Bulgarian government took the Macedonian side of this question, and in 1890 and 1894 induced the Porte to issue letters patent to Bulgarian bishops in the Macedonian dioceses.

The affairs of Bulgaria moved with considerable smooth-

ness for the next fifteen years, but, in 1908, Prince Ferdinand provided Europe with the greatest sensation of the century. On Monday afternoon, October 5th, in the old church of Tirnovo, the ancient capital of Bulgaria, Prince Ferdinand proclaimed the independence of his country, and himself Czar of Bulgaria, in defiance of the treaty of Berlin. While the relations between Bulgaria and Russia have been improving, they have been becoming more and more strained with Turkey. It is generally believed in Europe that both Germany and Austria urged Ferdinand to take this sudden action. Germany believed that her influence with Turkey could not survive the break-up of the old régime, which threatened to make British prestige paramount on the Bosphorus; and Austria saw that a united Turkish Empire with liberal institutions would imperil her hold on Bosnia and Herzegovina, and baulk her schemes of an advance on Salonika. Immediately after Bulgaria's declaration of independence, Austria notified the great Powers that in future Bosnia and Herzegovina would form part of the Kingdom of Austria-Hungary.

BULGARIA AND THE BULGARIANS

EDWARD DICEY

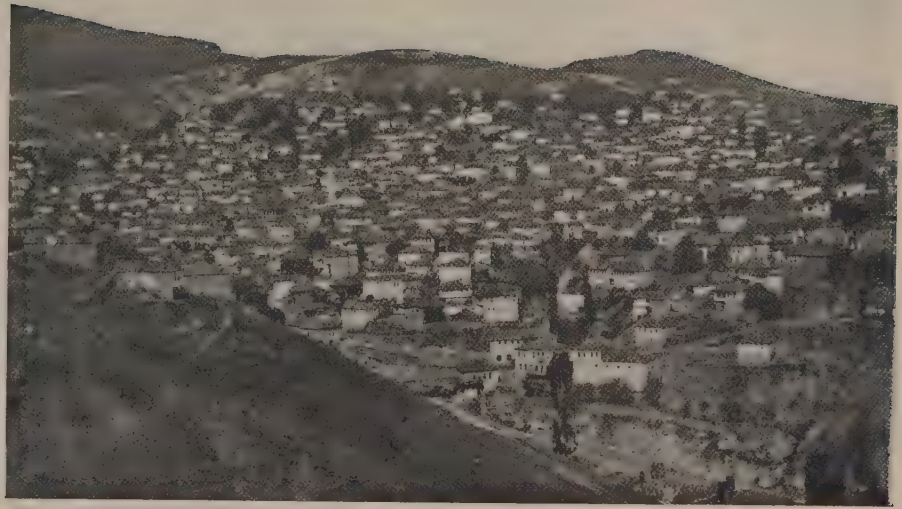
THE low countries have been described as the cock-pit of Europe. The Balkan Peninsula has a much better title to this historic appellation. Hordes of barbarians, one after another, moved by some unknown impulse, poured in endless succession from Central Asia into Europe during the decline of the Roman Empire, crossed the Balkans on their march southwards, occupied the land which is now called Bulgaria, for periods of indefinite duration; and after years, or it may be centuries, of sojourn, moved further afield, either in search of new pastures, or because they were themselves driven onwards by the advance of some fresh horde of wanderers, following along the same track that their predecessors had pursued. This page of European history is so utterly obscure that it is a matter of dispute whether the Slav invasion first crossed the Danube three or six centuries after the birth of Christ. All that seems even approximately certain is that within the above-named limits the Slavs occupied the various regions which we now know as Russia, Poland, Bohemia, Transylvania, Macedonia, Roumelia, and Bulgaria, and established themselves in these regions as masters, either destroying the original occupants or absorbing them in their own dominant nationality.

The whole history of these remote times appears to me

to be contained in the words of Scripture, that "when the strong man fully armed guardeth his own court, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him, he taketh from him his whole armour . . . and divideth his spoils." The Slavs of the Balkan Peninsula met with their stronger man in the person of the Bulgars, a Tartar tribe, kindred in race to the Turks, who, toward the close of the Seventh Century swept down across the Balkans, carrying all before them.

In common with their kinsmen the Turks, the Bulgars were a ruling race, a tribe of predatory warriors; but as their power and their vigour died away, they became gradually merged in the subject-race over whom they had originally held mastery as conquerors, and adopted the Slav language and the Slav nationality. Since the era of the Bulgars, Greeks, Serbs, Turks have in succession held sway over Bulgaria; but for some twelve centuries the population of Bulgaria have remained Slav in race and language, and—though for a period of less duration—Slavs in religion. The Bulgarians, in fact, claim upwards of a thousand years of distinct nationality, and if this claim is not sufficient to constitute a nation, few of the peoples of Europe have any ground to consider themselves an historic nationality.

Personally I attach more importance to the fact that the Bulgarians have held long and uninterrupted possession of the soil on which they dwell, than I do to their traditions of bygone greatness. The whole history of the Balkan Peninsula from the establishment of the Byzantine Empire down to the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, is one long



KRUSHEVO

unintelligible and confused record of internecine wars between Greeks, Turks, Serbs, Wallachs, and Bulgarians. Sometimes one race got the upper hand, sometimes the other. Ever and anon a powerful chief arose in this remote quarter of Europe; made war successfully upon his neighbours; extended his dominions over the surrounding States; and called himself King, Cæsar, Czar, Emperor, as the case might be. The Bulgarians had their fair share of these ephemeral dynasties. In the Ninth Century there was a certain Boris, the national hero of Bulgaria, after whom the son of Prince Ferdinand is named. Boris founded the first Bulgarian monarchy; made himself lord and master of the whole Balkan Peninsula, almost down to the shores of the Ægean Sea; negotiated with Rome; and finally became a convert and forced his people to become converts to the faith of the orthodox Eastern Church. His son, Simian, another of the national legendary heroes, made war against the Greek Empire; besieged Constantinople with his armies and actually captured Adrianople; and assumed the proud title of Czar of the Bulgarians and Autocrat of the Greeks. Later on the Russians invaded Bulgaria for the first time; and in order to repel the invaders, the then Czar, Simian, had to call in the aid of the Greek Emperor, who, in return, deposed him from his throne and converted Bulgaria into a province of the empire. Again, some two centuries after the overthrow of the Boris dynasty, a Bulgarian of the name of Asen induced his fellow-countrymen to rise in insurrection against the tyranny of Constantinople, and declared himself the Czar of Bulgaria. The story of the Asen dy-

nasty, in as far as it is known, is one of continued warfare, waged with fluctuating fortunes against the Greek Empire. The only difference between the dynasties of Boris and of the Aseni is that while both were always at war with their neighbours and always sided with one or the other of the powers who were engaged in breaking up the Byzantine Empire, the latter dynasty devoted great energy to the development of its own dominions. Asen and his successors established industries, encouraged trade, availed themselves of foreign teachers in arts and commerce, and succeeded for a brief period in making Bulgaria a prosperous and progressive country.

After this, the Golden Age of Bulgaria, the country fell for a time under the sway of Servia. Finally, at the close of the Fourteenth Century, the Turks made their appearance on the scene. From that time till the other day Bulgaria remained a province of European Turkey. Such, in the shadowiest of outlines, is the general history of the State, which, within the last thirty years, has recovered its national existence.

Bulgaria owes her independence to the Russian invasion of Turkey in 1877. The motives which prompted Russia to take up arms for the liberation of the Bulgars may not have been disinterested; the obligations imposed on the Bulgars by this intervention may have been more than cancelled by the subsequent conduct of their liberators. Still the fact remains that but for Russia, Bulgaria would to-day be a Turkish province, ruled by Turkish officials in the same way that Macedonia is now.

The Bulgars are a far less excitable race than the bulk of their Slav fellow-kinsmen; their religion is not fanatical; their minds are mainly taken up with the tillage of their farms; they are not, like the Greeks, born politicians and agitators; their great desire is to be let alone to look after their own affairs.

Take it altogether, I should say the lot of the Bulgarian peasantry was a happy one. They live very roughly, very thriftily, and, one might almost say, very sordidly, but they have sufficient to eat, they are warmly, if coarsely, clad, and they enjoy generally a certain amount of rude comfort. They work hard, but they work for themselves, and they are now, even more than in the old days, free to live out their own lives after their own fashion. Poverty, in our sense of the word, does not exist. In the towns there are individual cases of destitution owing to drink and misconduct; but these cases are few and insignificant. There is no question of the conflicting interests of workmen and employers; strikes and trades unions are alike unknown. For all these things the Bulgarians have ground to thank the causes which have made them what they are, a people of peasants.

The stranger in Bulgaria is necessarily isolated, and the sense of isolation is increased by the fact that the whole outward aspect of the towns, and especially of Sofia, is in all material respects so essentially Western and not Eastern. One seems here to be somehow in the West, and yet not of it. There is so little in the look of things to recall the fact that a few years ago this was a Turkish country. It is but seldom, except in the northern districts, that you meet with

fez, or turban, of any kind. Everywhere, amidst men or women alike, the dull, sombre, monotone garb of the West is the all but universal costume. It is only on market days, when the peasants troop into the towns from the country, that you can realise the fact that the East, after all, lies very close at hand. The long, heavily-laden waggons formed of a pole with planks on either side and drawn by oxen or buffaloes, which come creaking and jolting through the streets, are of the East eastern. The peasants bearing goads in their hands, clad in sheepskins, with their legs swathed round with woollen cloth tied with strings round their calves and ankles, tramp stolidly along with the look of apathy and indifference to their surroundings which characterises the Oriental. The peasant women, too, display the love of gaudy colours, which is innate under the sunlight of Eastern climes. One and all of them wear a kind of embroidered jacket of many hues, which, unfettered by stays or belts, hangs down loosely to their knees. Underneath they display a flannel petticoat, embroidered with what I believe are called insertions; and under this again you catch sight of a more or less white petticoat, reaching to the ankles of the sandalled feet. Their heads are covered with a turban bound in folds round the hair, and to it there are attached two long tails floating down the back. The turbans are mostly white, but are often, like Joseph's coat, of many colours. Amidst the younger women the hair is not infrequently decked out, as in the East, with strings of coins. Old and young alike have no veils to their faces, and I must add that, in most cases, the Bulgarian women look as if they had washed their faces

—a custom which is by no means characteristic of Oriental womankind. Men and women tramp, or rather shuffle, along together—the former in front, the latter behind, but they seldom seem to speak to each other or to desire any closer companionship. The women carry most of the household burdens, the men walk unloaded; this, too, is Oriental. Smoking is not common amongst the men, and drunkenness in public seems almost unknown. Indeed, amongst the things which struck me most in Bulgaria were the extreme sobriety and quietness of the native population. Street quarrels, rows, shouts, and cries are of rare occurrence; and the very children who play tip-cat all day long in the side streets, play for the most part in silence. Beauty, judged at any rate by a Western standard, is not characteristic of the ordinary Bulgarians. Their complexion is muddy, their features are coarse and ill-formed, and the Tartar element in their physiognomy is too predominant. But at the same time they are a singularly strong-built, powerful race. Both men and women are broad-shouldered, wide-chested, and full-legged. Perhaps when you have said that they have the look which the Scotch call "dour," you have said as much as can fairly be urged against their possession of physical charms.

If such a thing as "society" exists anywhere in Bulgaria, it is to be found in the Capital. Sofia is the centre, not only of the political, but of the intellectual life of the country. Yet, even here, society, as the word is used in the west of Europe, is conspicuous by its absence. You may have your doubts whether there is much high thinking in Sofia, but there is no

doubt whatever as to plain living being the order of the day. The Sofiotes rise early; by 7 A.M. the shops are open, they are mostly closed for an hour or so at noon, and then remain open till eight or nine. By ten, at any rate in winter time, the streets are well-nigh deserted, and I should fancy the great majority of the people are in bed. The chief meal of the day, alike at the restaurants and private houses, takes place at one; the food is plentiful enough in quantity, and not bad in quality; the cuisine is a poor imitation of second-rate Teutonic cookery. Beer and the thin wine of the country are the only drinks you see at meals, and even of these the consumption is very small. About seven there is supper, which is only a somewhat more meagre and less ornate edition of the dinner. At the club the charge for the mid-day dinner is four francs a head, including wine; for the evening supper, or *déjeuner,* as it is quaintly called in the club bills, the charge is only three francs. There is a deduction of about twenty-five per cent. on these charges in the case of members who subscribe to the meals for a month, and in this way the average scale of the club charges is reduced to that which prevails in the best town restaurants. At the hotels no meals are supplied as a rule. There is only one good hotel in the whole town, the Grand Hôtel de Bulgarie; all the others are dirty and uncomfortable, and are below the level of second-class hotels in any decent European town.

There are about half a dozen *cafés* in the town, which are frequented by the quality of Sofia. Towards five they are pretty well deserted. A lady is seldom seen in any of them.

PEASANTS WASHING CLOTHES NEAR SOFIA

If one appears there by chance, you may be pretty sure she is a foreigner. The male customers drink beer, or mastic, a native beverage resembling in taste a mixture of brandy and absinthe; the spirit, however, is unadulterated, and is not, I should say, very potent. The native beer is flat and sour, but the German beer, which is called here prokesh, and which is manufactured in the country by German brewers, is fairly good lager. The *habitués* of the *cafés* pass their time smoking, reading papers, and playing cards; but general conversation is very rare. Indeed, a stranger in these *cafés* cannot avoid being impressed by the extreme quiet and taciturnity of the customers. There is no loud talking, no disputing, no screaming at the top of the voice. Nobody seems much to notice who comes in or who goes out. Everybody is intent on his own occupation, whether it is reading, smoking, or card-playing. In these respects the *cafés* of Bulgaria and the Levant are utterly unlike; their only point of resemblance is that they are both shabby, dirty, and malodorous.

The great difficulty of social life in Sofia is, though in a more aggravated form than elsewhere, the everlasting servants' question. In the old days a Bulgarian household had no domestic servants except the men and women who were employed on the farm; and there is no class, as yet, which has learned to look on domestic service as a regular occupation. The few native servants to be found in Sofia are utterly unused to the duties required of them in more civilised countries. Men servants are almost unknown, and even in well-to-do houses the wife and daughters have to do most of

the housework. Such native women servants as there are sleep on mattresses on the kitchen floor, and are mere maids-of-all-work. The modes of home life are very primitive, and it is said—with what truth I know not—that corporal punishment is still the custom if a servant incurs her mistress's displeasure. The better class of peasant do not like their children to go into service, and the result is that the Bulgarian servants, with rare exceptions, are said to be of a very low class, and unsatisfactory in all respects. According to Bulgarian conception, a woman's mission is to stay at home, to keep the house, to bring up the children, and attend to the cooking. Of course, all this will alter to some extent as education, wealth, and progress make their way; but it will, I think, be a long time before the Mahommedan ideas with respect to the female sex cease to exercise a paramount influence amidst a race so conservative in its instincts as the people of Bulgaria.

Practically the only society in Sofia consists of the diplomatic body. But diplomatic society is very much the same all the world over, from Paris to Pekin. The other day diplomats were not unhappily described in a French paper as *les nomades de la haute*. Wherever they go, they live amongst themselves; they are here to-day and gone to-morrow; and, like the gipsies, they have no permanent status in the social life of the place where, for the moment, their tents are pitched. During the winter some two or three charity balls are given in aid of the various societies established for the relief of poor foreigners in Sofia. These balls are given under the direct patronage of the

minister of the country to whom the foreigners in question may happen to belong. At these parties the ministers and the leading public men of Sofia put in an appearance; but, as a rule, they are not accompanied by their wives, and I believe that, with the exception of some few of these ladies who have been educated abroad, no great desire is manifested by the Sofiotes to establish any personal intimacy between themselves and the foreign residents. Even if such a desire is entertained by the ladies of Sofia, it is certainly not encouraged by their husbands. One may fairly say, therefore, that what the Germans call *Damen Gesellschaft* is an unknown thing in Sofia, and, this being so, the men can hardly be blamed if they seek such entertainment as they can find at the clubs or restaurants. Under any circumstances Sofia would be an ungrateful soil in which to cultivate social relations, to start a *salon,* or to try and set a fashion. The *genius loci* is eminently unfavourable. Apart from the *cafés,* the only place where Sofiote society congregates is at the Union Club, the one club of the city. Neither the news-room, nor the library, nor the dining saloon is much resorted to by the native members. If you want to find them, you must look for them in the card-room, which forms the real *raison d'être* of the club. Every afternoon this room is filled with the leading political and social notabilities of the capital. Baccarat and bézique are the games most in favour, and I have at times seen a good deal of money change hands. The play goes on till about half-past eight, when, as a rule, the party breaks up. But about once, or, at most, twice a week, there are late nights. The play-

ers on these occasions have some sort of supper served up for their own party at nine, and play begins again at ten, and goes on sometimes till the small hours of the morning. To our western ideas it seems strange to see a whole Cabinet of Ministers seated round a baccarat-table, laughing, smoking, drinking, whistling, and, sometimes, singing, while the Premier, or the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, holds the bank.

There is a handsome theatre, where performances are given occasionally in Bulgarian, but it is very little frequented. There are also one or two *cafés chantants,* chiefly resorted to by the German commercial travellers, waiters, and shopmen of Sofia.

On fine afternoons—and most afternoons are fine in the clear, bright air of this elevated plateau—the *beau monde* of Sofia takes its pleasure soberly on the one promenade of the Capital, the Constantinople Road. Just at the entrance to the town there is a public garden, called the *Pepinerie,* with an artificial lake, on which there is skating during the winter, while in the summer a band plays in the grounds, and any amount of beer is drunk at the kiosks. Beyond this garden there stretches the long, broad, bare, straight highway, leading southwards, which skirts the foot of the mountains. The view of the hills on both sides is very beautiful, but the road itself is dull and dusty. On gala days there are a score or so of hack-carriages in this Rotten Row of Sofia; but the bulk of the public go on foot, walking stolidly to the stone which marks the second kilometre on the highway, and then walking back again. The Prince may frequently be met walk-

ing here himself. A few of the officers of the garrison may also be seen riding; but, though they are well mounted, they have, as a rule, bad seats, and in their dull grey uniforms they detract but little from the monotony of the scene. There is another public garden in the Alexander Square, where a military band plays every summer afternoon, and where there is an open-air *café*. There is also a wooden booth in the suburbs, where German plays are occasionally performed in the summer by travelling companies.

SOFIA

HARRY DE WINDT

THE Capital of Bulgaria occupies the same site as the squalid, poverty-stricken town once governed by the Porte. No mushroom city in Western America ever sprang so quickly into a prosperous being from the ashes of filth and a corrupt administration. Twenty years ago the mean-looking buildings and foul streets of Sofia rendered the place a nest of filth and disease, and its rapid conversion into a modern city of fine buildings, broad, well-paved streets, and pleasant parks and gardens, is one of which Bulgarians may well feel proud. Since the opening of the railway, Sofia has progressed by leaps and bounds. The new Palace and Sobranié, or House of Parliament, would grace any European capital, and so would the hotels, theatres, restaurants, street cars, and electric light. Everything here is more up to date than in Belgrade; French and German are spoken in shops and hotels, and you may walk on smooth asphalt instead of painful cobbles. Living is absurdly cheap—a leg of mutton costs tenpence and meat is only threepence a pound, and twelve delicious apples can be bought for one penny, and other fruit in season as cheaply. Sofia has been called a "Little Brussels," and it certainly resembles the latter, although on a bright day its busy streets, alive with Eastern colour, grey, time-worn mosques, and the snowy peak of

CATHEDRAL, SOFIA.

Mount Vitasch, backed by a sky of sapphire, render it infinitely more novel and picturesque. Also there is a prosperous, business-like air about the people, which forms a striking contrast to the dawdling café-haunting citizens of Belgrade. Not that these establishments do not almost outnumber those in King Peter's Capital, and from about four o'clock in the afternoon until seven, they are generally so crowded that it is impossible to find a seat. A *café* in Paris is the usual resting-place after business hours—not so here, where only few customers come for relaxation in the shape of a glance at the papers or game of dominoes. The majority are here for a different purpose, for almost every important political conspiracy, from the assassination of Stambouloff to the abduction of Prince Alexander, has been hatched in these establishments. Personally, I would sooner reside in Sofia than in any other Balkan city (with the exception of Bucharest), were it not for its normal state of political unrest, which, although interesting enough to the casual traveller, would, after a time, become intolerable to any permanent resident afflicted with nerves. For the close connection between politics and bloodshed is anything but agreeable to the peaceful stranger from Western Europe. Thus Stambouloff, after dining quietly at his club, was hacked to pieces just outside his own house, in a fashionable thoroughfare, and during our stay here, a member of the Macedonian Committee was shot dead at midday in the public garden, where the incident created less excitement than a cab accident in Piccadilly.

Prince Ferdinand is certainly not popular, which is partly

owing to the fact that he is away for more than two-thirds of the year, and that even when in Bulgaria he chiefly resides in one of his country palaces—some say from dread of assassination, which, in view of the fate of most Balkan sovereigns, seems probable. That the Prince's numerous trips to London, Paris, or Monte Carlo are not favourably viewed by his people is scarcely to be wondered at, for the royal traveller has expensive tastes (his marriage alone cost £130,000), and while on these erratic journeys, His Highness's expenses run to about £100 a day. The absurd ostentation of the Bulgarian Court, where more formalities exist than even in Vienna or St. Petersburg, also causes much annoyance amongst all classes, but the Prince played a clever card when he recently visited England, ostensibly to discuss the annexation of Macedonia.

Radicals aver that the journey was one of pleasure, but at any rate, the bait took, and the people acclaimed a future king on the return of their ruler.

I found Bulgarians of all classes, if less hospitable, more serious and better read than Servians. The former are also more up-to-date as regards the treatment of the Jews, who in Sofia, at any rate, enjoy the same privileges as in that earthly paradise of the modern Israelite—England. In Bulgaria the Jews are mostly of Spanish origin, and come from the same stock as those we met at Mostar and Sarajervo.

The remainder of this population of about seventy thousand is very mixed, and you hear German, Russian, Italian, and Greek spoken on all sides, as well as the native lan-

guage. The Turks now number under two thousand here, and only one mosque now exists, the others being used for secular purposes. This was not done to impress Mahometans with a sense of their inferiority after the emancipation, but merely because the latter were not sufficiently numerous to require more than one place of worship. For Mahometans in Sofia are treated exactly like Bulgarian subjects, and most of them aver that they are so contented here that nothing in the world would induce them to return to their own distressful country. The Hotel de Bulgarie—an excellent establishment where we stayed—overlooks the public gardens, and when a military band was the attraction I frequently saw Christian and Moslem strolling about on the friendliest terms. The hotel also adjoins the Palace, a fine building in the style of the Tuileries, surrounded by beautiful gardens. But as a Bulgarian journalist remarked, it always looks as if it were "to let," and indeed, the blinds, which are generally lowered for two-thirds of the year, give one that impression. Under the guidance of my friend I also visited the House of Parliament, which cost over £70,000, and which is indeed a contrast to the ramshackle Skupshtina at Belgrade.

Forty-eight hours sufficed to exhaust the sights and pleasures of Belgrade, but I could willingly have passed as many days in Sofia, the place is so bright and attractive, or at any rate seemed so in the brilliant weather which lasted uninterruptedly during our stay. You may walk about the streets here all day and never feel weary, they are so full of life and colour, although as in Japan, picturesque native cos-

tumes are gradually giving way to broadcloth and tweeds. This quaint mixture of the latest European fashions and Oriental costumes are the first things which strike the stranger on arrival in Sofia. But he soon discovers that this is a land of contradictions. For instance, the man who drove us to our hotel from the station was an essentially modern Bulgar who, as far as dress was concerned, would have walked unnoticed up Regent Street, and who was as loquacious and full of information as a Maltese guide. Indeed, he was up-to-date on every subject, from the newest style of motor car to Mr. Chamberlain's fancy in orchids. And yet his little, wiry pair of ponies were adorned with necklets of blue beads as amulets against the "Evil Eye," an allusion to which was strongly resented by the driver.

Sofia is formed by three separate districts: the modern city, which has the Palace for a hub, and where the Legations and better classes of all nationalities reside; the old Turkish quarter, with its unpaved, narrow streets, and dark, wooden dwellings, now rapidly disappearing to make way for bricks and mortar; and the outer portions of the Capital, composed of straggling roads and houses of various dimensions, chiefly occupied by the middle classes.

Belgrade was preferable to Sofia in one respect—there was always plenty to do in the evening. But in Sofia, after dark, there are no amusements whatsoever. An occasional performance by a Dramatic Society, a military band twice a week and two or three *cafés chantants,* where both artistes and refreshments were execrable, formed the only recreations of the place. Every one here is too deeply engrossed in poli-

tics to waste valuable time on theatres, and the Bulgarian is made of sterner stuff than his frivolous, pleasure-loving neighbour. This is partly shown by the large proportion of schools and educational establishments throughout the country, which even now number more than twice those of Servia. Sofia has hitherto lacked a university, but a fine building is now being erected for this purpose, although Prince Ferdinand strongly disapproved at first of this institution, which will no doubt introduce the dangerous "student" element, which has already worked such havoc in Russia. I now speak of "schools" and "gymnasia" for the middle and lower classes, for rich Bulgarians generally send their children to Western Europe to be educated. The educational movement is greatly assisted by the founding of public libraries, which are now met with in most provincial towns, and the press is making great strides throughout the country. Sofia alone has nearly a score of daily and weekly publications,—one or two of them illustrated,—and the latter, though poor productions, are creditable enough when we consider the age (or rather the youth) of this go-ahead little country.

PHILIPPOPOLIS

JOHN FOSTER FRASER

THE Plain of Thrace is flat—curiously flat—and encompassed by high, black, and jagged mountains. All over are dotted what look like exaggerated molehills—tumuli. The plain reeks vapourish in the summer, and through the quivering haze rises a giant molehill, not looking large in the far distance, but on nearer view showing several hills, almost like a crouching animal. It is a great knuckle of uneven granite rising out of the plain. On it Philip of Macedon reared a city. That is the Philippopolis of to-day.

It was on Sunday night that I arrived, after sixteen hours of hard travel over dusty roads. The horses put down their heads and raced madly along the tortuous, cobbled streets. The driver halloed, swung his whip, and cracked it; for however drowsy the pace may be away from a town, the Bulgarian driver always finishes his journey in a welter, imagining, innocent man, that people will think that is the way he has been travelling all day. Which nobody does even for a moment think.

I was weary and aching with long travelling, and had an irritable premonition of the kind of sleeping accommodation that would be waiting me. Then a lighted street, a garish *café*, the ecstatic thrill of gipsy music! Hotel porters tumbled into view. There was salaaming. The proprietor

BULGARIAN FRUIT VENDOR

appeared. Ah, yes, the telegram had arrived! Rooms were ready. This way! Capital rooms, clean, neat, simple, rather French. I glanced in a glass at my begrimed condition—countenance unrecognisable, hair grey with dust. A bath! Ah, a bath was ready! And then a little dinner. Capital! And a good bottle of wine, eh? No; a pint of the local wine. By all means! So a change, and then to the courtyard.

Picture the scene. A garden, lit with many lamps. Beneath the trees innumerable tables. At the tables sat "all Philippopolis," sipping coffee, drinking beer, toasting one another in litres of wine. At one end of the garden was a little stage. There was a Hungarian band which played rhapsodically, there was a skittish damsel in short skirts who sang songs, there was a big *basso profundo* who roared, then there was more gipsy band, and more of the young lady in short skirts.

It was Sunday night and Philippopolis was enjoying itself. I suppose anything like that would be considered wicked in England. But it did not strike me that the folk of Philippopolis were enjoying the cool evening in anything but the most innocent of ways.

Philippopolis has individuality. It has certainly more character than Sofia, because whilst Sofia has been making itself over again in likeness to other European capitals, Philippopolis has remained itself, and is proud of the distinction. Its inhabitants have something of the superior air of folks in an English cathedral city for the neighbouring parvenu town of go-ahead manufacture. Its commerce is

not large, but it congratulates itself on the excellence of its productions.

An interesting institution is the Alexander Gymnasium, which, founded in 1885, cost nearly £26,000, and is maintained at an annual expense of over £5,000. It gives instruction to youths from ten to twenty-two years of age, quite free of charge, except twenty francs per annum in the higher and ten francs per annum in the lower classes, the money going towards providing the poorest children with books and clothes. The Lycée is a similar institution for girls, where they are educated on a corresponding plan in all subjects, except, apparently, classics. The Bulgarians have a positive passion for education.

What impressed me forcibly in my wanderings through Bulgaria was the absence of people who are either very rich or very poor. I doubt if throughout the whole of the Principality more than half a dozen persons can be found with a capital of over £50,000.

On all hands I heard laments that the commercial expansion of Bulgaria was hindered by the lack of capital. But if the Bulgars had it, I doubt whether they possess the qualities necessary for modern success in business. They are not a speculative race. There is an absence of lively competition. A merchant asks a price for a thing. It is too high, and he will not yield, though he knows it is probable you will get the same thing cheaper elsewhere. He does not yet grasp the advantages of small profits and quick returns. The consequence is that most of the big businesses are in the hands of foreigners. Twenty years ago England led the way in

the Bulgarian market. Now England has fallen behind. France also has not been able to hold her own. Austria has been improving her trade relationship all the time. Though, of course, the ambitious Bulgars would like to jump to the front as a manufacturing country, the wise spirits do well in focussing the national energy upon the development of its agricultural resources.

Bulgaria has immense opportunities in agriculture. Its size, including Roumelia, is about that of Ireland and Wales. Everywhere the soil is fertile, though in places I saw tracts most difficult of cultivation, because of the mixture of stones with surface soil. It is a land rich in the smaller timbers; its vegetables and fruits, including vineyards, are excellent; not only are there wheat, but also many tobacco fields. Of cattle there is plenty.

Concerning the industry of the peasants I have already written. The tenure under which they hold their land is partly a remnant of the system when the Turk held sway. In those old days holders of land were obliged to pay a tithe of the gross produce of their farms to the tax-collectors of the Sultan. When this tithe was not paid, or the land remained unculivated for three years, or the owner died without heirs, the Sultan became the possessor. Since the Liberation, the only material change is that the State occupies the place formerly held by the Sultan. Under the Turkish *régime,* payment was usually in kind. Of recent years the Bulgarian Government has endeavoured to secure payment in cash, but not very successfully. To part with a tenth of the produce does not seem hard to the peasant, but when he

has converted the produce into hard cash, then, in truth, it wrings his very heart to open his purse.

All along the Turkish borderland there is a mixture of Christian and Mahommedan villages. Naturally, when the rule of the Sultan was broken, there was a great rush of Turks out of Bulgaria into Turkey, because they dreaded reprisals for the atrocities to which the Bulgars had been subjected. Now, however, that Bulgaria is more or less settled, there has, certainly of recent years, been a considerable reflux of Truks. Out of the three and a half million population of the Principality there are, I believe, something like three-quarters of a million of Mahommedans.

I made an excursion into the mountains south of Philippopolis—a region practically unknown to the rest of Europe —and there saw something of the Pomaks, or Bulgarian Mahommedans. Some authorities are of the opinion they are a separate race. Personally, I am inclined to the belief they are just Bulgarians whose ancestors changed their religion.

Going about the country, I got to admire the characteristics of the Bulgars. I do not say they are a lovable people. Indeed, their taciturnity, their sullenness, even their uncouthness—especially the Bulgars outside the towns—have produced a feeling in some travellers amounting almost to dislike. But though stolid they are solid, and they have a virtue which is really above all price in a land so near the East—they are truthful. They are all keen on the ownership of land, and every Bulgar is a politician.

At times the heat from the plains of Thrace makes the

atmosphere of Philippopolis as hot and clammy as a Turkish bath. I remember one day, having panted and perspired in the palpitating heat, a Bulgarian friend—a journalist—and I decided to escape by hastening to a monastery in the hills, and there secure a night's sleep in coolness. We rode south, where lies Macedonia.

Part of the way was along the old main road to Constantinople. It was at least a foot deep in dust. Any buffalo cart or horseman was only distinguished by a cloud of dust. Trying to overtake a cart or jog-trot equestrian was to push through a white, choking, blinding, tongue-coating cloud.

We were making for the little monastery of St. Petka. There had been one of the innumerable church festivals, and crowds of gaudily-clad peasants were returning home from their junketings. Here was no trifling with the garb of civilisation. The shirts and waistcoats of the men were radiant with ornamentation. The women all wore "the fringe," long and greasy; their jackets were green, and their wide, bulging petticoats were staring red; on their heads, round their necks, encircling their arms, were masses of silver decorations made of coins—a simple way of holding wealth, easy to dispense when money is wanted, and explaining why nearly all the Bulgarian and Turkish coins you get in the borderland are pierced. On patches of withered, dust-soaked grass, groups were enjoying themselves. A man sitting on the ground droned at the bagpipes. A big circle was formed, and in the furious heat the peasants were slowly and monotonously stamping round, going through the *hora* dance.

We got to a dirty village called Stanimika—inhabited by Greeks who make wine and silk, and idle their time in the vile *cafés*. I sipped cherry syrup whilst my friend went out to bargain for mules to take us to the monastery. There was much haggling. No riding saddles being procurable, we got pack saddles, borrowed greasy pillows and rugs from an inn-keeper, and set off. Stirrups were formed of rope. My mule was a huge and gaunt animal, and when I was perched on the top of the packing the sensation was like that of being stuck on the summit of a camel's hump.

In the glowing warmth of the fading day, we clambered the steep and rocky path. At places the going was slow; the mules had to pick their steps gingerly up the staircase of broken boulders.

The hoofs clattered with an echo as we cantered into the courtyard of the monastery of St. Petka, a plain, bare-walled retreat built long ago by a brigand who had done well in business, and wanted to do something for the peace of his soul before he passed into the shadow to settle his account. Monks bubbling with greeting ran to give us welcome, all save the chief—a short, shaky, ghost-like old man, ninety years of age, who had lived here for forty years, and decided twenty years ago that descending and ascending the mountain path were too much for his age, and had never descended or ascended since.

I went upon a balcony perched like an eagle's eyrie on a jut of rock. The plain of Thrace lay dun, like a faded carpet, before me. Suddenly through the hot breath of the atmosphere came a long-drawn icy sigh which made the trees

COURT OF RILO MONASTERY, BULGARIA

shiver. Through the opaque glow crawled a leaden bar, which broke and showed an amber sky streaked with blood. The world was clouded with grey, the spirits of tempest shrieked along the mountains, the trees groaned. Then came the rain, in slow heavy blobs at first, but hastening to a deluge. The world was obliterated. There was nothing but an awesome cavern cracked with lightning streaks, and shaken by the mighty turmoil of thunder. It was grand. Then it all ceased. A pale blue sky peeped through a cloud-rift. The birds, which had been terrified, carolled again. Evening came like a prayer.

TIRNOVA AND THE SHIPKA PASS

HARRY DE WINDT

Not so very long ago the journey from Sofia to Plevna entailed some discomfort, for it had to be made in a conveyance locally known as a "Phaeton," a little box of torture on wheels, as unlike the English vehicle of the same name as can well be. The Bulgarian article is an open carriage drawn by three or four horses abreast, and it is generally unprovided with a hood, so that the occupant is exposed to a scorching sunshine, drenched, or frozen, as the case may be. Bulgarians do not (like the Russians) understand the art of posting, and I have driven from end to end of Siberia (before the days of the railway) and experienced less annoyance than during our comparatively short trips through the Balkans. The cattle here, however, are better than even the game and wiry little Siberian post-horses—which is high praise—but the Bulgarian Jehu is very inferior in every way to the Russian *yemshtchik,* and makes a free use of his whip, which would horrify the latter.

Our experience of travel in a "Phaeton," however, was reserved for a later portion of the voyage, and as far as Plevna we travelled by the recently-constructed railway; a dreary line laid through gloomy gorges and across monotonous plains. The restaurant-car attached to the train was dirty, and the food and service both primitive, not being

under the same management as the well-appointed "Orient Express," but the same day landed us in Plevna, a sleepy little town which now shows few traces of Osman Pacha's gallant resistance.

Here, as everywhere else in Bulgaria, the peasantry looked prosperous and well-to-do; and well they may in such a land of milk and honey. It is a paradise of greenery and vegetation, which is strange, seeing that, with the exception of the Danube, the Principality does not possess a single river worthy of the name. In summer most of the streams run dry, but autumn and early spring bring an abundant downfall, which is perhaps fortunate, for without rain the Province would become another Sahara. The soil is everywhere excellent, and if properly cultivated would yield the richest crops. As it is, the people not only supply their own wants, but furnish a considerable export of produce in fruit and cereals. And yet agriculture is conducted here as primitively as in Servia, and the implements in use are those of ten centuries ago.

From Plevna we travelled on to Tirnova (the ancient capital of Bulgaria), a comparatively short, but tedious journey on account of the delay at the junction of Gornea-Orehovitza, where the traveller must leave the train proceeding to Rustchuk, on the Danube, and take a branch line, which runs south to his destination. From here we caught our first glimpse of the Stara-Planina, or Balkan range, and the scenery gradually increased in grandeur until we reached, towards sunset, the ancient capital of the Bulgarian Tsars, assuredly one of the most picturesque and interesting places in

Europe. I am fairly well acquainted with three-quarters of this globe, and can safely say that I have never been so favourably impressed, at first sight, with any city in the world.

Tirvona is built on a cliff some five hundred feet high, and from below the houses seem almost to overhang each other, so steep is the declivity upon which they stand. Everything has an Oriental aspect, and there is the usual lavish display of colour in walls and façades, toned down, however, by the storms of centuries and harmonised by weather-beaten woodwork and overhanging eaves of Turkish design. Numerous arcades and balconies line the principal street, and viewed from the rocky summit, the town might be built on an island (for the broad and rushing river Yantra here describes almost a circle), an island composed of gardens and greenery, save where luxuriant vegetation has disappeared under bricks and mortar. In one respect, however, distance lends enchantment, for as we toiled up the hill from the railway station, and crossed a new iron bridge which spans the river at a dizzy height, certain odours, obviously not of Araby, were wafted across the town. But a long and varied experience of strange races has taught me that some people prefer their native home to have its characteristic smell, and, in this case, the inhabitants of Tirnova must be well satisfied. And anyway, this was a discomfort speedily forgotten in the interest afforded by the tortuous old streets, or rather alleys, formed by gabled, one-storied houses of great age. Some were shops—places for the sale of Sheffield and Manchester goods, cheap agricultural implements (as usual, made in

Germany), and that vulgar curse of the twentieth century, the picture post-card. But everything else here is so purely Eastern that one could scarcely realise that the Cross has now effaced the Crescent in Bulgaria, although a blue plaque bearing the words "Battenberg Ulitza" in the main thoroughfare clearly showed that Ottoman rule is now at an end. In a side street not sixty yards long, leading out of the "Battenberg," I counted no less than eleven brass plates indicating that the owner of the house was a lawyer. Physicians (of a sort) seemed to be almost as numerous, and I was unable to obtain an explanation of this strange coincidence in a town of under twenty thousand souls.

Notwithstanding this formidable array of legal talent, there seemed to be little doing here in the way of trade, and Tirnova had an air of stagnation, notwithstanding the prosperous look of its inhabitants. Curs, pigs, and poultry strolled about the grass-grown streets and into the open doorway of our inn, the "Hotel Royal," which for dirt and discomfort surpassed anything I had seen since leaving the Adriatic.

But that miserable night was almost atoned for by the view from the inn at sunset—an outlook over leagues of verdure and fertility which in the dusk became an ocean of mist stretching away to the snowy peaks of the Balkans, now flushed with tints of mauve and rose, now fading to a silvery grey, as night crept over the world. You could have dropped a pebble from our wooden balcony into the swift, shallow waters of the Yantra, eight hundred feet below. Presently a chime of bells tinkled across the valley from a dis-

tant church, and at the sound women digging in the gardens below gathered up their implements and clambered painfully homewards up the hillside. So steep were these strips of cultivation that, in one instance, a man had roped himself to the trunk of a tree in order to weed his tiny garden in safety. The nearest approach to this place which I have ever seen was at Yezdi Ghast, in Persia, where the inhabitants had to be hoisted up to their houses in wicker baskets from the level of the desert, three hundred feet below. But, notwithstanding the romantic surroundings of Tirnova, truth compels me to add that here (as at Yezdi Ghast) sewage could plainly be seen coursing on every side down the slopes of the mountain.

Although a railway is available, very few strangers find their way here, for Tirnova is far out of the beaten track of travel, and has not yet been pictorially advertised.

This ancient capital offers countless attractions to the archæologist and student of history, and the "Church of the Forty Martyrs," which dates from the Thirteenth Century, is still in perfect preservation, notwithstanding the troublous times it has witnessed, and the fact that during the Turkish occupation it was converted into a mosque. Another building well worth seeing is the Metropolitan Church (of Byzantine architecture), a small, but beautiful edifice with subterranean dungeons, where unfortunate captives were formerly immured for years together, in semi-darkness. The principal portal of this church is made of copper, and in clear weather its silvery dome can be seen shining like a diamond for miles away. But it would need volumes accurately to set forth

KING'S BODYGUARD, BULGARIA

the varied charms of Tirnova, and, in these rough notes of travel, my object is less to describe the Balkan States as they were in the Dark Ages than as they are at the present day. Unfortunately, this place cannot be seen in comfort, not only because the accommodation is atrocious, but here you are always either climbing a hill, or descending it, and as this is a veritable "Castle of the Winds" (it is always blowing a gale from *somewhere*) the operation becomes a laborious, and sometimes a painful one.

If Tirnova was the most beautiful, Gabrova was undoubtedly the quaintest city we saw throughout our wanderings in the Balkans. It reminded me of an illustration from the *Arabian Nights*. The day following our arrival was bright and summer-like, which enhanced the picturesque appearance of the dark, narrow streets, and vine-trellised houses, so dilapidated that they appear to be rolling about in all directions, like ships in a storm. Many centuries must have elapsed since these were built, for from some of the buildings you could almost step from the first story into the street without risk of injury, while in many of the walls great gaps appeared, disclosing glimpses of a squalid interior. In places the roofs almost met overhead, blotting out the sunshine and deepening the gloom of the street below. Our "Phaeton" had to crawl at a snail's pace to the inn, for it was market-day, and the streets were rendered almost impassable by carts, cattle, and a surging crowd of Bulgars, who occasionally wrenched our ponies' bridles, with a sulky stare at the driver, when the team brushed them accidentally aside. All wore native dress, the women in bright, garish colours, with se-

quins and ribbons in their coarse black hair, the men in homespun and sandals with the *kalpak*—a cylindrical cap of black or grey sheepskin—as a head-covering. Only a few loungers, sitting at little tables outside the *café* in the market-place, wore frock-coat and fez, both generally the worse for wear. Their nationality was a mystery, also their occupation, for they appeared to smoke, play cards, and drink coffee without interval for rest and refreshment throughout the livelong day, and most of the night. On the other hand, the market-place and bazaar were beehives of industry and animation. The Yantra is here spanned by three quaint old stone bridges, and rushes through Gabrova with a roar, which is heard all over the town. Along its banks are several tanneries, the chief industry of this place and its twelve thousand inhabitants, and there are also several prosperous cloth factories, for this is one of the principal wool markets of the country. As at Tirnova, the façade of every home was gaily painted, but partly concealed by the vines which trailed over the houses and across the streets, and which in summer-time must convert the latter into avenues of grapes and greenery. We put up at the Hôtel Paskaleff, which so far resembled a Persian *caravanserai* that the dozen rooms it contained surrounded a stable-yard, and nothing was procurable in the way of food. We, therefore, repaired to a shabby little restaurant over the way with a signboard bearing the legend "Au Lion de Bulgarie," in faded gold letters. Smoking in the doorway in his shirt-sleeves, was the landlord (once a lieutenant in the Russian Army), who led us up a rickety ladder and into a comfortless room with a dusty,

rat-holed floor, which had gradually subsided into a perilous angle.

The Shipka Pass is nearly 5000 feet above sea-level, and it took us several hours to reach the summit, for the road was very rough, and in places partly broken away. From here there is a magnificent view, and this is perhaps the only object to be gained in ascending the fatal pass, where, in 1877, almost as many perished from blinding blizzards and the ferocious cold as from shot and shell. We visited the granite obelisk and little burial-ground which mark the last resting place of many a brave Russian and Bulgarian, and faintly realised, as we toiled wearily up the rocky peak, what a similar ascent must have meant under a hail of shell and shrapnel. From here you may discern to the north the Danube River—a tiny thread of silver over a hundred miles away—and southward, the pretty red-roofed village of Shipka, nestling in gardens and fruit orchards in the centre of a vast forest of rose-trees. The town of Kazanlik, hard by, furnishes the most costly attar of roses in the world, and I was told that sixty ounces of the essence is worth £100.

So powerful is the scent of the roses in summer time that it exends for many miles around, and may be smelt at the very summit of the mountain. Everything around the spot, the cosy homesteads in the valley, the teams of oxen ploughing in the fields, and tinkling cow-bells, now wore an air of rustic peace and prosperity, and yet it seemed only yesterday that the eyes of Europe were turned with horror upon the tragedies enacted here. One must visit the place to thoroughly realise the almost insuperable obstacles which,

during that terrible winter, impeded the progress of the Russians across the Balkans, especially as regards artillery. For the mountain paths were mere slopes of ice, several inches thick, over which it was quite impossible to transport heavy guns by means of horses, and men were, therefore, utilised for this purpose. The operation was so laborious and lengthy that sixty hours were occupied in dragging the first field-piece to the summit, a distance of under six versts, or about four and a half miles! And the descents which had to be made while crossing from one ridge to another were even harder than clambering upwards over this slippery, insecure surface. For here the guns had to be lowered by ropes twisted round tree-trunks and boulders—a primitive method which caused many accidents and some loss of life. How many perished during that desperate struggle will never be known. But all the way from Tirnova, graves marked by stone monuments, rough wooden crosses, or green mounds (where numbers of the dead were hurriedly thrown into huge trenches), are always somewhere visible in the landscape.

SERVIA

THE Kingdom of Servia is bounded on the north by Austria, on the east by Wallachia and Bulgaria, on the south by Roumelia and Bosnia, and on the west by Bosnia. The area is 21,000 square miles. The country is mountainous and densely wooded. From the interior mountain chains proceed northward, forming massive barriers both on the eastern and western frontiers, and sloping pretty steeply towards the swampy plains along the Save and the Danube. In the extreme northeast, near Orsova, they reach the very edge of the Danube, and along with the Eastern Carpathians on the opposite shore, imprison the great river within a wall of rock, known as the Iron Gate of the Danube. The highest of these chains is the Rudnik Mountains (gathered into a knotty group about the centre of the State), which is the Great Schturaz, attains an elevation of 3400 feet. The Schumadia, or Forest, extends southward from Belgrade for sixty miles. Beautiful landscapes are everywhere to be seen. The principal rivers flowing through the country are the Morava and Timok, affluents of the Danube; and the Kolubara, an affluent of the Save, which itself falls into the Danube at Belgrade. The climate is temperate and salubrious, but somewhat cold in the higher regions. The soil in the valleys and level districts is fertile and equally fitted for the rearing of cattle, the favourite occupation of the people, and the production of corn and wine. Oak is the most

common wood, but chestnuts and fruit trees of all sorts abound, especially pears, of which there are whole forests in some places. The mountains are rich in copper and silver, but mining and manufacturing are in a backward condition.

The Servians are distinguished for the vigour of their frame, their personal valour, love of freedom, and glowing poetical spirit. Their manners and mode of life are exceedingly picturesque, and strongly prepossess a stranger in their favour. They rank among the most gifted and promising members of the Slavic family.

In the earliest times of which we have record, Servia was inhabited by Thracian or Illyrian races—the Bessi, Scordisci, Dardanii, and Thiballi. Shortly before Christ, it was subjugated by the Romans, and under the name of *Mœsia Superior,* formed part of the province of Illyricum, whose fortunes it shared during the vicissitudes of the empire. Overrun succesively by the Huns, Ostrogoths, Longobards, etc., it reverted to the Byzantine rulers about the middle of the sixth century, but was wrested from them by the Avars in the Seventh Century, to oppose whom the Emperor Heraclius, about 636, invoked the aid of the Serbs from Eastern Galicia. The Serbs obeyed the call, and in less than two years drove the Avars from the land, over which they themselves spread in great numbers, their settlements extending from the Morava as far west as the Dalmatian Alps and the Adriatic, and from the Save as far south as the Balkan and Lake Scutari. About the middle of the ninth century they were converted to Christianity by missionaries sent by the

A SERVIAN WOMAN

Emperor Basilius, but this did not in the least abate their natural ardour for battle, and for nearly 200 years they were almost constantly at war with the neighbouring Bulgarians —the inveterate enemies of their Byzantine liege lord. In 1043, however, Stephen Bogislav expelled the imperial governors; and during 1050-1080, his son, Michael, made himself wholly independent, took the title of king of Servia, and procured the recognition of his royal dignity from Pope Gregory VII. For the next hundred years the Serbs had to fight hard to maintain their independence, but the struggle terminated in their favour; and in 1165, Stephen Nemanja founded a dynasty which lasted for two centuries, during which period the kingdom of Servia attained the acme of its power and prosperity. Under Stephen Dushan (1336-1356), the greatest monarch of the Nemanja dynasty, it embraced the whole of Macedonia, Albania, Thessaly, Northern Greece, and Bulgaria. The progress of the Turkish arms, however, was fatal to its welfare, and in 1389 King Lazar fell in the disastrous battle at Kossovopolje. Sultan Bajazet divided the country between Lazar's son, Stephen, and Lazar's son-in-law, Vuk Brankovitch, but compelled both to pay tribute, and to follow him in war. Gradually the Serbs sunk more and more under the Turkish yoke, until, in 1495, Servia was thoroughly subjugated by the Sultan Mahmud. It was uniformly the theatre of the bloody wars between Hungary and Turkey, and frequently suffered the uttermost horrors of devastation. Prince Eugene's brilliant successes for a moment flashed a ray of hope into the miserable hearts of the long-suffering Serbs, and by the treaty

of Passarowitz (1718) a considerable portion of the comtry was made over to Austria; but in 1739 it reverted to Turkey, and for the next sixty years the cruelty and oppressions of the Pachas and their Janizaries surpass all belief. At length the unhappy people could endure the tyranny of their foreign masters no longer, and in 1801 an insurrection broke out, headed by George Czerny, which, by the help of Russia, ended in the triumph of the patriots, and in the election of Czerny by the people as Prince of Servia. The invasion of Russia by France, however, left the Serbs at the mercy of their late rulers, and the war again broke out. Czerny was forced to flee, and the tyranny of the Turks became more ferocious than ever. Again the people flew to arms under the leadership of Milosch Obrenovitch, and were a second time successful in winning back their liberties. Milosch was chosen Prince of Servia in 1815, and confirmed in his office by a hatti-sherif of the Sultan. He ruled with indifferent success till 1839, when he was forced to abdicate; but in 1858 he was restored to his former dignity, which was made hereditary in his family. Prince Milosch died in 1860, and was succeeded by his son, Prince Michael III, and by Milan IV in 1868. In July, 1876, Servia, excited by the rebellion in Herzegovina, declared war against Turkey, and was joined by Montenegro. The Servians, generally unsuccessful, in spite of the help of numerous Russian volunteers, were totally defeated at Alexinatz, in September; in November an armistice was concluded; and in March, 1877, the conditions of peace were signed. Next month war was declared by Russia against

Turkey. The sympathies of the principality were undoubted; but Servia did not venture again to take the field against Turkey till the fate of the war had been practically decided by the fall of the Turkish stronghold of Plevna, in December, 1877. The recognition of Servia's independence and an important increase of its territory to the southward, demanded by Russia at the close of the war, were agreed to by the Berlin Congress, in 1878.

In 1885 war was declared by Servia against Bulgaria, but the Servian army, though large, and better equipped than that of the enemy, was defeated by the military genius of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria; and on the intervention of the great Powers, a treaty of peace was signed in the same year. On March 6, 1889, King Milan abdicated in favor of his son Alexander, a child of thirteen, after divorcing his wife Natalie. Alexander dismissed his regents, and began to rule autocratically in 1893. The next year, he outraged his radical ministers and public opinion by recalling his father to assist him with his advice, and restoring Milan and Natalie to all their old privileges by proclamation. He also took the reactionary step of abolishing the liberal Constitution of 1889, and restoring that of 1869. He incurred the hate of all parties by marrying the notorious Draga Mashin, an adventuress many years his senior, who intensified popular hatred by an attempt to impose belief in the advent of an heir. Milan was again banished, and Alexander in 1903 again changed the Constitution, further restricting popular liberties. The discontent finally came to a head in a military conspiracy in June, 1903, when Alexander and Draga were assassinated,

with two of the queen's brothers, and two Cabinet Ministers. The Servians as a whole regarded the deed with indifference, and immediately welcomed Peter Karageorgevitch as their king. Under Peter I. Servia has been fairly tranquil until now, though hostility to Austria has been increasingly apparent. There is a strong movement for union with Montenegro, in consequence of Austria's assumption of full sovereignty over Bosnia and Herzegovina, in October, 1908.

TOWNS AND COUNTRY

HERBERT VIVIAN

THE most striking fact about the Danube between the Servian and Hungarian shores is that the latter is nearly all flat, half-deserted, and monotonous; the former a cheerful succession of hills, ruins, churches, villages, flocks, and herds—a contrast characteristic of the two countries.

Throughout the Shumadia I was struck by the English character of the scenery. The endless acres of pasture, dotted with stately oaks and elms, might be the outskirts of a Devonshire domain; the roadside banks and rare hedges were gay with our familiar wild flowers—cowslips, primroses, forget-me-nots, ragged robin, daisies, violets, clematis, honeysuckle, dog-roses, and blackberry blossoms; while the presence of abundant lilacs, acacias, laburnums, and wild fruit-trees suggested the riches of a vast natural garden. The soft blue hills, dotted with dark shrubs; the winding Morava, with its fringe of feathery willow; the long stretches of nodding maize, relieved every now and then by patches of wheat or hemp; the bright, whitewashed houses with their red-tiled roofs, are always a pleasure to gaze upon.

Pozharevats may be taken as a typical country town. To our ideas, it is more like an over-grown village. With one or two exceptions, there are no streets, according to our concep-

tion of the term. Each cottage nestles in its own farmyard and garden, and the profusion of verdure lining the roadways and encompassing the buildings affords a picturesque prospect to those who look down upon the town from the neighbouring hills.

From Pozharevats to Svilajnats I drove some twenty-four miles along a broad, white road which seemed to be bordered by one continuous village. At very short intervals one came to a pair of rival inns glaring defiance at each other from different sides of the road. They looked very picturesque, with their white colonnades, quaint, rough frescoes, and creepers; and their frequency afforded an infallible sign of the general prosperity.

I have eaten many a merry meal, and occasionally passed a night in a Servian *mehana,* and vow they are all very well in their way. It is, at any rate, something that a fastidious person can satisfy his hunger and escape vermin in a *mehana.* Some *mehane,* indeed, were far more comfortable than many a pretentious hotel. In general, whatever shortcomings I discovered were due to ignorance.

We generally dined in the public room, a number of little tables being placed together to make one big one; and if nothing else could be relied on, the cheese, *kaimak,* and chicken were nearly always eatable. Wine it was more prudent to bring. If there were too many loafers in the public room, we sometimes dined in a private one—in nearly every case a musty bedroom, where we sat on beds turned into sofas by the simple process of covering them with Pirot rugs. When there was a garden, we always dined there, which

was much pleasanter, saving the presence of wasps and hornets.

On drawing up at a *mehana*—and Servian travellers can rarely bring themselves to pass one without drawing up (on leaving Bajina Balta, for instance, we were made to stop at one to rest the horses, after ten minutes travel)—you find a number of white-linen peasants seated on rickety kitchen chairs, or long, low benches at rickety wooden tables under the colonnade. They all make a motion of rising, and doff their sheepskin caps. A table is always vacated in case you care to sit down there. Walking straight in, however, you find yourself in a large, lofty chamber with a number of little tables careening about an undulating and irregular floor, either of very old red brick or earth hardened by the passage of many feet. The windows, covered with creepers, are kept hermetically sealed; but the door is generally wide open. Facing the door is a great stove with an open fire—sometimes built far into the wall, sometimes projecting far into the room. Hanging from nails on the walls by their long handles are a great array of Turkish coffee pots—not the bright, bronze ones we know so well, but dingy, battered implements of tin—various ugly pans, two or three rusty revolvers, and a venerable gun. Near the ceiling, by the stove, a number of maize-heads are often put to dry. On the walls are numerous prints and garish oleographs in frames: bad likenesses of the Royal Family almost invariably; St. Sava blessing peasants in the various national costumes of Greater Servia; scenes from the Turkish and Bulgarian wars, and the Bosnian insurrection. In a corner are a large cupboard

full of plates and glasses, and a tank for keeping wine and soda water cool. The abundance of ice, even in the least pretentious inn, calls for admiration. It is collected in large quantities from the frozen rivers and ponds during the short, sharp winter, and affords a provision for the whole summer. In a conspicuous part of every *mehana* is a large blackboard, where the scores of the various frequenters are chalked up in true, old-fashioned style.

The wine at a *mehana* is generally home-made, and always badly made. A small amount of beer is also consumed there, but the chief trade is done in very weak *raki* (*sliovitsa* or *komovitsa*). This is drunk out of queer little long-necked decanters, each containing about the measure of one liqueur glass.

On the boat going to Shabats, my attention was directed to a white house, which, I was told, with much emphasis, was a very, *very* clean restaurant kept by a peasant. After lunch we took a cab and told the driver to go to the clean restaurant. He knew at once, and set out without any further direction. When we reached it, I ceased to wonder at the fame it had attained. The tiled floors shone with elbow-grease, the pots and pans would have served as looking-glasses, and I would gladly have eaten my dinner off the floor of the fowl-house. The landlady expostulated at once with my companion for having brought suitors for her daughter's hand without giving warning; and presently the young heiress came to serve us with fresh *kaimak,* her face shiny from recent washing, and her hair redolent of the oil of Macassar. A prosperous peasant is often very rich in Servia, and when his

PRINCIPAL STREET IN BELGRADE

daughter is an only child, she is looked upon as a very good catch. So it was assumed that strange visitors could have only one object.

The laws relating to *mehane* are that any one may take out a license on payment of a sliding scale of fees; but he must submit to police supervision, keep a certain number of beds for travellers, and charge them accordingly. Any attempt at overcharge would be met by an appeal to the police.

Servians have no sense of privacy. They are accustomed to live with open doors, and do everything in public. No servant ever dreams of knocking at your door anywhere in the East of Europe, the explanation being that traditions were formed before doors came into being, when curtains alone filled the entrances. On coming to an inn, it is the habit to ask—not for so many rooms, but for so many beds; and I have seen rooms in inns with as many as four beds, one in each corner. On one occasion I was forced to share a room with my companion. I do not regret it, for it gave me an insight into Servian middle-class habits. I had often noticed that my companions travelled entirely without luggage, and wondered how they managed. This particular man had a bag with him, but did not trouble to unpack it. He simply divested himself of his collar, coat, and boots, jumped between the sheets, and was snoring in a trice. In the morning his ablutions were restricted to dipping his hands in water and rubbing his face with them. He did not even douche his face with palmfuls of water, but simply applied his damp hands once or twice to his face. This same man once told me that he always wore dark-blue linen shirts because they

showed the dirt less. In one respect, however, Servians—like most Orientals—are more fastidious than ourselves. They consider it intolerable to pour water into a basin and wash in it, as the water becomes dirty at the first contact, and accordingly pollutes rather than cleanses. Their theory is that fresh water must constantly be poured on the hands and applied to the face until they are clean.

Accordingly, when I come to lunch with a farmer, and ask to wash my hands, one of his daughters brings a jug, a towel, and a piece of soap to me out-of-doors, and assists in my ablutions. I stretch out my hands, and she doles out water from the jug, maintaining an immovable and almost forbidding countenance all the while, as it is not etiquette for the young ladies of a farmer's family to converse with the guests. Finally, she unfolds and extends a towel, receives my thanks in stolid silence, picks up the instruments of my ablution, and trudges off.

This custom of keeping the women of the family in the background dates from Turkish times, when members of the ruling race were in the habit of coming to *raya* houses to demand free entertainment, and it was prudent to keep temptation out of their way. Now the wife sometimes joins the meal when there are guests, but none of the other women of the household do; and she is constantly rising to superintend the food and attendance. More often, she joins the others in waiting upon the men, and in eating up the scraps afterwards, in a remote part of the yard or garden. When any women of the household sit down to a meal with the men, they are helped last, and occupy the lowest room, wear-

ing an air of being there on sufferance, not joining in the conversation. When there are no guests, the whole party may dine together, if not too numerous; but it is on an understanding of ladies last, and all are agreed that their business is to wait upon the men. Women are treated kindly in Servia, but with such kindness as is extended to satisfactory servants. They work with the men in the fields; but are not treated like beasts of burden, as in Italy or France. The men do not marry for love, but to secure an additional worker for the household, and, therefore, the practice is for very young men to marry women several years older than themselves, for they value the experience of a *Hausfrau* far above the beauty of a girl. It is rare in a peasant's or farmer's household that a stranger is introduced to any of the womenkind but the hostess. She serves the *slatko,* coffee, and liqueurs on his arrival, and either retires or remains standing in the room, while the men occupy the sofa and chairs round the central table. This custom extends even to the burgher class in provincial towns.

At an hotel, it is the chambermaid's business to pour water on a traveller's hands. Chambermaids, like other servants, are rarely Servians, who do not go out to service.

The provisions for a traveller's requirements are distinctly generous in Servia. Not only does he find public soap, but also hair-brushes, clothes-brushes, combs, and slippers in his bedroom. On one occasion I found even a public tooth-brush.

The hotels in Servian country towns generally provide decent food, but the rooms are very sparely furnished, and the

smells of drainage are overpowering. On the whole, however, if his liver will bear jolting on bad roads and purgatorial pavements, the traveller in Servia need not expect to rough it more than he would anywhere else outside the beaten track. If he can endure Ireland or Normandy, he will find himself in clover throughout Servia. And even if there were far graver discomforts to be encountered, they would be a cheap price to pay for the invariable kindness and lavish hospitality which are universal there.

As I drove through villages I often observed big dolls—sometimes mere bundles of rags, sometimes more pretentious effigies of wax—suspended inside the windows. These dolls have nothing to do with children, or only so by anticipation, for they are put up to announce to wayfarers that a marriageable daughter or widow dwells in the house. The idea is not so much to appeal to strangers as to remind acquaintances from other villages, who may have forgotten the fact. When once I knew the meaning of these dolls, I was astonished to find what a great number of them are exhibited in the cottage windows, and my drives acquired a fresh interest. In some cases, I noticed two, and even three, dolls in the same window. This custom is naturally confined to peasants, but nearly every house has a wreath of corn ears hung up on the outer wall. This wreath is brought back from the harvest festival, and there is a superstition that, if it be stolen, a daughter of the house will shortly be married. Where such an event is particularly desired, care is taken to suspend the wreath well within reach of possible marauders.

Servian villages are only towns in miniature. There are

the same pink-and-white houses nestled in verdure, only the houses are fewer and the gardens are larger. The gardens are planted solely for use; and when I commented somewhere on the absence of flowers, I was told that they were only grown for the benefit of unmarried girls. And even these do not seem to take the same pleasure in flowers that the humblest of our own cottagers do. Yet, taken all round, the Servian has far more art and poetry in his composition than the Englishman. His dress, to begin with, is far more picturesque. The fact that it is invariably home-made undoubtedly tends to quaintness, if not to originality. The main article of clothing for both sexes is a long white shift of coarse homespun linen. Over this, many wear a jacket of wool, or of sheepskin, with the fleece inside. This appears never to be changed, night or day, and must be very cosy in winter, but intolerable in summer. The distinctive national costume is, however—for the men, loose trousers or knickerbockers of white frieze, and cardigan waistcoats with sleeves and embroidery; for the women, a zouave jacket with loose sleeves, a linen skirt, and a couple of coloured aprons, one in front and one behind, recalling the strips of carpets known in France as *descentes de lit*. They are of picturesque patterns and pretty colours, red distinctly predominating. Both sexes wear *opanke*. For head-gear, the women wear little red tambourine fezzes, and on festive occasions, their whole dowry in gold or silver coins. Near Paraçin, the unmarried women wear a coloured kerchief over their heads, the married women dress their hair so that it projects in two great ram's horns over their foreheads. The men of Wallachian

origin wear the *shubara,* a kind of white sheepskin busby of imposing proportions.

Another distinctive mark of the Wallachians is their cradle, a kind of wooden tub, which the mother carries slung over her back. A Servian woman carries her child in a canvas hammock, also slung over her back. At home she has an ordinary cradle on trestles, like those of a rocking-horse.

The struggles of centuries have imbued the Servian peasant with a dogged determination, almost amounting to obstinacy; but his smiling land has filled his soul with smiles. He is always cheerful and contented; his hospitality is boundless; his sweet simplicity is patriarchal.

BELGRADE AND THE SERVIANS

JOHN FOSTER FRASER

WHEN you have got south of the Danube, crossed the sprawling Save, left Hungary and its swarthy Magyars behind, you feel, despite the testimony of your map, that you have stepped out of Europe into Asia.

Yet Belgrade, high-perched, and turning the eye of its citadel toward the twin and quarrelsome empire of Austria-Hungary—the wolf which constantly frightens little Servia that it is going to be gobbled up, only the other wolf, Russia, also hungry, is showing its teeth—is not at all Asiatic in appearance. It is bright and white, broad-streeted and clean, wide-spreading. The people are Slav, fair, bony, not well-set; but occasionally you note a tinge in the skin, a cast of the eye, a thinness of the nostrils which tell of splashes of Tartar, Magyar, even Turkish blood.

Belgrade, however, is European—outwardly. It looks like a Russian town made clean. Had I been borne from Paris to Belgrade by the agency of the magic carpet instead of by the service of the Orient Express, I should have concluded I was in a Russian city where the scavengers had been busy, and the citizens had profited by lectures on sanitation and the advantages of whitewash. Not that Belgrade is devoid of odour. In the lower town it breathes upon you—the soft rather quaint smell which greets you in the East, maybe anti-

septic, possibly decayed Turk, and certainly flavoured with defective drainage. Within easy memory Belgrade was a Turkish town. Slobberly Turkish soldiers and wheezy Turkish guns looked over the citadel and ramparts. But the Turk has gone, save a few decrepit old men who sit in the cellars of the lower town, puff their narghilis, slither to the little mosque, as shaky as themselves, kneel on the ragged carpets and worship Allah, slither back again to their narghilis, and philosophically resign themselves to kismet.

The Servians have rebuilt their capital. Evidence of the Turkish occupation is removed. Electric tramcars whiz along the streets; the electric light blinks at you as, in the dusk of a sultry day, you sit beneath the limes and sip Turkish coffee—the one legacy of the Turkish occupation the Servians accept. The smart German waiter at your hotel has learnt English at your favourite restaurant in London, and the price charged for a second-rate bedroom is the same as that at Ritz's or the Savoy. Belgrade is doing its best to acquire European habits.

There is never a moment in the streets when the eye can escape a military officer. The officers are as handsome, as well-set, and carry themselves with as jaunty a bearing as any in Europe. They are neat and well groomed; their garb—peaked caps, close-fitting and spotless white tunics, and crimson trousers—is distinctive. I did hear Servians complain that their officers are fonder of the card table and the *café* than of military study. When I saw the officers of a cavalry regiment give a display before King Peter I was surprised

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such fine fellows on such excellent horses should ride so badly.

It is permitted to young officers all the world over to have a little swagger of demeanour. In Belgrade you notice that the extra swagger is with those who wear on the breast an enamelled Maltese cross with golden rays between. That is the first signal you get—notwithstanding the up-to-dateness of Belgrade in aspect and attire—that you are among a people who do things the rest of Europe could not do. The medal is the acknowledgment by King Peter to those soldiers who took part in the bloody assassination of King Alexander and his consort Draga on that dread night in June, 1903. The officers are proud of the barbarous deed. They have a lighter, brisker step than those who have no such medal. You are startled at the number of officers who wear it. Yet I never saw it worn anywhere outside Belgrade. The explanation is that King Peter keeps near him the regiments which betrayed Alexander and placed Peter on the throne of Servia—a very unstable throne. Other regiments, not implicated in the conspiracy, possibly resenting the disgrace brought upon their country, have been carefully distributed throughout Servia. The danger of concerted retaliation is small.

That tragedy was one of the blood marks in a long, wretched royal vendetta, the end of which is not yet. The story of it all is like an historical novel, with more than the usual amount of plotting, counter-plotting, daring deeds, dark crimes, and the love of women. Servia has had much buffeting. At the time England was settling down under the

Norman Conquest, the Serbs, tribes which in unknown times had wandered to the Balkan Peninsula from the Ural Mountains, coalesced, and the Servian Empire arose. Afterwards came the Turk. The resistance was valiant, but the Serbs were crushed. The Ottoman pressed on, crossed the Danube, and advanced toward Vienna itself. Later came the pushing back of the Turk. He was forced below the Danube, and Servia was the buffer which bore many blows whilst the Moslem, fighting hard, backed Asiawards. In time, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Serbs themselves rose against their Turkish masters. The great leader was Karageorge (Black George), a swineherd say some, a brigand say others, a brave man certainly. One of his aids, another brave man, was Obren. Karageorge, after long struggle against the Turks, lost heart and retired to Hungary. Obren continued the resistance and broke the power of Turkey. He became king. He was the founder of the Obrenovitch dynasty, of which the murdered Alexander was a son. Karageorge desired the crown. Obren refused. Then the vendetta began. The Obrenovitch dynasty was overthrown. The Karageorgovitch dynasty began.

And for a century Servia has been a hotbed of conspiracy between the rival houses. Murder has provided the step to the throne. Though Milan Obrenovitch, father of Alexander, was the darling of the soldiery, because he cut the last thread which bound Servia in vassalage to Turkey, and made Servia an independent kingdom, he only reached the throne by murder. He was a dominating personality, but he had the morals of a Tartar chief, and his treatment of his beautiful Queen

Natalie made him the disgrace of Europe. He lost favour with the Servian people. Probably fearing the assassin's bullet, he abdicated in favour of his son Alexander, a mere boy, and retired to his amours in Vienna and Paris.

Alexander had much of his father in him. That he was boorish and unintelligent is untrue. But when he reached the full power of kingship he showed a stubbornness that was the despair of those about him. He was quick in understanding, had almost genius for reaching the root of a matter. But advice and argument were things he never heeded. He displayed what was almost a madman's eccentricity in his thorough enjoyment of upsetting Government plans. He would acquiesce in a Ministerial proposal, and then begin plotting to upset it. He regarded the discomfiture of his Ministers with unfeigned delight. There were two Houses of Parliament—the Senate, and the House of Representatives. When he found the Senate opposed to his will, he rose one morning, abolished it, reverted to a Constitution of ten years before, and appointed another and obedient Senate —all in about half an hour. That sort of conduct he considered clever. But it aroused bad thoughts in the country.

Then came Draga. She was the widow of a Belgrade official—a beautiful woman, with soft and captivating eyes, an excellent conversationalist; she had all the personal qualities which fascinate men.

Do the Servian people approve of the drastic means by which Alexander and Draga were removed? I am positive they do not. It is true they wanted to get rid of Alexander and Draga, but their thoughts did not travel beyond exile. It was

the Army, and only a section of the Army, which conspired to free Servia by murder. Then why did not the Serbs rise, repudiate the conspirators and the new king? Because the Serbs, whilst having a warm love for their land, have a touch of the Asiatic, shrug-shoulder acceptance of facts. Alexander and Draga were dead. Another revolt would not bring them again to life. Besides, they were not deserving of tears. A king was wanted. Why not Peter Karageorgovitch, who was a Serb, and the descendant of their national hero? And what would civil war mean? Much bloodshed undoubtedly. Worse, for already Austrian troops were massing north of the Danube, ready to invade Servia to restore order. The Austrians would come to stay, and the days of Servia as a nation would be gone. That was the real factor which guided the Serbs in their acquiescence in the new order of things. They felt and feel that their country stands disgraced in the eyes of the world. But that is not so bad as becoming an Austrian province.

Get below the surface of things in Belgrade and you hit conspiracy at every point. You hear of a movement to place the conspirators, the King included, on their trial, and let the lot be shot. You hear of a movement to bring an illegitimate son of King Milan to the throne. There are raisings of the eyebrows; that would be restoring the Obrenovitches, and the last was supposed to die with Alexander. You hear of the country repudiating all Obrenovitches and all Karageorgovitches because they have made Servia a land of vendetta. You hear of a movement to offer the throne to a Montenegrin prince who would come with clean record and

yet be of Serb blood. Sometimes envious eyes are cast across the frontier where Bulgaria has made such strides under a foreign prince. But the Serbs are a proud people; they would chafe under the idea of a foreigner being their king. So that possibility is only mentioned to be dismissed.

The Serbs are democratic. They have no nobility. Of rich men, such as we of the West understand by the expression, they have none. Country estates do not exist. I doubt if in all Servia, with its three millions of population, there are half a dozen private houses in which a dinner party could be given to twenty people. One of the characteristics of Belgrade is the smallness of the residences. They are neat, clean, have gardens, and tell the story of general, frugal comfort. The servant question has extended to Servia. A Serb, man or woman, thinks it degrading to be in service to some one else. So in the hotels servants usually are German, whilst in the private houses the womenfolk attend to the needs of their families. The consequence is that the Serb, though good-natured, is little given to entertaining. Occasionally a big supper is provided at the Palace, and everybody who is anybody—eight hundred out of a population of about seventy thousand—is invited. So unused is the Serb to this kind of entertainment that he scrambles for the cigarettes, pockets dainties for friends at home, and has been known to leave with a bottle of wine under each oxter. Usually he dines with his friends at the *café*, spends a merry, laughing hour, and goes to bed early. I have walked along the main street of Belgrade at ten o'clock at night and not encountered a soul.

The nature of a race is not altered with a change of clothes. And although Belgrade looks European, the Serb is still the peasant of a hundred years ago, with peasant tastes, peasant virtues; he is simple-mannered, kind, sentimental, and yet with a smouldering fire in his heart, the result of centuries of oppression and struggle and fight—a fire which, when it bursts into flame, shows that the Serb has much of the blind fury of the savage.

There is a little picture gallery in Belgrade, where are a few good pictures and many indifferent. But there are some on view which, from their subject, would be excluded from any Western gallery. They are very "bluggy" pictures. The place of honour is given to a big canvas representing a grey ledge of rock in the Albanian mountains where an Albanian has been decapitated, his head placed between his legs, whilst his wife and child stare distractedly at the gazeless eyes. There is plenitude of "purple patch" in the picture. Another scene is that of a woman just ending the operation of cutting a man's throat. The eyes of the dead man are repulsive, the skin has the sallowness of death, the throat—well, the custodian put his finger on it and told me it was very fine. The attractiveness of these pictures—if attractiveness is the proper word—is in the gore.

The old Serb garb is disappearing amongst those above the peasant class, save some middle-aged ladies who still retain the costume of their mothers—full but plain skirt, a zouave jacket fringed with gold or silver lace, a low-crowned, red Turkish fez, rather on the back of the head, while the hair, plaited in one long coil, is twisted round the fez, so that

CHURCH IN BELGRADE

it cannot be seen from the front, and only the red disc of the top is seen from behind.

Men and women usually dress in the European style. At fall of the sun all Belgrade comes out to promenade the streets, the ladies dressed as prettily and much in the same way as the ladies at an English watering-place. The shops devoted to the sale of picture postcards are as many as in any French, German, or English town. There are plenty of picture postcards of King Peter, plenty of portraits of King Peter in the hotels. But nowhere in any part of Servia did I see a picture of Alexander. Even the coins bearing his effigy have been withdrawn from circulation. The authorities would wipe his memory from the public mind.

Here and there is a touch of Servian colour. In the market-place are gathered the peasants with their wares for sale —big flat cheeses of sheep's milk, piles of grapes and peaches, mammoth melons, masses of brilliant tomatoes. The men, lithe and lank, sunbaked of cheek, wear skin caps, an upper garment of white—half shirt, half smock—trousers white and like a pair of shrunken pyjamas. Their legs are swathed in rough home-spun stockings, generally with a red band; on their feet are crude sandals thonged across the instep and round the ankle. The peasant women are plain of feature and inclined to podginess; they wear petticoats and have gaudy handkerchiefs tied over their heads. The Belgrade housewife does her own marketing, and there is much haggling. A man wanders through the crowd singing he has sweet drink to sell. Priests of the Servian Church, men with long, black hair, black whiskers, and in long, black gowns,

receive salaams. A policeman, looking like a soldier, and with a horse pistol in his belt, marches along carrying a document. He is followed by an official who beats tap-tap-tap on a kettledrum. There is a halt, and the drum rolls. Everybody makes a rush and gathers round the policeman, who in a mumbling voice, not to be heard half a dozen paces away, reads a proclamation. Tap-tap-tap, and a move is made elsewhere.

Out on the dusty country road I heard the shrill call of the bugle. A detachment of young soldiers came swinging by, with a long stride and dip of the body, like Highlanders on the march. There was no smartness. Their dark blue forage caps and dark blue breeches were grimy with dust, their cotton smocks would have been benefited by a wash, their boots were down at heel. Stuck in most of their caps was a bunch of clover, or a couple of ears of wheat. The officer, on a capital horse, was neatness itself.

From a turn of the road came a clanging sound. Here were forty prisoners, gruesome fellows, all chained, clanging their way, talking loud and laughing. An escort, with swords drawn, walked alongside. Further on, the highway was being repaired by convict labour. As the men, tawny *sans-culottes,* heaved the pick, they had the tune of their chains for music. At intervals soldiers rested on their rifles, ready to curb their charges should any be seized with a desire for quick exercise.

Servia is the real peasant State of the Balkans. The first proof is that the Serb, contrary to the tendency in other European countries, hates town life. The shop windows, the elec-

tric lights, the clatter of cabs have no attraction for him. When he comes into a town it is to sell or to buy something, and then get to his homestead as quickly as possible. The life of the hills, its wildness, even its eeriness, has laid hold of him.

He is emotional. So he loves well and hates well. He will do anything for you if he loves you; if he hates you he will kill you, and mutilate your body afterwards.

His tastes are simple. Civilisation, with its cheap excursion trains and music halls, has not reached him. His main amusement is to attend a church festival, where not only is he conscious of doing good to his soul, but he is able to meet his friends, eat, drink, and be merry. On the eve of the Sabbath he puts on his best clothes, and the women put on their gaudiest of frocks. They meet on the sweep of the green before the church. The local gypsies—tall, swarthy, handsome, most of them—provide shrill music, while the Serbs, clasping each other by the hand, sing mournfully and gyrate sedately. It is a melancholy dance. But they are sure they are having a capital time.

Except Belgrade, there are no towns worth the name. The "towns" are really big villages, with very wide streets and single-storied, unpicturesque houses. Everybody "makes promenade" in the evening. In the dusk the few paraffin lamps in drunken lamp-posts make the local inn—rather meagre in the daylight—quaintly bright. There are dozens of tables and hundreds of chairs. Everybody gathers, whole families, the merriest throng in the world. There are no rich people; but wine is cheap, the coffee is good, the food is plain

and inexpensive. From the ordinary point of view—that of the man who lives in London, for instance—they are people to be commiserated. But not a bit of it. They are light-hearted and contented. And, after all, light-heartedness and contentment are worth much.

Of course, Servia is an agricultural country. Its soil is good, and the yield is abundant. Some Serbs look to manufactures increasing the material wealth. But that is the road to losing money and securing heartache. The Serb is not deft in manufacture; factory life would be intolerable, because it would mean employer and employed, and the Serb has a quixotic repugnance to being anybody's servant. If he is wise he will keep to his husbandry and pig-rearing. He is a good farmer when his holding is small—as it generally is. I travelled long miles in the interior, and noticed how every available yard was under close cultivation. No country has so frugal and industrious a peasantry—not even France.

The Servian pig is "the gentleman who pays the rent." The growing of pigs and exporting them to Austria is the staple industry. Indeed, pig-breeding may be called the one trade of Servia. When a Serb is well-to-do, the money has come from pigs. There is, however, a speck on the prosperity. Austria is not only the big customer, but it is the big neighbour. Sometimes Austria is inclined to play the bully and make Servia do things that little Servia does not want to do. "Very well," says Austria, "you have swine fever in such a village; swine fever is a terrible thing; we could not think of subjecting Austrian swine to the possibility of con-

tagion from infected swine; therefore we prohibit any Servian pigs entering this country." Ruin stares Servia in the face! It is no use protesting that the swine fever is so infinitesimal that it does not matter. Austria is adamant. Servia yields. It does what Austria wants it to do—gives Austrian wares a preference over those of Germany and France. And just at the time Servia gives in, Austria kindly decides that the swine fever in Servia is not very bad after all, and the prohibition is removed.

Servia cannot do anything commercially without the sanction of Austria. Austria has about half the imports into Servia, and takes practically all the exports. British trade is dwindling: firstly, because Continental competitors have the advantage in transport; secondly, because British merchants will not give the long credit Austrians and Germans will; thirdly, because the Briton insists on issuing his catalogues in English, and writing his business letters in English, which the Serb does not understand.

The fact that Servia has practically no poor is due to the industry of the people, and the system of peasant proprietorship. Every little homestead is a family commune, whilst in some of the mountain districts is the *Zadruga,* or communal village. The village is really one big family; everything is held in common. The oldest man is the guide, ruler, and despot. He decides whether a man and a woman shall marry or not. And here one drops across a difference between Serbs and more enlightened communities. To get daughters married is the desire of most parents in Western Europe; to delay their marriage is the endeavour of Serb

fathers and mothers. The Serb woman is a first-rate worker in the fields. So whilst there is no objection to a son marrying, because he remains in the family and brings in a woman worker, the departure of a daughter means the loss of a worker. Every grown man can claim five acres of land from the Government. That usually goes into the family plot of land. Other land may be bought, and, possibly, may be lost to the money-lender. But those five acres are sacred. They cannot, nor can their yield, be claimed for debt. So, be a man ever so poor, he has still his five acres.

Now although Servia has a Parliament elected by manhood suffrage—every man who pays about twelve shillings a year in indirect taxes having a vote—the main governing authority is local. The District Council, elected every year by the peasants, manages the local finance; it is also a combined County Court and Petty Sessions. The Government only concerns itself with large matters. Murderers are usually shot on the spot where they committed their crime.

The Serb is democratic. Nobody, except the King, has a title. Property is equally divided between the sons. Education is free, from the elementary school up to the university. Corporal punishment is prohibited. Practically everybody belongs to the Servian National Church; but though the priests are personally popular, the Serbs are not churchgoers except at festival times. Then the picnic is as much an attraction as the opportunity to worship. The Serbs are a moral people. Also, as is natural in mountain people, they are superstitious. They hang out a bunch of garlic to keep

CHURCH, BELGRADE

away the devil, and if a widow desires to get married again she hangs a doll in the cottage window to give male passers-by due notice of the fact.

The taxes of Servia are light; but light as they are, reduction is the popular cry of the politicians. Rather than pay rates the peasants of a district give two or three days' labour in the year for road-mending. The consequence is that the roads are uncertain. A Servian road is much like the young lady in the poem who wore a curl in the middle of her forehead, and who, "when she was good, was very, very good, and when she was bad she was horrid." I have seen stretches of road in Servia as good as any to be found in an English home county. Also I have seen others.

Servia has conscription. Every man, from his twenty-first to his forty-fifth year, is liable for military service. Pay—as is all official pay in Servia—is very low. When I looked at the smart young lieutenants, I wondered how they could be so gorgeous on £72 a year. The peace strength of Servia is just over 20,000 men. In time of war well over 300,000 men could take the field. Each young fellow serves two years; afterwards he is in the reserve, liable to thirty days' service per annum till he is thirty years of age, eight days' service till he is forty, and afterwards only liable in emergency. The Serb bears what is often called "the burden of conscription" willingly, and as a matter of course. It is the natural thing; it exists in the surrounding countries. The Serb knows that any day he may be called upon to fight for his existence as a nation. All told, the Servian population is not yet three millions.

Personally I keep a warm corner in my heart for the Serbs. It was De la Jonquière who called them "a brave, poetic, careless, frivolous race." Frivolity is hardly a description to apply to the people as a whole, though it does apply to a few in the capital who ape the ways of Vienna on a miniature scale. Merry, heedless of mechanical progress—or he would find other means of threshing corn than letting horses run through it on a patch of beaten ground, or letting oxen trail a board in which flints are inset as a means of pressing the wheat from the ear—independent, not mindful much of education, knowing his people have a noble though tragic history, but making no attempt to assimilate the old culture, jealous of Bulgaria, afraid of Austria, the Serb is really a relic of the mediæval age.

I have sat beneath the trees chatting with these simple, genuine folk. They loved to hear of London, of New York, of Paris, but with no envy; rather with the interest of a child in a fairy story. They wanted little or nothing from the outer world. Their coarse linen shirts, rough brown homespun jackets and trousers, their crude shoes, their bead-studded belts, their sheepskin caps, had all been made on their own peasant plots. The women, when tending the cattle or going to market, always had a hunk of flax or tousle of wool, which they spun between their fingers as they walked. In lieu of the evening newspaper, a blind old man told a story of how the Serbs fell at Kossovo beneath the onslaught of the Turks. When the moon rose, big and brilliant, there was the inn to go to, with wine at twopence a flask.

Travelling is not expensive. About a sovereign a day is charged for a phaeton and pair. At the neat town of Kralievo I had supper, coffee, cognac, and mineral water, a decent bedroom, and breakfast, at a total charge of three *dinars,* about half a crown.

MONTENEGRO

MONTENEGRO ("Black Mountain"), called by the natives Tzernagora, and by the Turks Karadagh, all three names expressive of the peculiar features of the country, is a small principality, situated between Bosnia and Albania, and separated from the Adriatic by the narrow strip of land known as the Circle of Cattaro, in Austrian Dalmatia. It contains about 1880 square miles, and is everywhere mountainous, the mountains being in most cases clothed with dark forests of fir, ash, beech, oak, ilex, willow, and poplar. Mount Dormitor, in the north, is 8500 feet, and Kutsh Kom, in the east, 9300 feet above sea-level. Agriculture is prosecuted to the utmost extent the country will admit of, but in an extremely rude and primitive manner. The products are those of other European countries in the same latitude. The sumach, one of the most valuable of the natural trees, is not uncommon. Few oxen are reared, but sheep, goats, and swine abound.

Montenegro belonged, in the Middle Ages, to the great Servian kingdom, but after the dismemberment of the latter, and its conquest by the Turks at the battle of Kossovo (1389), the Montenegrins, under their prince, who was of the royal blood of Servia, maintained their independence, though compelled to relinquish the level tracts about Scutari, with their chief fortress of Zabliak, and confine themselves to the mountains (1485). In 1516, their last secular prince resigned his office and transferred the government to the vla-

MONTENEGRIN SOLDIERS DRILLING

dika. The Porte continued to assert its claim to Montenegro, and included it in the pachalik of Scutari; but the country was not conquered till 1714, and on the withdrawal of the Turks soon afterwards, it resumed its independence. In 1710, they had sought and obtained the protection of Russia, the Czar agreeing to grant an annual subsidy on condition of their harassing the Turks by inroads, and this compact has, down to the present time, been faithfully observed by both parties. Another part of the agreement was, that the archbishop or vladika was to be consecrated by the Czar. In 1796, the Prince-bishop, Pietro I, defeated the Pacha of Scutari, who had invaded Montenegro, with the loss of 30,000 men; and for the next quarter-century we hear no more of Turkish invasions. The Montenegrins rendered important aid to Russia in 1803 against the French in Dalmatia, and took a prominent part in the attack on Ragusa, the capture of Curzola, and other achievements. Pietro II, who ruled from 1830 to 1851, made great efforts to civilise his people, and improve their condition. He established the Senate, introduced schools, and endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to put an end to internal feuds, and predatory expeditions into the neighbouring provinces. Some Turkish districts having joined Montenegro, the Turks attacked the latter in 1832, but were repulsed. A dispute with Austria regarding the boundary resulted in a war, which was terminated by treaty in 1840. In 1851, the last prince-bishop died, and his successor, Danilo I, separated the religious from the secular supremacy, retaining the latter under the title of Gospodar. This step caused the Czar Nicholas to withdraw his sub-

sidy (which was renewed, and the arrears paid by the Czar Alexander II), and the imposition of taxes thus rendered necessary caused great confusion. This was taken advantage of by the Turks, who, under Omar Pacha, invaded the country; but the intervention of the Great Powers compelled a treaty, February 15, 1853. Danilo, however, in vain attempted to obtain the recognition of Montenegro as an independent power, though he repaired to the Paris conference in 1857 for this purpose. He, however, greatly improved the laws and condition of the country. In 1860, the Montenegrins excited an insurrection against the Turkish rule in the Herzegovina, which was soon suppressed, and in return they themselves were so hard pressed by the Turks that they were glad to agree to a treaty (8th September, 1862) by which the sovereignty of the Sublime Porte over Montenegro was recognised.

Fresh complications caused Montenegro to declare war against Turkey in January, 1875, but a compromise was effected. Montenegro, however, supported the insurrection against Turkey that broke out in the Herzegovina a little later, and in July, 1876, was again at war. The Montenegrins co-operated with the Russians against their hereditary enemy during the war of 1877-78; and the Berlin conference (1878) recognised the independence of Montenegro, and agreed to an important extension of Montenegrin territory. A very close personal and political friendship exists between the reigning house of Montenegro and the imperial house of Russia. On October 24, 1896, Helena, the third daughter of the reigning prince, married Victor Emmanuel, Prince of Naples, and is now Queen of Italy.

IN MONTENEGRO

LADY THOMPSON

THE heights which encircle Cettinjé drop towards the south by steep gorges to the plain of Scutari, and so form the bastions of the citadel of the true Black Mountain. The road to Podgoritza passes the village of Rieka, picturesquely overhanging the river, down which a little steamer makes its way through beds of water-lilies to the lake. Above Rieka once stood the fortress of Obod, near which Ivan the Black is supposed, like Frederick Barbarossa, to lie asleep till his people's need awakes him. It was at Obod, too, that, only seven years after Caxton had printed his first book, the Servian ruler of the Zeta, as this district was called, put up his printing press, which he afterwards carried with him into the mountains, when the Turks drove him out of the plains.

Podgoritza is a straggling town, inhabited chiefly by Albanians and Turks, who camp rather than settle, and seldom think it worth while to repair the dilapidations time makes in their dwellings. A mile or two behind Podgoritza, under the hills, is the site of the ancient city of Dioclea, the reputed birthplace of the Emperor Diocletian, the early capital of the Zeta, and the cradle of the Nemanja family, Servia's greatest czars. I reached Dioclea about sunset, the only bearable hour of a breathless August day. The bare mountains of Kolashin and Albania, and the dim plain towards

the lake were softened into dreamy outlines, and the splendid sky suddenly brought colour and richness into the landscape of monotonous whites and greys. By the single-span bridge over the river, near which Dioclea was built, there is an old Turkish fortress, a brown, massive, almost windowless, place, with rounded walls. Beyond the river, the vague fields are strewn with fallen columns, carved stones, and outlines of many foundations. A low flight of broad marble steps and a long paved walk lead up to what was once the palace entrance; the walls are still standing up to the level of the window-sills, but within ivy and tangled undergrowth have taken possession. All was entirely silent, entirely deserted. It was from Dioclea that St. Sava—that gentle, mystical figure, peacemaker in family feuds and national quarrels, founder of the Servian Church—set out on his pious journey to the East several hundred years ago, to bring back holy relics for the churches he had built in his native land.

When I left Dioclea the moon had risen, and the river lay like a yellow streak beneath the black arch of the bridge; the memories and influences of the distant past seemed to cling undisturbed about the ruined city in the peaceful fields under the mountains of this wild borderland.

The road from Podgoritza to Nikshitch follows the valley of the Zeta, which here and there widens into a fertile plain, some six miles across. It passes the towns of Spuj and Danilograd, the latter a bazaar centre of some importance, and climbs the long mountain side that faces the Monastery of Ostrog, the Lourdes of the Eastern Church,

to which pilgrims of many faiths and many lands come for relief of their ills. The upper monastery consists of a series of caves in the side of precipitous cliffs, approached by steps in the rock. This upper monastery has been the scene of Homeric conflicts, such as abound in Montenegrin history. It was here in 1862 that Prince Mirko, father of the present Prince, and one of the finest of his race, with a handful of companions, for nineteen days defied a whole Turkish army, finally effecting a safe retreat through the midst of them; and a hundred years before thirty Montenegrins held the caves successfully for months against 30,000 Turks, their marksmen picking off all who ventured near. Ten times has the lower monastery been burnt, but only once for a short time did the Turks occupy the upper monastery.

Nikshitch, the second town in Montenegro, was taken from the Turks by Prince Nicholas, after four months' siege, in his victorious campaign of 1876, and the Powers, with unwonted generosity towards the State they had so often made use of and then neglected, allowed Montenegro to retain the strip of fertile country her arms had won. Will they ever give back to her the coast line which Nature destined for her, and of which the selfishness of a great Power has deprived her?

Nikshitch, where the Prince has built a new palace and a simple stately church, overlooking the plain, would in many ways be a better site for a capital than Cettinjé; a railway along the valley of the Zeta, which would follow the example of that strange, half-underground river, and tunnel through the mountains that divide the plateau of Nik-

shitch from the valley of Bielopavlitch, might some day connect it with Vir Bazar and the sea. But the historical claims of Cettinjé are too powerful to be overlooked, and the Great Powers, which have invested large sums of money in building their legations at Cettinjé, are not likely to consent to a change of capital.

From Nikshitch I rode to the frontier through the long windings of the Duga Pass, the Thermopylæ of Montenegro, through which the Turks so many times advanced to attack the Black Mountain, and through which the Prince led his people on the celebrated march across the Herzegovina.

The lonely hut of a border kapitan, on a little hill of its own, midway across the pass, marks the boundary here between Montenegro and the Herzegovina, and from this point the Prince's guards turned back; their crimson uniforms, as they rode away up the stony track, made the only touch of colour in the sombre scene.

THE CAPITAL AND THE PRINCE

J. D. BOURCHIER

It was past midnight when I left Cattaro, but before long the moon, peering over the dusky summits which look down upon the Bocchi from the south, lit up the enchanting scenery of that land-locked haven, and arrayed the majestic Alps on its northern shores in a vesture of silver. It was a dream of beauty, becoming yet lovelier as the amber glow of dawn stealthily absorbed the pale moonlight: the mountain tops broke into flame, and a shadow of deepest purple settled down over the sleeping fiord. The sunbeams had not yet reached the waters below when a turn in the road brought me to the brow of the acclivity, and I saw before me the ancient realm of the Vladikas.

The contrast was amazing. Behind, all was tranquillity and repose; before, was a wild, turbulent ocean of limestone, rising and sinking in angry, grey waves, flecked with white, which seemed to leap and rage, and battle together like the North Sea off the Kentish Coast when the fierce north-easter is roaring. Stones, rocks, and crags—nothing else; not a tree, not a blade of grass, scarcely even a tuft of brushwood to relieve the dreary scene of desolation. At the time of Creation, says the national legend, the angel of God was sent out to pick up the superfluous stones on the earth's surface; he placed them in a bag, which burst as he was flying

over Tzernagora. And this is the land for which through five centuries, generations of heroes have fought and bled; "whose traditions exceed in glory those of Marathon and Thermopylæ, and all the war traditions of the world." It affords, one would think, scarcely pasturage for a goat, and yet it has produced a race which for stature and beauty, for courage, activity, and endurance, finds no equal among the peoples of Europe.

Only one cluster of human habitations is to be found in the stony waste extending from the frontier to Cettinjé. The little hamlet of Niegush possesses historic renown as the cradle of the race of Petrovitch, which for two centuries has ruled in Montenegro. Here more than four hundred years ago, a band of refugees from Herzegovina founded a settlement, and here, September 25, 1841, Prince Nikolas, the present sovereign, was born in a modest cottage, the ancestral home of his family. The Prince is a member of the rustic community; he pays his annual contribution—a few florins—to the local authorities, nor is there any spot in his dominions to which he is more deeply attached. In 1696, Danilo Petrovitch, a young monk of the village, was chosen by the Montenegrins as their first hereditary Vladika, or Prince-Bishop. The Vladikas had hitherto been elective, but the mountaineers, taught by experience, had come to appreciate the advantages of the dynastic principle. Danilo was empowered to designate his successor from among the members of the Petrovitch family. As a bishop, he belonged to the order of the Black Clergy, who are forbidden to marry; but he nominated his nephew as his heir, and since his time

MONASTERY, CETTINJÉ

the transmission of power from uncle to nephew has been continuous. The union of the spiritual and temporal functions continued till 1852, when Danilo II, a young man of twenty-three, being enamored of a beautiful and wealthy girl, pronounced an emphatic *nolo episcopari.* He left no male offspring, and was succeeded by his nephew, the present Prince. The old system of succession was thus accidentally continued, but the sovereignty will henceforth descend from father to son. The spiritual power was a mighty engine in the hands of the old Vladikas. Sentence of excommunication might be delivered even prospectively, and Peter II, on his deathbed, pronounced the episcopal malediction on all and several who should disobey his dying injunctions. The imprecation was sufficient to protect his nephew and successor against the intrigues of his rivals. But the days are past when the ecclesiastical dignity could enhance the authority of the House of Petrovitch. No sovereign in Europe is more firmly seated on his throne than the present Prince of Montenegro.

Leaving Niegush, the road pursues its serpentine course through a wilderness of rocks and stones, relieved here and there by tiny patches of cultivation resembling the microscopic potato gardens one sees among the boulders in Western Donegal. For hours the monotony is unbroken, till at last, lying deep in a recess among the mountains, a pleasant green oasis reveals itself, with woods and maize-fields, and a group of red-tiled houses at its further end—the village capital of Montenegro. Cettinjé is a capital in miniature, with a palace, a theatre, foreign legations, Government

buildings, a public park, a hospital, and a jail, all complete. Nothing mars the perfection of its proportions—if we except the big, unsightly barracks constructed, with Russian aid, to meet the requirements of a standing army, and the new Austrian Legation, evidently designed, like its compeer, the Russian Consulate at Sofia, to typify the immeasurable greatness of a neighbouring Power. The little town counts 4300 inhabitants.

The accession of territory obtained under the Berlin Treaty has already begun to alter the character of the country. The area of the Principality has been almost doubled, and fertile valleys, tracts of rich woodland, and a strip of sea-coast have been added to the realm of Prince Nikolas. Montenegro is now something more than the rocky eyrie of a warlike clan, and the problem of its commercial development constantly occupies the mind of its ruler. The state of transition is reflected in the aspect of the capital. A tiny hamlet in 1878, Cettinjé now bears witness to the growth of civilisation, and to the beneficent influence of a paternal despotism. The quaint little streets are broad and regularly laid out, and—incredible as it may seem to those acquainted with the Balkan Peninsula—perfectly clean and devoid of noxious odours. It would be well if the sanitary authorities of Bukarest and Athens, of Sofia and Belgrade could pay a visit to Cettinjé; they might learn that unassuming cleanliness is better than pretentious filth. The Prince still dwells in the comfortable, modest, red-tiled mansion erected by his father; in one of its apartments is a fine collection of arms which his ancestors wielded on many a glorious battlefield.

The suggestion of antiquity lends a peculiar charm to this patriarchal household. Here, alone, in the Balkan States, is a long-descended dynasty, a continuous tradition. The palace gardens are unprotected by a railing or even a fence, for no Montenegrin would dream of invading their sacred precincts; the intrusive snob, the unique product of modern civilisation, is still beyond the frontier, and the prying tourist is rare. Close by is the historic plane-tree, beneath which, on a fine summer afternoon, the Prince may be seen judging his people, accepting their petitions, and settling their disputes—a scene which is in itself a poem.

Adjoining the palace are the residences of the heir-apparent, Prince Danilo, and of his brother, Prince Mirko. The former mansion overlooks the newly-laid-out public park, and commands beautiful views of the encircling mountains. Beside it is the very unpretending abode occupied by Prince and Princess Francis Joseph of Battenberg, and near at hand is the British Legation.

Within a stone's throw of the palace—happily there are no distances at Cettinjé, and cab fares can be economised—stands a strange dark red pile of buildings, fortified with small round towers at each corner. Viewed from above it resembles a billiard-table, the pockets being represented by the towers, and beneath its roof are collected the ministries, the law courts, the Senate chamber, the schools, and the various public offices. Close by, too, is the theatre in which Prince Nikolas's plays, the *Tzaritza of the Balkans* and *Prince Arbanit*, are performed for appreciative audiences.

Most interesting of all is the ancient monastery which stands on the mountain-slope, a little outside the town—the venerated sanctuary and last stronghold of Montenegrin faith and freedom. It was built in 1484 by Ivan the Black, the founder of the first Slavonic printing press, who, in that year, transferred the seat of government to the remote fastness of Cettinjé. A hundred and forty years later, after a desperate defence, it was taken and sacked by Soliman Pacha of Scutari, the mountaineers retreating to the inaccessible heights of Mount Lovtchen, whither the Turks dared not pursue them. In 1687 it was blown up by the monks, who, together with all that remained of its precious books, documents, and relics perished beneath its ruins. Twice in the last century it was totally destroyed by the Turks. Again and again it rose from its ashes, the emblem of an indomitable race. The present building only dates from the last century, but its quaint clock tower and shaded cloisters convey the impression of greater antiquity. Here rest the remains of the great Vladika, Peter I, saint and warrior; here, too, is preserved a page of the first Gospel issued by the celebrated printing press, the type of which was melted down to make bullets. What wonder if the peasant, on his way through the mountains to the market at Cettinjé, pauses for a moment, as he catches a glimpse of the sacred shrine, to cross himself reverently, and to whisper a prayer?

Nikolas I, "Prince and Gospodar of free Cernagora and the Berda," is the most picturesque and remarkable figure in the South Slavonic world. Descended from a long line

of heroes, the heir of the Vladikas, he has, like them, distinguished himself in many a hard-fought conflict with the hereditary foe. In the field of poetry he has also won his triumphs; like his father, Mirko, "the Sword of Montenegro," he has written lyric odes and ballads; like his ancestor, the Vladika Peter II, he has composed historical dramas, and his poems and plays hold a recognised place in contemporary Slavonic literature. The inheritor of a splendid tradition, a warrior and a bard, gifted by nature with a fine physique and a commanding presence, he forms the impersonation and embodiment of all that appeals most to the imagination of a romantic and impressionable race, to its martial instinct, its poetic temperament, and its strange —and to us incomprehensible—yearning after long-vanished glories.

Prince Nikolas has other qualities and recommendations which we, perhaps, would place in the first rank, while the Serbs would place them in the second. He is a cautious, though courageous statesman, a diplomatist of no mean order, a capable administrator, and a thoughtful reformer. Again and again he has repressed the warlike ardour of the mountaineers, when they demanded to be led against the traditional foe, and the wars of 1862 and 1876 were only undertaken when it was evident that no other course was possible. In 1869 he refused to lend aid to the revolted Krivoshians, notwithstanding the keen sympathy felt by the Montenegrins for their valiant brethren; and again in 1897 he checked the excitement aroused by the outbreak of war in the Peninsula. His diplomacy has been successful

in extracting many concessions and favours from the Great Powers, though it labours under one serious disadvantage—the little Principality cannot afford to maintain diplomatic representatives abroad, except at Constantinople. But the Prince is his own ambassador, and he has known how to make the "smallest among peoples" respected by the greatest.

Any attempt to describe Prince Nikolas's work as a reformer would lead me too far. The codification of the law, which was begun by his ancestors, Danilo I and Peter I, has been almost completed under his supervision by Professor Bogishitch. Certain quaint usages and superstitions still linger among the people. To eat a hedgehog, for instance, is regarded as an offence *contra naturam,* and quite recently a peasant was imprisoned on this charge. To be deprived of the privilege of kissing the hand of his Prince is one of the heaviest penalties which can be imposed on the loyal Montenegrin. Respect for age is enjoined, not only by public opinion, but written enactment; thus we read in Article XIII, of the regulations for public *diligences:* "The traveller is entitled to the seat marked on his ticket, but the deference due by youth to age requires that the former should yield the better places to their seniors." There is no similar injunction with regard to female passengers; the fair sex is also the subject sex in Montenegro. The suppression of the vendetta is one of the greatest of the Prince's achievements. The way to this reform was prepared by his predecessor, Danilo II, who sacrificed his life to his zeal in the extermination of this terrible custom. Crime is now rare

in the Principality, except in the frontier districts, where acts of homicide are regarded as justifiable, and indeed laudable, if perpetrated in payment of old scores, or if the victim is an Albanian from over the border. Primary education has been made universal, schools have arisen in every village, and lecturers have been appointed to explain to the peasants the advantages of learning. Communications are being opened up, and the Principality, which a few years since possessed nothing but mule-tracks, can now boast of 138 miles of excellent carriage-road, better engineered and maintained than any I have seen in the Peninsula. The construction of roads is viewed with some apprehension by the more conservative Montenegrins, who fear that their mountain stronghold may lose its inaccessible character. But the Prince is determined to keep abreast of the march of civilisation. Nine post-offices and thirteen telegraph stations have been established. The latter, which are much used by the people, will play an important part in the next mobilization of the Montenegrin army. Hitherto the forces of the Principality have been called together by stentorian couriers, who shouted from the tops of the mountains.

A glorious record in the past, and the reputation acquired by its present chief as a warrior and a statesman, are not the only recommendations which the House of Petrovitch possesses in the eyes of the Serb nation. It has made in recent years a series of fortunate family alliances, which entitle it to a place in the hierachy of European reigning houses. Two of Prince Nikolas's daughters are married to members of the Russian Imperial family, the Grand Duke Peter Niko-

laievitch and Duke George of Leuchtenberg; a third, the Princess of Naples, is wife of the heir to the throne of Italy. The marriage of his fourth daughter, Princess Anna, to Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, brings him into close connection with the British Court.

PODGORITZA AND RIJEKA

MARY E. DURHAM

LEAVING Cettinjé by its only road, we soon reach the top of the pass, and a sudden turn reveals the land beyond. The white road serpentines down the mountain side, and far below lies the green valley and its tiny village, Dobesko Selo; on all sides rise the crags wild and majestic; away in the distance gleams the great silver lake of Skodra. Beyond it, the blue Albanian mountains, their peaks glittering with snow even in June, show fainter and fainter, and the land of mystery and the Unspeakable Turk fades into the sky.

We cast loose our third horse, and rattle all the way down to Rijeka, skimming along the mountain side, and swinging round the zigzags on a road that it takes barely two hours to descend, and quite three to climb up again, for Cettinjé lies 1900 feet above the sea, and Rijeka not much more than two hundred feet.

Rijeka means a stream, and the town so called is a cluster of most picturesque, half-wooden houses, facing green trees and a ripple of running water, and backed by the mountain-side—as pretty a place as one need wish to see. The stream's full name, Rijeka Cronoievichena, keeps alive the fame of Ivan Beg Cronoievich, who ruled in the latter half of the fifteenth century. Unable to hold the plains of the Zeta against the Turk, Ivan gathered his men together, burnt his

old capital Zabljak, near the head of the lake, retired into the mountains, and founded Cettinjé, in 1484. He built a castle above Rijeka as a defence to his new frontier, and swore to hold the Black Mountain against all comers. He founded the monastery at Cettinjé, appointed a bishop and built churches, and sent to Venice for type, and started a printing press at Rijeka. In spite of the difficulties and dangers that beset the Montenegrins, they printed their first book little more than twenty years later than Caxton printed his, at Westminster. Ivan is not dead, but sleeps on the hill above Rijeka, and he will one day awake and lead his people to victory. The printing-press was burned by the Turks, and the books that issued from it—fine specimens of the printer's art—are rare.

The stream Rijeka is a very short one. It rises in some curious caverns not much further up the valley, and flows into the lake of Skodra. The town is built of cranky little houses, half Turkish in style, with open wooden galleries, painted green. It has an old-world look, but as most of the town was burnt by the Turks in 1862, appearances are deceptive. A perfect Bond Street of shops faces the river. Here you can buy at a cheap rate all the necessaries of Montenegrin existence. In the baker's shop, the large, flat, round loaves of bread, very like those dug up at Pompeii, are neatly covered with a white cloth to keep off the flies.

Plenty of tobacco is grown in the neighbourhood. In the autumn, the cottages are festooned with the big leaves drying in the sun, and you may see Albanians, sitting on their doorsteps, shredding up the fragrant weed with a sharp

knife into long, very fine strips, till it looks like a bunch of hair, shearing through a large pile swiftly with machine-like regularity and precision. Tobacco is a cheap luxury, and I am told Montenegrin tobacco is good. Almost every man in Montenegro smokes from morning till night, generally rolling up the next cigarette before the last is finished.

The town possesses a burgomaster, a post-office, a steamboat office, a Palace, and an inn, which provides a good dinner on market-days. It is a clean, prosperous, friendly, and very simple-minded place.

From Rijeka the road rises rapidly again, and strikes over the hills, winding through wild and very sparsely inhabited country. The mountain range ends abruptly, and we see the broad plains stretching away below us, with the white town of Podgoritza in the midst of it. The plain is very obviously the bed of the now shrunken lake of Skodra, and the water-worn pebbles are covered with but a thin layer of soil. But both maize and tobacco seem to do well upon it, and every year more land is taken into cultivation—the rough land is covered with wiry turf and low bushes, and swarms with tortoises, which graze deliberately by the roadside. The river Moracha has cut itself a deep chasm in the loose soil between us and the town, and tears along in blue-green swirls and eddies. We have to overshoot the town to find the bridge, and we clatter into Podgoritza six or seven hours after leaving Cettinjé, according to the weather and the state of the road.

Podgoritza is the biggest town in Montenegro, and has between 5000 and 6000 inhabitants. It is well situated for

a trading centre, for it is midway between Cettinjé and Mikshitje, and is joined by a good road to Plavnitza, on the lake of Scutari, so is in regular steamboat communication with Skodra and with Antivari *via* Virbazar. Its position has always given it some importance. As a Turkish garrison-town, it was a convenient centre from which to invade Montenegro; to the Montenegrin it was part of his birthright—part of the ancient kingdom of Servia—and as such to be wrested from the enemy. It was the brutal massacre of twenty Montenegrins in and near the town in time of peace (1874) that decided the Montenegrins to support the Herzegovinian insurrection, and declare war. Podgoritza was besieged and taken in October, 1876. The walls of the old town were blown to pieces with guns taken from the Turks at Medun, and an entirely new town has since sprang up on the opposite end of the stream Ribnitza. Podgoritza ("At the Foot of the Mountain"), if you have come straight from the West, is as amusing a place as you need wish to visit. It has not so many show-places as Cettinjé even, and its charm is quite undefinable. It consists in its varied human crowd, its young barbarians all at play, its ideas that date from the world's well-springs, subtly intermingled with Manchester cottons, lemonade in glass ball-stoppered bottles, and other blessings of an enlightened present. The currents from the East and West meet here, the Old World and the New; and those to whom the spectacle is of interest may sit upon the bridge and watch the old order changing.

The Montenegrin town of Podgoritza is clean and bright.

The long, wide main street of white stone, red-roofed shops, with their gay wares, and the large, open market square, where the weekly bazaar is held, are full of life. Both street and market-place are planted with little trees, acacias and white mulberries; and the bright green foliage, the white road, the red roofs, the green shutters, the variety of costume, make an attractive scene in the blaze of the southern sun. Across the gold-brown plain rise the blue mountains, where lies that invisible line, the frontier. The slim minarets of the old Turkish town shoot up and shimmer white on sky and mountain—the river Ribnitza flows between the old town and the new, and over the bridge passes an endless stream of strange folk, the villagers of the plain and the half-wild natives of the Albanian mountains passing from the world of the Middle Ages to a place which feels, however faintly, the forces of the twentieth century. Bullock-carts, with two huge wheels and basket-work tops, trail slowly past, groaning and screeching on their ungreased axles.

Everything moves slowly. All day long folk draw water from the stone-topped well on the open space between the old town and the new—draw it slowly and laboriously, for there is no windlass, and the water is pulled up in a canvas bag tied to a string. Three or four bagsful go to one bucket.

Wandering gipsy tribes turn up here, too; their scant possessions, tin pots and tent poles, piled on ponies; their children, often naked, perched on top of the load. Extraordinarily handsome savages some of them are, too. I have

seen them on the march—the men in front, three abreast, swinging along, half-stripped, clad in dirty white breeches and cartridges; making up with firearms for deficiency in shirts, and carrying, each man, in addition to his rifle, a long sheath knife and a pistol in his red sash. They passed with their heads held high on their sinewy throats, with an air of fierce and sullen independence. Behind follow the boys, women, and children, with all their worldly goods; golden-brown women with scarlet lips and dazzling teeth, their hair hanging in a thick black plait on either side of the face, like that of the ladies of ancient Egypt; holding themselves like queens, and, unlike their lords and masters, smiling very good-naturedly.

The Montenegrin and Albanian gipsies are mostly Mohammedans, and what is vaguely described as Pagan. They seldom or never, it is said, intermarry with the people among whom they wander, but keep themselves entirely to themselves.

In spite of the mixed Christian and Mohammedan population, excellent order is maintained. The more I see of a Montenegrin, the more I am struck with his power of keeping order. It is a favourite joke against him that when he asks for a job and is questioned as to his capabilities, he replies that he is prepared to "superintend," and it turns out that he is unable to do anything else. But not even our own policemen can perform the said "superintending" more quietly and efficiently. To the traveller, the Mohammedan is very friendly. The attempt of a man to draw or photograph a woman is an insult which is not readily forgiven, and

may lead to serious consequences; but, as long as one conforms to local customs, these people are as kindly as one could wish.

The Orthodox Montenegrin is equally anxious to make one feel at home. At Easter-tide, when the whole town was greeting each other, and giving pink eggs, we were not left out. "Christ has risen" is the greeting, to which one must reply, "truly He has risen," accepting the egg. People go from house to house, and eggs stand ready on the table for the visitors, who kiss the master and mistress of the house three times in the name of the Trinity. Four days does the Easter holiday last.

Things Christian lie on one side of the Ribnitza, and things Mohammedan on the other. The Turkish graveyard lies out beyond the old town, forlorn and melancholy, as they mostly are. The burial-ground of the Orthodox is on the Montenegrin side of the town. The dead are borne to the grave in an open coffin, and the waxen face of the corpse is visible—the coffin lid is carried next in the procession. I was told that this curious custom originated in the fact that sham funerals were used, when the Balkan provinces were under Turkish rule, as a means of smuggling arms. But the open coffin, the funeral songs, and the commemorative feasts annually held on the graves by many of the South Slavs, the lights and incense burnt upon the graves, and the lighted candles carried in the funeral processions together reproduce with extraordinary fidelity the rites and ceremonies of the Romans.

HERZEGOVINA

A. J. EVANS

HERZEGOVINA is an Illyrian province, ethnographically belonging to the Serbo-Croatian nationality, under the titular dominion of the Turkish Sultan, but since 1878 administered by Austria-Hungary. The Turks included it in the vilayet of Bosnia. It is bounded north and east by Bosnia, south by Montenegro, and west by Dalmatia, only touching the Adriatic by the narrow enclaves of Klek and Suttorina. The province extends about 117 miles in a southeast direction. By the Treaty of Berlin, the Herzegovinian districts of Niksich and Dormitor have been placed under the government of the Prince of Montenegro.

With the exception of the Gipsies, the Jews, and a small sprinkling of Osmanli officials, the whole population is Slavonic, the Mahometans being for the most part renegade descendants of the feudal nobility that had formed itself here before the Turkish conquest. Much of the old Slavonic customs and family life still holds among the Herzegovinian Mussulmans, and here as in Bosnia polygamy is unknown. The Herzegovinians are tall, broad, and darker, and of greater personal bravery than the Bosnians; they are brachycephalic. In frame as well as character they approach very nearly to the Montenegrin type, and in the mountain districts they are divided, like the Montenegrins and Albanians,

TAKING HAY TO MARKET. CATHOLIC VILLAGE, HERZEGOVINA

into clans, or *nahias,* whose loyalty is reserved for their own *waiodes,* or military chiefs. Their temperament is pre-eminently poetic, in so much that their insurrections have given rise to many epic lays, which are recited to the sound of the *guzla,* or Serbian lyre, by the national minstrels. The Serbo-Croatian language is spoken in its purest form in Herzegovina, and the Narenta Valley has been called the Serbian Val d'Arno. The Orthodox Greek population is chiefly settled in the district east of the Narenta; to the west of that river the population is mostly Roman Catholic, and the Mahometans inhabit the larger towns.

Herzegovina, which has been described as the Turkish Switzerland, is divided into a variety of mountain plateaus by the parallel ranges of the Dinaric Alps; and the whole country is bisected by the river Narenta, which cleaves its way through the mountains from the Bosnian frontier towards the Adriatic. The valley of the Narenta and its tributaries forms the main artery of the province. There is situated the capital Mostar; and a fine highroad, the only avenue of communication between Seraievo (Bosna Serai) and the Adriatic, follows the river bank from the Dalmatian frontier to the Bosnian. The " polyes," or mountain plateaus, are the most characteristic feature of the country. The smaller towns and villages group themselves on their level and comparatively fertile surface, and the districts, or cantons, thus formed are walled round by a natural rampart of white limestone mountains. These " polyes " may be described as oases in what is otherwise a desert expanse of mountains. The surface of some, as notably the great Mostarsko Blato,

is marshy, and in spring forms a lake; others are watered by streams which disappear in swallow-holes of the rock, and make their way by underground channels either to the sea or the Narenta. The most conspicuous example of these is the Trebinstica, which disappears in two swallow-holes in Popovopolje, and after making its way by a subterranean passage through a range of mountains, wells up in the mighty source of Ombla, near Ragusa, and hurries in undiminished volume to the Adriatic. The climate of Herzegovina is cold in winter and oppressively hot (maximum 100° Fahr. in shade) in summer. The scirocco is a prevalent wind, as well as the bora, the fearful north-northeaster of Illyria, which, sweeping down the lateral valleys of the Dinaric Alps, overwhelms everything in its path. The snow-fall is slight, and, except on a few of the loftier peaks, the snow soon melts. In the valleys, as that of the Narenta, the flora approaches that of Dalmatia and Southern Italy, and olives, mulberries, figs, melons, pomegranates, grapes, rice, and maize flourish. The Dinaric Alps, which stretch across the province from northwest to southeast, are as a rule barer and loftier than those of Bosnia. To the west of the Narenta, indeed, their flanks are in places covered with a forest growth of beech and pine, but northeast of that river they present for the most part a scene of lunar desolation. They are of the Tertiary formation common to the Mediterranean geological zone, but their limestone has a more dolomitic character than that of the Bosnian ranges. The group of mountains in the northwest bend of the Narenta, the Krabac, Lipeta, and Porim Planinas, attain altitudes varying from 4000 to 5000

feet; the dolomitic peaks of Orobac, Samotica, and Veliki Cap rise over 6000; Orien on the Dalmatian-Montenegrin frontier, 6300; and Mount Dormitor, in the tract of Herzegovina, now ceded to Montenegro, reaches a height of 8500 feet. The river Narenta is navigable for small steamers as far as Metkovitch, the Dalmatian frontier station, and for *trabaccoli* as far as Chaplina beyond Gabella, but the narrow and rocky bed of the stream beyond this point makes it doubtful whether the navigation can ever be extended as far as Mostar.

In mineral wealth Herzegovina cannot compete with Bosnia. Lignite exists in considerable abundance in the Narenta Valley near Mostar, at Konjica, and at Stolac. Mineral springs occur near Ljubuska; asphalt towards Metkovitch and Drazevo, on the Dalmatian frontier. Rice is cultivated in the Trebisat Valley and about Ljubuska. Mulberries are cultivated in the Narenta Valley for silkworms, which were introduced here by the famous vizier, Ali Pacha, but the culture is at present small. The wine of Konjica and Mostar resembles Dalmatian, and might be excellent, and the Trebinje tobacco is celebrated.

The old Serbian zupa of Chelm or Zachlumje was incorporated in the banat of Bosnia by the ban of Stephen, in 1326. Afterwards exchanged for Primorje with the king of Hungary, it was re-annexed by the ban Stephen Tvartko, afterwards first king of Bosnia, who granted it as a fief to his distinguished general, Vlatko Hranich. Vlatko's grandson, known as Stephen Cosaccia, from his birthplace, Cosac, took advantage of the weakness of King Tvartko III of Bos-

nia to transfer the immediate suzerainty of his country to the Emperor Frederick IV, who, in 1440, created him duke, or, as his Slavonic subject, borrowing the German word, expressed it, *Herzega,* of St. Sava. This and the further title of keeper of St. Sava's sepulchre he derived from the tomb of the patron saint of Serbia in his monastery of Milesevo. From this time the Slav population of Illyria begins to know the dominions of Cosaccia as the "Herzegovina" or duchy, a general term which embraced, besides the former county of Chelm, the two old Serbian zupas of Tribunja and Primorje, also governed by the "Herzega." The original Herzegovina thus extended from the sea-coast of Dalmatia to the confines of Rascia. The Duke was prevailed on at the Parliament of Konjica to recognise the suzerainty of the Bosnian king; he fixed his residence at Mostar, which he greatly enlarged, and which has since remained the capital of Herzegovina. The shrewd policy of Stephen Cosaccia, which offered an asylum for the Bogomiles or Puritans of Bosnia, hounded from their homes by the bigotry of a priest-ridden king, was greatly instrumental in warding off for a while from the duchy the blow that overwhelmed Bosnia. The Duke managed with Bogomilian help to defend Herzegovina with some success; and though in 1464 the country was overrun and rendered tributary by the Sultan's hordes, it was not till 1483, twenty years after the final conquest and extinction of the Bosnian kingdom, that the Turkish Beglerbeg succeeded in dispossessing Stephen Cosaccia's son and successor, Duke Vladislav. The whole country was now incorporated in the Sandjakate of Bosnia. At different times the

Venetians succeeded in recovering for Christendom parts of Herzegovina, and by the Peace of Carlowitz in 1699, and that of Passarowitz in 1718 Primorje or the Herzegovinian coast-land Castelnuovo, and Risano were finally merged in Venetian Dalmatia, and have thus descended to the Austrians. The only remaining strips of Herzegovinian seacoast, the narrow enclaves of Klek and Suttorina, were left to the Turks by Ragusan dread of Venetian contact, supported by the good offices of England. The history of Herzegovina under the Turks is to a great extent a blank: the viziers of Herzegovina who resided at Mostar imitated by their quasi-independence of their Bosnian superiors the defiant attitude adopted by the Duke of St. Sava to his Bosnian suzerain. Feudalism under a Mahometan guise continued to survive here. The spahis, begs, or agas were merely mediæval lords who had apostatised to Islam. They kept their ancestral castles, their banners, their mediæval title deeds and patents of nobility. They exacted feudal service from their serfs and retainers. They indulged in the mediæval passion for hawking. One of these Mahometan nobles, Ali, aga of Stolac, did such good service for Sultan Mahmoud in his struggle with the Bosnian magnates that he was made grand vizier of Herzegovina, which was freed for a while from dependence on the Bosnian Government. The reforms of Sultan Mahmoud did not by any means remove the grievances of the rayah population of Herzegovina. The serfs had now to satisfy the extortion of imperial tax-farmers and excisemen, as well as the demands of their feudal lords. The begs and agas continued to exact their forced labour and a third

of the produce; the central government levied a tithe which at the date of the outbreak had become an eighth. Three kinds of cattle tax, the tax for exemption from miliary service levied on every infant in arms, forced labour on the roads, forced loans of horses, a heavy excise on grapes and tobacco, and a variety of lesser taxes combined to burden the Christian peasants; but what was more galling than the amount, was the manner in which these various taxes were extorted, —the iniquitous assessment of tax-farmers and excisemen, and the brutal license of the zaptiehs who were quartered on recalcitrant villagers. Meanwhile, the profligate expenditure of the imperial voluptuary at Stamboul, and the peculation of his ministers hurried on the crisis. The public bankruptcy of Turkey put the last straw on the rayah's back. On July 1, 1875, the villagers of Nevesinje, which gives its name to a mountain plateau east of Mostar, unable to bear the extortion of the tax-farmers, and goaded to madness by the outrages inflicted on them by the zaptiehs and bashi-bazouks, rose against their oppressors. The insurrection rapidly spread through Herzegovina, and thence to Bosnia. The Herzegovinians under their leaders, Peko, Pavlovich, Socica, Ljubibratieh, and others, held out for a year against all the forces that Turkey could despatch against them, and in two struggles in the gorge of Muratovizza alone the Turks lost over 2000 men. In July, 1876, the principalities joined in the struggle; the Russo-Turkish War followed, and by the treaty of Berlin the government of Bosnia and Herzegovina was confided to Austria-Hungary, while Niksich and the country about Mount Dormitor were

detached from Herzegovina and annexed to Montenegro. On July 31, 1878, the Austrian troops crossed the Herzegovinian frontier, and the news roused the Mahometan fanatics to a desperate effort. On August 2d the Mohammedans of Mostar, imitating the example of Seraijevo, and believing themselves betrayed by the Turkish Government, rose *en masse,* murdered the Turkish governor and officials, and proclaimed a ulema head of a provisional government. The Austrians, however, pressed forward, and crushing some ineffectual efforts at resistance, entered Mostar on the 5th of August. By the 29th of September the reduction of Herzegovina was completed by the capture of the hill fort of Klobuk.

BOSNIA

Bosnia is the most northwesterly province of European Turkey, forming an eyalet, governed by a pacha, and including, besides Bosnia proper, the Turkish parts of Croatia and Dalmatia, and the district of Herzegovina. It is bounded north by the Save and Unna; east by the Vrina, the mountain-chain of Jublanik, and a branch of the Argentaric Alps; south by the Scardagh Mountains; and on the west by the mountains of Cosman, Timor, and Steriza. At a few points in the south it reaches to the Adriatic Sea. It has an extent estimated at 18,800 square miles, with a population of about a million. With the exception of the northern tract, extending along the Save, it is everywhere a mountainous country, and is traversed by more or less elevated ranges of the Dinaric Alps, whose highest peaks rise to a height of from 5000 to 7700 feet above the sea, and are covered with snow from September to June. The mountain slopes are for the most part thickly covered with forests of oak, beech, lime, chestnut, etc., of magnificent growth, and only here and there exhibit meadows, pastures, and cultivated spots. The principal river of the country is the Save, on the northern border, into which flow the Unna, the Verbas, the Bosna, and the Drin. The Narenta and the Boyana fall into the Adriatic Sea. The air is salubrious, the climate temperate and mild. It is only in the plain that agriculture is carried on to a considerable extent; grain, maize, hemp, vegetables,

WINNOWING WHEAT, BOSNIA

fruits, and grapes are produced in great abundance; and their cultivation would be much more extensively and actively prosecuted, but for the heavy impositions laid upon this branch of industry by the Turkish Government. Game and fish abound, as well as wild animals, such as bears, wolves, lynxes, etc. The country is celebrated for the breeding of sheep, swine, goats, and poultry; and bees, both wild and tame, are very numerous. The Gipsies and Morlacks dig for lead, quicksilver, coal, and iron; but beyond this, mining, owing to repressive government, is entirely neglected, although the country is rich in metallic ores. Commerce and manufactures—chiefly limited to the fabrication of firearms, sabre-blades, and knives—are entirely confined to the towns. The position of Bosnia gives it the transit trade between Austria and Turkey. There are almost no good roads in the country. The population consists of Bosnians, Croats, Morlacks, Montenegrins, Turks, Germans, Illyrians, Dalmatians, etc., the much greater part being of the Slavonian race. The Bosnians, or Bosniaks, who form about a third of the inhabitants, are partly Mohammedans and partly of the Greek and Roman Catholic churches. They are brave, hardy, rapacious, and cruel; rude and repulsive towards strangers, yet among themselves they are peaceful and honest; they are also industrious, simple in their habits, and temperate. The Moslem women in Bosnia are less secluded than in the other Turkish provinces, and have long enjoyed the liberty of appearing in public more or less veiled. The Croats, who form about a sixth of the population, belong partly to the Greek and partly to the Roman Catholic

Church; only a few are Mohammedans. They are principally engaged in agriculture, the feeding of cattle, and the barter trade. The Morlacks, who number about 150,000, dwell mostly in the district of Herzegovina, are courteous, clever in business, and extremely ready in adapting themselves to anything. They are inveterate enemies of the Turks. Three-fourths of them are Greek Christians, and the rest Roman Catholics. The Turks form more than a fourth of the inhabitants; the number of Greeks and Jews is between 20,000 and 30,000. Bosnia being a frontier province, is important as a line of defence, and has, consequently, a great number of fortifications. Bosnia in ancient times was included in Pannonia; and previous to the seventh century was governed by princes of its own, called Bans, or Waiwodes, who became dependent on Hungary. Being conquered by the Turks, it was finally annexed to the Ottoman Empire, in 1522, by Solyman the Magnificent. Since the introduction of reforms, denuding the former hereditary chiefs of their highest prerogatives, and a great part of their revenues, Bosnia has been the seat of almost perpetual disturbance, and several campaigns have had to be undertaken against it by the Turkish Government. A most dangerous rebellion broke out in 1851, which was not quelled by Omar Pacha until he had inflicted several defeats on the rebels, and stormed some of their fortresses.

A more determined rising, in 1875, which the Turks failed to suppress, led to the occupation of the province by the Austro-Hungarians, which the Moslem population opposed fiercely, but vainly. The Treaty of Berlin formally intrusted

the administration to Austria-Hungary, the nominal supremacy of the Sultan being recognised in 1879. In October, 1908, in defiance of the Berlin Treaty, Austria assumed full sovereignty over Bosnia and Herzegovina, relinquishing to Turkey Novi Bazar.

MOSTAR AND SARAJEVO

HARRY DE WINDT

TWENTY years ago the territory of the Herzegovina (which must be crossed to reach Bosnia from the sea) was so wild and perilous that few travellers ventured into the interior of the country without good reason and a powerful escort. There were no roads in those days worthy of the name. You could travel on wheels (but not springs) from Mostar, the capital, to the Adriatic coast, along an execrable track, carelessly laid over dizzy heights, scaling wall-like chasms, and finally following the banks of the rapid Narenta River down to the sea. Up, north, towards the Bosnian frontier, it was easier travelling, but, on the other hand, you were more likely to get your throat cut! Contrast this with to-day, when you may enter a railway car at Ragusa and leave it a few hours later, at Mostar, after traversing some of the finest scenery in the world (Herzegovina has been rightly called the Turkish Switzerland), under the most luxurious conditions. The line skirts the left bank of the Narenta (a clear, swift stream, all cascades and waterfalls and teeming with trout), which meanders now through rocky defiles and valleys, ablaze with pink and white blossom, now across green stretches of plain, rich in rye and tobacco. About midway we reach Petchilitz, a cluster of grey houses, red roofs, and minarets, perched on a rock which rises a sheer

hundred feet from the water. On the summit is a ruined, moss-grown fort, with rusty cannon still peering from its embrasures. The place looks weird and romantic; and well it may, for Petchilitz was once the chief stronghold of brigandage in the Herzegovina, and caravan-men went round miles to avoid it. To-day I can placidly survey the place while discussing an excellent meal in the train.

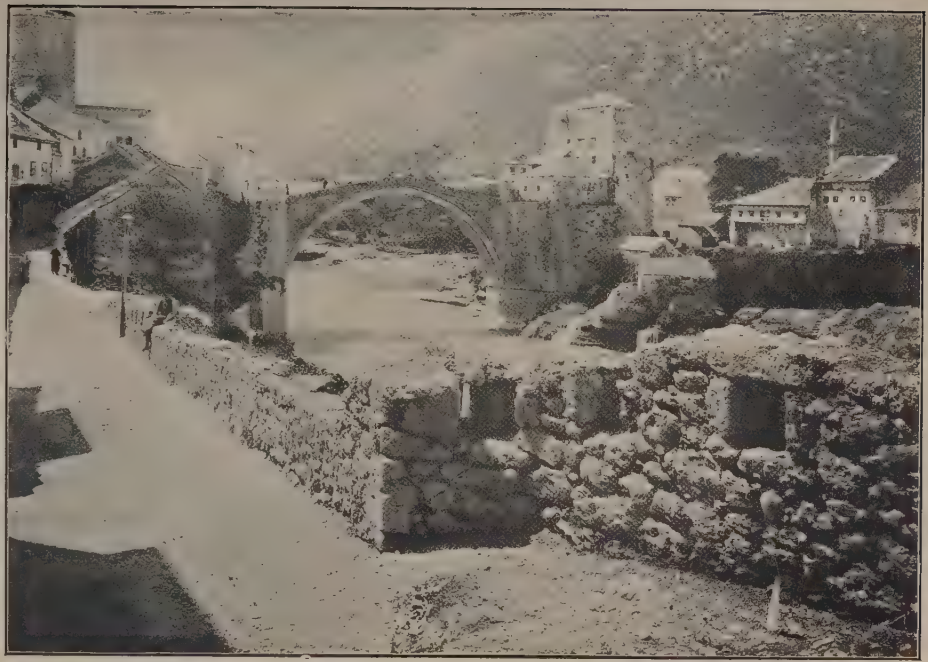
This trifling incident only serves to show what has been done on a gigantic scale throughout the Austrian Balkans since the occupation of 1870. We in England can form no conception of the marvellous transformation effected here by Austria in that short space of time, nor even faintly realise the almost magical rapidity with which the recently barbaric provinces of Herzegovina and Bosnia have been converted into growing centres of commerce and civilisation.

Mostar, chief city of the Herzegovina, still retains much of its ancient and Oriental charm. The Teutonic element is confined to a couple of white, glary streets, a modern hotel, a public garden with a few dusty shrubs and dilapidated bandstand and the military barracks. Elsewhere in Mostar you are in Turkey, and are jostled in the dark, narrow streets by the same Jews, infidels, and heretics as in the bazaars of Stamboul. The minaret in Bosnia is fast disappearing, but here you may still hear the evening cry of the "muezzin," and see solemn, white-turbaned Turks squatting in dark doorways, and cursing the advent and rule of the "Giaour." Everything around is purely Eastern, from the mud and filth underfoot to the mangy street-cars, and from the clank of metal water-goblets to that subtle Eastern

odour (a characteristic blend of spices, tobacco, smoke, leather, and sweetstuff) which permeates every bazaar from Rangoon to Ragusa.

Mostar has always been famous for its picturesque surroundings, but the place derives its name ("Most," bridge, and "Star," old) from an old Roman bridge of incomparable beauty which spans the rushing Narenta, and which is worth travelling many weary miles to see. The origin of the structure is shrouded in mystery. Some say that it dates only from the Turkish era, and is the work of a Dalmatio-Italian architect—and this theory is strengthened by the fact that the only inscripion as yet discovered on the edifice is a Turkish one close to the water's edge. On the other hand, an eminent Austrian architect has decided that the bridge is undoubtedly the work of the Romans, about the year A. D. 72, and this view is the one generally accepted by authorities on the subject. In any case, all antiquarians are agreed that the symmetry of its single arch, eighty feet in height, is unequalled throughout the world. There are no fewer than thirty mosques in this town of under twenty thousand inhabitants (of whom perhaps half are of the Catholic, or Orthodox, faith), but, although there are domes of gorgeous splendour, and minarets of rare delicacy, most of the interiors are mere whitewashed barns.

The native quarters are full of novelty and interest, and also the people—especially the Moslem women of the place, who wear not only the usual *yashmak,* but in addition to it a long black gown with a hideous cowl peculiar to Mostar, and to be seen in no other Mohammedan country through-



MOSTAR, CAPITAL OF HERZEGOVINA

out the world. The effect produced by these sable-clad forms flitting silently through the streets was weird and uncanny, even in bright sunlight, and more suggestive of the gruesome Italian "Brethren of Death," than of the pretty women whom these shroud-like garments must occasionally have concealed. Polygamy is now greatly (and voluntarily) restricted in the Austrian Balkans, where even rich men are generally content with four or five wives at the most. This perhaps accounts for the extra precautions in veiling their women from the prying gaze of the garrison and of other dissolute infidels. The former, however, appeared to be readily consoled by the Herzegovinian ladies of Mostar, who are justly renowned for their good looks, and who, being Christians, were *not* burdened with cowls or an unusual amount of shyness!

The hotel in Mostar was a revelation. We had expected to find a miserable Turkish *khan,* but were ushered into luxurious apartments, while at first sight, the midday *table d'hôte,* in its spacious and glittering *Speise Saal,* more resembled a military banquet than a humble repast at two florins a head, *vin compris.* For nearly every one was in uniform, from the grizzled veteran with beribboned tunic, down to the latest-joined schoolboy, as yet ill at ease in the light blue and silver of the Austrian hussar.

Had the railway from Mostar to Sarajevo (which was built in 1891) been constructed in Western Europe, it would undoubtedly have been the talk of the world; for surely no line was ever laid across so difficult a piece of country.

With Sarajevo I was disappointed, partly because its beauties had been exaggerated, partly on account of its prim German appearance, which was quite out of keeping with this picturesque Eastern land. A citadel and fortifications crown the heights, but below them the place seems as incongruous here as would a Turkish town suddenly dumped down on the banks of the Spree. The Franz Josef Strasse, for instance, has its hotels, clubs, shops, and theatres, and looks just like a bit of Vienna or Berlin. Of the old Bosna-Serai, or "city of palaces," only a few mosques are left, and a bazaar, which is gradually being absorbed into the modern town. It forms a continuation of the aforementioned Franz Josef Strasse; and to walk suddenly from the latter, with its handsome buildings and street-cars, into the dim, mysterious oasis which still remains here of Oriental life, was like entering some barbaric show at Earl's Court from out of the busy London streets. But if the Austrian be not loved (as he certainly is not) by Bosnians, the latter are wary enough to see that trade has vastly improved under the new *régime*. Also the population has largely increased, for the capital now contains over 40,000 inhabitants. Of these about 17,000 are Mohammedans and about 11,000 and 6000 belong to the Catholic and Greek churches respectively. The remainder are Jews—a Spanish branch of the race whose ancestors fled here in the sixteenth century from the terrors of the Inquisition. Of late years, thousands of German and Polish Israelites have invaded the towns of this province—and to such an extent that the authorities now contemplate restrictive measures—and from these the

Spanish Jews keep strictly aloof, both commercially and socially, maintaining that the intruders come of an infinitely inferior stock to themselves. Moreover, while the new arrivals from Western Europe are universally detested, the Spaniards live in perfect peace and harmony with the Christian and Mussulman population. They speak a kind of Spanish *patois* very melodious, and so far as business is concerned, probably very useful, for no one else in the place can understand it! That they are prosperous is shown by the clean and orderly appearance of the Jewish quarter, and the handsome synagogue, which cost some millions of guldens, and the towers of which are visible for miles around the city.

In 1511 Serajevo was merely a Turkish fortress surrounded by a few wooden huts, which formed the nucleus of the city of to-day. It has always been a fruitful breeding-place of conspiracies and revolts, first against the Turks, and in later years against the Austrian invaders, and the place was not occupied by the latter in 1878 without great loss of life on either side. It is said that the waters of the Miliatchka River, which runs through Serajevo, were red with blood before it was taken, and many of the buildings still bear traces of the furious bombardment by means of which General Philippovitch eventually silenced the Bosnian batteries.

Whatever the bazaar of Bosna-Serai may once have been, it is now dirty, dull, and uninteresting. As in Teheran, the costliest wares are only produced when there is a serious prospect of doing business—and the Bosnian merchant utterly

declines to haggle over a deal, be it important or otherwise. It is "take it or leave it," and to either course he is generally supremely indifferent. As in Stamboul, each street in the Serajevo "Bezestan" has its distinctive trade. The local embroidery, silver filigree work, and inlaid steel are fairly cheap, but on the other hand, cannot be called artistic or even pleasing to the eye, besides which many of the goods are rubbishy German imitations. As a rule, the only genuine articles here are articles of copper-work, or of black wood inlaid with silver, the latter very beautiful. But the stores for the common necessaries of life seemed to be doing the best trade, which does not say much, for, although modern Sarajevo teems with commercial activity, business in the native quarter is conducted with a lazy indifference engendered of centuries under Ottoman rule. For instance, there are only four working days in the week for the Bosnian: Friday, Saturday, and Sunday being Sabbaths (and, therefore, days of rest) apportioned respectively to the Christian, Mohammedan, and Jew! On work-days, the "Bezestan" swarmed with strange nationalities, Bosnians, Croatians, Servians, Dalmatians, Greeks, and Turks. The "Tziganes," or Gipsies, were also very numerous, and here do not, as usual, earn money as musicians, but as iron and brass workers.

Sarajevo possesses several hotels, of which the "Grand Central" is probably the best. As usual, there was no sitting-room for the use of guests, and when not exploring the streets and suburbs, the restaurant was our drawing-room. As at Mostar, it resembled a military mess, and two-thirds

SARAJEVO, BOSNIA, FROM THE NORTH

of the *habitués* wore the Austrian uniform or blue tunic, and scarlet fez of some Austro-Bosnian regiment.

Serajevo was not always the capital of Bosnia—the now obscure little town of Yaïtché, one of the loveliest spots in the country, having first occupied that distinction. Yaïtché is well worth a visit, if only on account of its picturesque position and magnificent waterfall, which dashes with a deafening roar from the level of the town to a foaming cataract sixty or seventy feet below it. The place was built in the fifteenth century by an Italian from Spalato, who also fortified it so successfully that it has often proved a stumbling block to invading Turks and Hungarians; also to the Austrians in 1878, who only occupied it after considerable loss of life. Here the last king of Bosnia was murdered, in 1463, by an envoy of the Sultan of Turkey, and his skeleton may still be seen reposing in a glass coffin in the old Franciscan Church. Yaïtché was formerly inhabited by Catholics, and the ruins of many of their churches, destroyed by the Turks, are still visible. St. Luke the Evangelist is said to have died here, and a church dedicated to his memory (since converted into a mosque) is still standing.

ROUMANIA

ROUMANIA is a kingdom made up principally of the two old Danubian Principalities, Moldavia and Wallachia.

Moldavia is bounded on the north and east by Russia, on the south by Wallachia and the Danube, and on the west by the Austrian Empire. The country forms, geographically, a part of the great undulating pastoral plains or steppes of South Russia, except towards the west, where spurs from the Carpathians give it a somewhat mountainous character. It is watered by the Pruth, the Sereth, and the Danube, and is almost everywhere fertile. It produces considerable quantities of grain, fruit, and wine. The forests of Moldavia are also of great extent and importance. But the riches of the country consist mainly in its cattle and horses, of which immense numbers are reared on its splendid and far-stretching pastures; swine and sheep are also numerous; and the rearing of bees, owing to the multitude of lime-trees, is extensively carried on. The great plagues of the land are locusts and earthquakes. Minerals and precious metals are abundant. There are salt-pits near Okna, in the Carpathian Mountains. The principal exports are wool, lambs' skins, hides, feathers, maize, tar, tallow, honey, leeches, cattle, and salt (in blocks); the imports are chiefly the manufactured products of Western Europe.

Wallachia is bounded on the north by the Austrian Empire and Moldavia, on the east and south by the Danube,

and on the west by the Austrian Empire and the Danube. Length from the western frontier to Cape Kaliakra on the Black Sea, 305 miles; greatest breadth, 130 miles; area, 27,930 square miles. The greater part of Wallachia is quite flat; but in the north, where it borders on Hungary and Transylvania, it gradually rises up into a great mountain-wall, impassable save in five places. It is destitute of wood throughout almost its whole extent; and especially along the banks of the Danube, is covered with marshy swamps, miles upon miles in breadth. The principal river flowing *through* the country is the Aluta, which joins the Danube at Nikopol. The climate is extreme; the summer heats are intense; while in winter, the land lies under deep snow for four months. The soil of Wallachia is among the richest in Europe, and would leave nothing to be desired, were it not for the ravages of locusts and the calamitous summer droughts. The principal products are corn, maize, millet, wine, flax, tobacco, and olive oil. The vast treeless heaths afford sustenance to great herds of cattle, sheep, and horses. As in Moldavia, agriculture is an important branch of industry; and the swampy districts of the south are haunted by immense numbers of wild water-fowl. In minerals—especially gold, silver, copper, and rock-salt—the soil is rich. The imports and exports are much the same as in Moldavia.

The established religion of Roumania is that of the Greek Church, but all forms of Christianity are tolerated, and their professors enjoy equal political rights. At the head of the Greek clergy stand the metropolitan archbishops of Moldavia and Wallachia, who are chosen by the general assembly

of the different estates, confirmed in their office by the King. Every bishop is assisted by a council of clergy, and has a seminary for priests; the superintendent of the preaching clergy is the *Proto-papa* of the diocese.

The patron saint of Wallachia is St. Demetrius; and of Moldavia, St. George. The great majority of the inhabitants are known in Western Europe as Wallachs, but they call themselves Romëni. The Wallachs, however, are not confined to Roumania, but inhabit also the southern part of Bukowina, the greater part of Transylvania, Eastern Hungary, a part of the Banat, Bessarabia, some districts in Podolia and Kherson, and portions of Eastern Servia. They are also found in Macedonia, Albania, and Thessaly. They are a mixed race, produced by the amalgamation of the Emperor Trajan's Roman colonists with the original Dacian population, and subsequently modified by Grecian, Gothic, Slavic, and Turkish elements. This mixture is seen in their language, three-fourths of the words of which are Latin (the Dacian has disappeared), whilst the remaining fourth is made up of words from the other four languages. Wallachian literature is rich in popular songs; since the sixteenth century many works in prose and verse have been printed.

In ancient times Moldavia and Wallachia formed an important part of Dacia, and the two countries have in general experienced the same vicissitudes. At the period of the migration of nations, and in the following centuries, they were the scene of the struggles between the Gothic, Hunnic, Bulgarian, and Slavic races—the Avaric, Chazars, Petschenegi,

ROUMANIAN GIPSIES

Uzi, and Magyars, who alternately ruled or were expelled from the country. These peoples all left some traces (more or less) of themselves among the Romanised Dacian inhabitants, and thus helped to form that composite people, the modern Wallachs, who, in the eleventh century, were converted to the Christianity of the Eastern, or Greek, Church. Their incursions, however, frightfully devastated the country. In the eleventh century the Kumans, a Turkish race, established in Moldavia a kingdom of their own. Two centuries later, the great storm of Mongols broke over the land. It now fell into the hands of the Nogai Tartars, who left it utterly wasted, so that only in the forests and mountains was any trace left of the native Wallachian population. In the latter half of the thirteenth century a petty Wallach chief of Transylvania, Radu Negru of Fogarasch, entered Wallachia, took possession of a portion of the country, divided it among his bojars (noble followers), founded a senate of twelve members, and an elective monarchy: and gradually conquered the whole of Wallachia. Rather less than a century later (1354), a similar attempt, also successful, was made by a Wallach chief of the Hungarian Marmarosh, of the name of Bogdan, to repeople Moldavia. In the beginning of the sixteenth century both Principalities placed themselves under the protection of the Porte, and gradually the bojars lost the right of electing their own ruler, whose office was bought in Constantinople. After 1711, the Turks governed the countries by Fanariot princes, who in reality only farmed the revenues, enriched themselves, and impoverished the land. In 1802 the Russians wrested from Turkey the

right of surveillance over the Principalities. A great number of the nobles—through family marriages with the Fanariots—were now of Greek descent, the court-tongue was Greek, and the religious and political sympathies of the country were the same. Hence the effort of the Principalities in 1821 to emancipate themselves from Turkish authority, which was only the prelude to the greater and more successful struggle in Greece itself. In 1822, Russia forced Turkey to choose the princes, or hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia, from natives, and not from the corrupt Greeks of Constantinople; and after 1829, to allow them to hold their dignity for life. The Principalities were united under one ruler in 1858, and under one administration in 1861.

A military revolt took place in February, 1866, which resulted in the deposition of Prince Couza—Alexander John I. The Count of Flanders, younger brother of Leopold II of Belgium, was unanimously chosen hospodar; but he at once declined the perilous honour. Upon this, the choice of the Roumanians fell upon Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who was proclaimed Prince of Roumania, on April 20, 1866. The existing Constitution was then adopted. When war broke out between Russia and Turkey, in April, 1877, Roumania signed a convention with Russia, guaranteeing the Russian troops a free passage through Roumanian territory; and on May 21st the Chamber of Deputies, at Bucharest, decreed the independence of Roumania. War was declared with Turkey, and the Roumanian army bore a creditable part in several battles, especially before Plevna. The Berlin Congress of 1878, which revised the

Treaty of San Stefano concluded between Russia and Turkey, and has attempted the most recent solution of the "Eastern question," agreed to recognise the independence of Roumania. It resolved, however, much against the will of the Government and people of Roumania, to restore to Russia the portions of Bessarabia touching the Pruth and Danube which were given by the Treaty of Paris to Moldavia, in 1856; and, by a rough sort of compensation, Roumania received the Dobrudscha, bounded on the south by a line from Silistria to Mangalia. It was stipulated that difference of religious profession should not disqualify from the exercise of full civil and political rights in Roumania. In 1881 Roumania was proclaimed a kingdom.

Since this date the Government has been chiefly occupied with questions regarding the navigation of the Danube, the peasantry, and the Jews, as well as disputes with Turkey and Russia. An attempt on the life of the King, in 1887, was the sequel to the peasant uprising. The International Commission of the Danube sat at Galatz, in 1891, in which year the twenty-fifth anniversary of the King's reign was also celebrated. In 1892 difficulties with Greece led to a rupture of diplomatic relations, which were resumed in 1896. In 1894 the Sulina Canal was opened, new mining laws were passed, and the Government took rigorous measures to curb the Roumanian agitation in Transylvania. In 1897 the American Standard Oil Company obtained concessions for working oil wells, and there were anti-Semitic riots in Bucharest, Galatz, and many places in Moldavia. In 1898 a peasant revolt, which was encouraged in many places

by the Greek orthodox clergy, was suppressed by the militia.

The aim of this agrarian uprising was to secure reduction of taxation and equal justice for the poor with the rich. In 1900 there was a great exodus of Roumanian Jews, owing to the oppressive laws against them, and their exclusion from schools and civic posts. About 16,000 left their homes in the first half of the year, passed through Austria-Hungary, and came to the United States and Canada. Finally the Austro-Hungarian Government refused to let the emigrants pass their borders, and 3000 were sent back. In 1902, the Jewish Colonization Society took steps to regulate and control the movement. On September 27, 1902, Secretary Hay sent a communication to the Powers regarding the treatment to which the Jews were subjected. In November, 1903, the King of Roumania visited Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria; and they mutually agreed to strengthen friendly relations between the two countries. In 1904, a new tariff was drawn up, and a new commercial treaty with Germany was signed at Bucharest. The success of M. Sturdza's financial and economic policy considerably alleviated the distress of the peasantry, but the officials, whose incomes had thereby been reduced, were hostile to his ministry. The Cabinet was forced to resign, January 4, 1905, and a conservative administration was formed under M. Cantacuzene. In 1906, diplomatic relations were again broken off with Greece, Russia taking charge of the Greek interests in Roumania. The trouble arose because of the Roumanian patronage of the Vlach movement in Macedonia. The Vlachs,

numbering from 200,000 to 250,000, speaking both Roumanian and Greek, were formerly considered as Greeks; but when, at the instance of Roumania, they were recognised by the Porte as Roumanians, they were bitterly persecuted by the Greek bands. Finally diplomatic relations between Greece and Roumania were severed.

BUCHAREST

HARRY DE WINDT

THERE are few countries in the less civilised portions of the globe which do not possess their "Paris," or some town so called on account of its resemblance to the French capital—which resemblance generally exists solely in the imagination of the inhabitants. Thus Saigon is called by French colonists the "Paris of the Far East," by reason, I suppose, of its solitary boulevard of mangy trees and two or three garish *cafés;* but why Batavia, with its hideous streets and ill-smelling canals, or Irkutsk (that gloomy dust-trap in Eastern Siberia) should ever have been likened to the fairest city on earth, is beyond my comprehension. Bucharest is also called the "Paris of the Balkans," but here, at any rate, there is some reason for the simile, for I do not know of a more attractive little city in Europe or elsewhere. This may, indeed, be called, without fear of exaggeration, a miniature Paris, but amongst the Roumanians Bucharest is more generally known as the "City of Pleasure," a name equally suitable, and one which the native word "Bucuresci" literally implies. For the first things that strike a stranger here are the brightness and gaiety of the streets and lavish display of wealth, not only in the daily life of the people, but in public and private buildings, hotels, and shops. And it soon dawns upon a visitor that he will have to pay Monte Carlo

POST OFFICE, BUCHAREST

prices for everything he buys, be it a *rivière* of diamonds, or a mutton chop. St. Petersburg has been called the most luxurious capital in Europe, but there a veil is drawn over the dazzling splendours of the Court, and Midas squanders his millions within four walls. The Russian capital gives the impression (outwardly, at least) of a poverty-stricken city, whereas you must explore the most remote quarters of Bucharest (there are no slums) to realise that people of modest means exist.

A stranger is apt to be startled by the rapidity with which his *fiacre* gallops away the moment he has taken his seat—for the driver is never told where to go, but, guided by touching his left or right arm, as the case may be. Every cab you see is drawn by magnificent horses, while the driver wears a blue velvet coat embroidered with gold lace, rather suggestive of a lord mayor's show, but gay and pleasing to the eye. Most of these cab-drivers are of Russian nationality, and belong to a sect proscribed in their own country, the Skoptsi, a number of whom I found exiled near Yakutsk, in Northern Siberia, on my way from Paris to New York.

The principal street here (or "Calea Victoriei") is an avenue of palatial buildings, for fabulous sums have been spent on the city in recent years, and much of it wasted in useless display. The post-office, for instance, is unquestionably the finest in the world, architecturally speaking, but its marble halls generally seemed deserted, for they are ten times too large for the business transacted. The Palace, on the other hand, is a comparatively modest building, so near

the street that you may see into the royal apartments, and participate (from a distance) in any State or private function which may be in progress. For the Court here is as informal as that of Sofia is the reverse. Queen Elizabeth is chiefly responsible for this laxity, for Her Majesty's unconventional views are only equalled by the kindliness and tact which have rendered "Carmen Sylva" the idol of her people. King Carol the First does not share this popularity, especially amongst the nobility, which resents German methods and manners. Some of the "*Boiards*" would eagerly acclaim a Roumanian ruler; but the country, on the whole, is loyal, and the Hohenzollern dynasty, therefore, seems likely to flourish for an indefinite period, especially as the heir apparent (a nephew of the present ruler), who married Princess Marie of Coburg, is liked by all for his personal charm and sterling qualities.

Roumanians resent the inclusion of their country with the so-called "Balkan States," to which they consider themselves, and not without reason, somewhat superior. The contrast, even with Sofia, was striking, and on the Sunday of our arrival the sunlit and busy boulevards, crowded *cafés,* and military music recalled a summer's day in Paris. There is no trace here of Eastern rule in the past—mosques and minarets, dim bazaars and veiled ladies, have vanished, to give place to palatial hotels, Parisian shops, and the latest creations of Worth and Redfern. The Latin races may have their faults, but few will deny that they are the pleasantest people to live amongst!

The Hôtel Splendide, one of a score of equally luxurious

establishments in this city of about 300,000 souls, is considered the best, and here we took up our abode, but not for long, having been warned that a prolonged residence would tax a millionaire's resources. Two days were quite sufficient to prove this fact, but those forty-eight hours were certainly the pleasantest, if not the most profitable, throughout the whole journey.

The Roumanian capital has almost limitless attractions for the pleasure-seeker. Dine at the restaurant Capsa, where the *cuisine* rivals that at Paillard's, in dress-clothes, and go on to the opera, or partake of sausages and lager beer in tweeds at Frascati's and drop into a music or dancing hall, and you are pretty sure, either way, to be amused. From dawn till dusk the *cafés* are ablaze with electric light, also other establishments which shall be nameless, for this is certainly the most immoral city in the world, now that one in the New World, which ran it very close in this respect, has ceased to exist. And yet a lady can walk alone at night in the streets without fear of insult, for Roumanians are the most polite people in the world, and a stranger here meets with nothing but courtesy, even in the lower quarters, which we occasionally visited in order to hear the *Tziganes* play and sing—a very different performance to that of the so-called "Hungarians" in London restaurants. Only the genuine gypsy can do justice to the weird, barbaric melodies of his people—certainly not the red-coated impostor who frequently hails from Berlin or Hamburg!

It was only in the outskirts of the city that we had any difficulty in making ourselves understood, for everywhere

French is spoken almost as frequently as Roumanian. Russian is never heard in this Latin island in a Slavonian sea, and streets and shops are no longer designated in cryptic letters, but words of plain meaning "*Toiletta di Dama*," "*Facultalea di Medicini*," and "*Carta Postala*" are some which caught my eye, and which show the close affinity between Roumanian and the French and Italian languages.

Other boulevards here, almost as fine as the Calea Victoriei, are the Carol I and Calea Elizabeth, where, during the season, the street-cars pass with difficulty through carriages, cabs, and even automobiles. For motoring is now the rage here, and one morning I noticed a crowd surrounding a large "Panhard," which, judging from the amount of baggage and provisions, was being prepared for a long and arduous journey. Presently a chauffeur and two passengers took their places and drove off amidst the cheers of the crowd. The owner of the car, a Roumanian prince, intended, if possible, to reach Teherân in Persia *via* Constantinople and Asia Minor—an adventurous trip which (being acquainted with those countries) I fear was never accomplished, especially as it was the hasty result of a bet only made late on the previous night at the Jockey Club! The stakes were £5000,—a mere nothing for Bucharest, where there is higher play at the Jockey than even the Yacht Club in St. Petersburg. But Roumanians of all classes are passionately fond of gambling of any kind, and the reader may have noticed that whenever a prodigious sum has been won (or lost) at Monte Carlo, the player is generally a Russian or a native of this country.

We came in for the fag-end of the season (which is in winter) here, but the *Chaussée,* or Hyde Park, was crowded on fine afternoons, and the Crown Princess's victoria, with its showy liveries and outriders, was still to be seen with its fair occupant, generally gowned in white, with the pretty Roumanian embroidery, which has lately found its way to Paris. "Capsa's" was the fashionable resort for afternoon tea, and here towards five o'clock you would generally find as many well-dressed men and women as at Rumpelmayer's or Colombin's, in Paris. Roumanian women are generally blessed with more than their share of good looks, and have also the unconscious charm of manner which seems only natural to the fair sex east of the Danube. Some one has said that the woman of Bucharest combines the beauty of the Hungarian, the grace of the Austrian, and the wit of her French sister; and he was not far wrong. Moreover her voice is generally low and melodious, and one could enjoy tea and a cigarette at "Capsa's" without being under the impression that the place was a parrot-house. Nearly all spoke the national language interspersed with French words and expressions—a kind of jargon which was evidently confined to ultra-smart circles. Unmarried girls here are brought up as strictly as in France, but, on the other hand, marital infidelity is very common. Divorces are, therefore, frequent, but do not, as in other countries, ostracise a *divorcée.* I was presented to a young and charming lady who had three divorced husbands living, and was about to be married to a fourth; and this is not an unusual occurrence. This frivolity (to use no worse term) of the Roumanian woman is probably due to the fact

that those of the upper classes live in a perpetual round of gaiety, which leaves little time for serious pursuits or studies of any kind. There was a book-shop every ten yards along the Calea Victoriei, but it generally chiefly contained trashy Roumanian, French, and English novels. On the other hand, there are some excellent libraries, almost exclusively patronised by the middle classes. Roumania has two fine universities, one in Bucharest, and the other in Jassy, but, at present, most young men (and women) who can afford it, complete their studies in Paris, Vienna, or Berlin, the first-named city being chiefly frequented by law and medical students. Some of them never return to their own country, but remain in Paris to become celebrities in the world of science and letters. Amongst these are Jean de Mitty, now a famous writer on the *Matin,* the painter Simonidy, and Pal, the originator of the "Artistic poster" in France. Mme. de Nuovina, the gifted soprano of the Opéra Comique, is also a Roumanian.

The Roumanian almost excels the Servian Army in the splendour and variety of its uniforms, and on a Sunday the streets presented a brilliant sight with the black or scarlet hussars plastered with gold lace, and the chocolate and dark blue of the artillery and line. These people are proud of their army, and rightly so, seeing that it is the third most efficient force in Europe. When in 1877 Prince Carol led his Roumanians across the Danube to win undying fame before Plevna, the forces at his disposal numbered under 25,000 men. To-day his army consists of 65,000 men, and nearly 400 guns (on a peace footing), the active army with

reserves 200,000, the territorial militia 150,000, and the *Levée en Masse* (men between thirty-six and forty-six years of age) 200,000—a total force of some half a million men! And all this has been accomplished since the proclamation of independence in 1877—or in under thirty years. The expense of keeping up a force of this kind in a country with a population of about six millions is of course enormous, but not a penny of the expenditure is grudged by the nation.

But the prominent position of Roumania as a military power is not the only blessing which has been conferred upon his adopted country by the King and his beloved consort. Before the days of '66, when Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen left a crack Prussian regiment of cavalry to assume the reins of government at Bucharest, the people here were almost as oppressed and poverty-stricken as the serfs across the frontier. Prince Carol found a land ruled by wealthy and unscrupulous nobles, tenacious of their rights, and indifferent to the sufferings of the poor, who were not even permitted to cultivate miserable strips of land save under the most restricted conditions. The petty official was then almost as great a curse here as in the Tchinovnik in Russia. The first act of the Prince, therefore, was to reorganise the then insignificant army, the second to provide the peasants with small holdings—a drastic measure which rendered him very unpopular amongst the aristocracy. But inch by inch the wedge of reform was inserted, with the result that the Kingdom of Roumania is now practically a constitutional State. Disaffection and oppression no longer

exist, and even the humblest peasant has a voice in the government of his country.

Agriculture is as yet in its infancy, from a scientific point of view, but nearly half of Roumania is now under cultivation, whereas thirty years ago less than a quarter was farmed. And although machinery and steam power are as yet only employed to a minor extent, the production of maize per head is only inferior to that of the United States.

You must travel leisurely through this new and progressive kingdom to appreciate the changes and improvements wrought by its ruler during the past thirty years. We made only a flying visit to Sinaia, a fashionable resort with luxurious villas and beautiful gardens clustering around the palace where Carmen Sylva generally passes the summer months, away from the dust and turmoil of the city, amidst her books and flowers. No one who can afford to leave the capital remains there after the month of May, for the heat then becomes oppressive, and epidemics often occur. From Sinaia we went on to Jassy, through a fertile country as green as emerald, and past pleasant country towns and picturesque villages, some of the latter surrounded by vineyards, for they make wines here as wholesome and palatable as those of Bulgaria and Servia are the reverse, and a Bordeaux firm lately acquired an extensive tract of land for this purpose.

But Roumania becomes less attractive as you near its northern border, for here the landscape resembles that portion of the great sullen empire which looms across the

River Pruth—dirty drab huts, bleak wind-swept plains, and half-starved shivering cattle. Good-bye to the neat white homesteads and fertile fields and gardens of Southern Roumania. Before me lies Russia, the land of mystery, gloom, and death!

LIFE IN ROUMANIA

HÉLÈNE VACARESCO

ROUMANIA, in comparison with other countries, is neither gay, pleasant, nor exceedingly wealthy. Perhaps the secret of its charm lies hidden in the beautiful silvery light which bathes its plains, and in the soft splendour and depth of its horizons. What the first Roman settlers felt is felt by their descendants. And there is such a strong link between our souls and nature that the great enchantress herself alone can have forged the chains which have bound the people to the land throughout the centuries. To the brave veterans, who, forgetful of Rome and disdainful of danger, cared neither for Goth nor Rossolan, we owe the germs of nobility still alive in our race. Though the darkness of the Middle Ages fell on the little province, though it became the high-road to Palestine through the Byzantine Empire, though the Turks and Bulgarians have crossed the land like thunder-storms, yet the old Latin blood remains pure. For the Roman colonists took refuge in the mountains, and, defending themselves with heroic courage, they continued to live according to their own manners and customs. They gave their Roman names to the rivers and mountains. The river Aluta is now the Olt; the Ardessus, the Arges; the town of Muscus is now called Bujas; while from one extremity of the country to the other the name of the Emperor Trajan is still revered

MARKET SCENE, BUCHAREST

in song and record. On a star-lit night the country people point out the Milky Way as "Trajan's Road"; every village ditch is "Trajan's Moat." Not even in Rome itself, where the famous column attests his greatness, is the Stern Emperor so honoured and remembered as in the midst of our nation, where a man must be ignorant indeed, who ignores the valour and renown of Trajan.

Every spring, from the mountain villages, a throng of dancers invades the towns and cities. Their dancing is noisy, as they wear bells on their belts, sleeves, and trousers, and shout and stamp their feet on the ground as they dance; but they are unable to explain the meaning of the words they say. Nevertheless, some of our learned men have succeeded in interpreting them, and they have discovered that unconsciously, and by the mere force of tradition, these peasants dance the Pyrrhic Dance, so sacred in ancient mythology, in which the Curite warriors are said to have shouted boisterously in order to prevent Saturn hearing the voice of his infant son, Jupiter, the future king of the gods having been hidden by his mother, Rhea, lest Saturn should devour him.

The cake that Orpheus threw before Cerberus when the unfortunate musician went down to Hell in search of Eurydice, is still to be seen at every Roumanian funeral; the simple country folk decorate the mixture of corn and sugar with poppies, as, according to Latin mythology, Orpheus mingled the juice of poppies in the cake, that Cerberus might fall asleep and allow him to pass unobserved.

The fate of the Sabine women is still commemorated in our villages, where no marriage takes place without a pre-

liminary ceremony; that of the amusing flight of the bride riding the bridegroom's horse. The parents also coolly play their part, and catch the couple on their way, pretending the greatest indignation; and then when the spirit of tradition is satisfied, when they have obeyed the customs inherited from their ancestors, the priest is called in to accomplish the Christian rite. But unconscious Paganism has ever held the foremost place among the people. At a funeral, after the words of eternal peace and Christian hope have been spoken over the closed grave, a libation of oil and wine is poured on the mound by the priest himself, and in this way the primitive religion is united to that faith from which we all derive comfort and strength.

Thus the little group of Latin descent, lost amid the vast plains where now so many cities—Bucharest, Craiova, Grurgevo, Braila, Galatz—arise, or sheltered by the lofty Karpathian mountains, struggled to remain, a small though independent nation. But the task became more and more difficult as the centuries brought more and more strife. During the dark epoch of the Middle Ages the land where the old Roman colony had lived with such valiant perseverance became the high-road to Palestine; and the warrior pilgrims, who stopped on their way to the Sepulchre, sometimes proved rapacious and turbulent, and even spent months and years in this pleasant country, whose hospitality, whether willing or unwilling, they rewarded by killing deadly feuds and carrying away with them all the spoil they could take.

Then came the suden appearance of the Turks and the establishment of these fierce Asian fanatics at Constantinople

—too near, alas! And from that hour, fatal to Christendom, the victors of the Dacians became the vassals of the Ottoman Empire.

I cannot here retrace the vicissitudes or the end of this unfortunate situation, which preyed on the minds and the lives of all true Roumanians till the middle of the last century. Even before 1877-78, when, in the bloody fights of the Russo-Roumano-Turkish War, we valiantly gained the cause of definitive liberty, some amelioration was made in our fate by the repeated intervention of the European Powers, and by our own fretful attitude of revolt and despair. Every one is now aware that the young Roumanian Kingdom is a flourishing and promising nation, and Bucharest, its capital, is fast losing the somewhat wild charm of an ancient Oriental town, while Roumanian society is almost as civilised as any other Occidental aristocratic set. So, in order to find some remnants of *couleur locale,* quickly fading away under the subtle touch of time and education, we must refer to the years when the *boyards* still kept a kind of little Court in the principal cities of Wallachia and Moldavia.

The reader must try to imagine the haughty and benevolent noblemen in their loose, gaudy costume, in which sables and Turkish shawls were equally displayed, and jewelled daggers glittered in the richly-embroidered belt. Their headgear towered above their foreheads like a turret above a castle. Many tales are told of the pride which prevented the *boyards* from taking off their heavy fur *"ischlik"* (as these big caps were called) before the hospodars or governors when they were Greek and represented the Sultan's will

and despotism. But the Wallachian and Moldavian nobility lived in a simple and patriarchal way. An hour after dawn the halls and gardens of the big, low-roofed, whitewashed houses were filled with beggars, buffoons, students, *tziganes,* priests, and people of all sorts belonging to the lower classes, whose position in the train of the *boyards* very much resembled that of the ancient Roman *clientèle.* They waited patiently, chattering with animation, and discussing their interests under the trees in the orchard, taking the fruit without fear of the *boyard,* whom they treated as their lord and father; and those who were more familiar with the master thronged the bright corridors, while the *boyard* washed his long silky beard, and prayed before the Iconostas, a kind of chest, where, behind a glass door, the silver and gold images of the Saints glistened under the light of the holy lamps.

Slowly, and with a soft smile on his lips, the *boyard* leaves his private apartments, makes his way through the crowd, and kindly gives his hand to be kissed. Few are his words, but righteous. He is informed of all the misery, all the wishes, feuds, rivalries, and ambitions of the motley crowd, on whom he pours hope and encouragement; a bow to one, a coin to another, and to every one the permission to partake his meals. After this morning progress through his *clientèle* the *boyard* sinks into deep reveries; his own particular servant lights the *chibouk* (Oriental pipe); he is not to be disturbed, the slightest noise would be an annoyance to him. And thus the hour of the afternoon meal approaches. The *boyard* and his family seat themselves at a long table, where a great many persons of humbler

position take their places, according to station. Beneath the salt, sordid costumes and hungry faces are to be seen, and the halls, the gardens, the staircases are invaded by a multitude of beggars, who eat there standing or crouching in the easiest or most uncomfortable attitudes. The food is abundant and excellent. When the *boyard* and his wife and children rise from table, the crowd thank them aloud, and rush again to kiss the master's hand. But the *boyard* is in a hurry now; he must retire to his room, where some of his relations generally come to visit him. The hour has arrived when the *boyards* speak of State affairs. In fact the roll of carriages is soon heard along the cobbled pavement. The *boyards* arrive one by one, followed by their servants, bearing their long *chibouks*. The noble assembly recline on the low couches, Turkish coffee is served, and the *chibouk* smoked uninterruptedly. The conference proves noisy, but before the day is many hours older the *boyards* are all asleep on the divans, overcome by the warm atmosphere, and also in order to obey an old hygienic law. The master of the house imitates his friends, but after twenty minutes' doze they are all alive again to discussion, black coffee, and *chibouks*.

Greek, spoken with fluency and elegance, was the fashionable language of the time, and enabled the *boyards* to be well versed in classical literature. Their wives lived apart, in a kind of *gynécée,* where needlework, prayers, and charitable purposes took up most of their hours. The apparent peace of these lives was so often broken in upon by the sudden irruption of a *pacha,* followed by his swarthy escort,

sent by the Sultan to exercise some direct control over the *hospodar,* or reigning prince; the pacha often contrived to extort money from the nobility for himself or his Imperial Master. Cruel executions, the flight of the terrified *boyards,* deeds of great personal courage on their part, followed sometimes by their disappearance, always marked the departure of the savage *pacha.*

Modern democracy has slowly effaced the type of the ancient *boyard,* of the pious, kind, and chivalrous hero whose existence was entirely devoted to the poor, while towards the end of his life he built churches and endowed convents. In a country where no privileges and no titles exist, the difference between the aristocracy and the middle classes is so slight that a full knowledge of our national history becomes necessary when I endeavour to establish the proper limits which separate them. It is touching to note with what reverence the popular feeling still turns towards the memories of the past, and the descendants of the *boyards* have understood their duty; liberal ideas and liberal education have done their utmost to rid us of every atom of *préjugé,* and teach us to work altogether for the benefit of our country. Our young students are generally educated in the French, German, and English universities. Our rising "*bourgeoisie*" is for the most part composed of clever, hard-working people, reared in ambition, and in the desire of imitating all the good and noble institutions they have seen or read about, elsewhere.

Country life in Roumania is in every way peculiar and different from country life in every other country. The

wide plains and forests possess a very scanty number of villages and roads, and in the winter, autumn, and early spring rain, snowstorms, and mud generally prevent outdoor exercise, and any kind of communication between the inhabitants of the same district, who may be said to spend several months in complete solitude, and even seclusion. But when sunny days return, and the corn begins to ripen, and the wild roses are in bloom, nothing lovelier can be imagined than our landscapes, bathed in the clear light of the Oriental skies. The swift, glittering rivers, rapid as torrents, glide quickly between the trees; the maize is high, and of a bright green colour. The peasants' gay costumes and silver belts, the women with their floating veils of gauze, bespangled with gold, add to the luxuriant charm of the scene.

STATISTICS OF THE BALKAN STATES, 1908

E. S.

THE area of Turkey in Europe, not including the States nominally subject to it, is estimated at 65,350 square miles, and the population at 6,130,000, of which seventy per cent. are Turks, Greeks, and Albanians. The reigning Sultan, Abd-ul Hamid II (born September 22, 1842, or 15 Shaban, 1245), is the twenty-eighth Sultan since the conquest of Constantinople. He succeeded his brother, Murad V, who was deposed on account of his mental incapacity, August 31, 1876. According to Turkish custom, the crown is inherited by the senior male descendant of the house of Othman, sprung from the Imperial Harem. For several centuries it has not been the custom of the Sultans of Turkey to contract regular marriages. From among the inmates of the Harem, who come by purchase or free will (many of them from districts beyond the Empire, the majority from Circassia), the Sultan selects a certain number, generally seven, to be *Kadein,* or Ladies of the Palace, while the rest, called *Odalik,* are under them, as servants. An aged Lady of the Palace is superintendent of the Harem, and bears the title *Haznadar-Kadein.* She has intercourse with the outer world through the Guard of Eunuchs, whose chief is called *Kizlar-Aghasi,* with the same rank as Grand Vizier, but has precedence if present on State occasions. All children,

BELGRADE, WITH VIEW OF PALACE

whether born in the Harem, whether the offspring of free women or of slaves, are considered of legitimate and equal birth. The Sultan is succeeded by his eldest son when there are no uncles or cousins of the latter of greater age than himself. The Sultan has several children, the eldest of whom is Mehemmed-Selim Effendi, born January 11, 1870.

The will of the Sultan is absolute in so far as it is not in opposition to the precepts of the Koran, on which the fundamental laws of the Empire are based. The legislative and executive authority is exercised under the supreme direction of the Sultan, through the Grand Vizier and the Sheïk-ul-Islam, the head of the Church. These are appointed by the Sultan, and for the appointment of the Sheïk-ul-Islam the nominal concurrence of the Ulema, a body comprising the clergy and chief functionaries of the law, must be gained. Connected with the Ulema are the Mufti, or interpreters of the Koran. The Ulema is composed of jurists, theologians, and teachers of literature and science. The principal civic functionaries bear titles of Effendi, Bey, or Pacha.

The Grand Vizier, as head of the temporal government, is assisted by the Mejlis-i-Hass, or Cabinet of Ministers, of whom there are ten: Justice; War; Marine; President of the Council of State; Foreign Affairs; Interior; Finance; Pious Foundations; Public Instruction; and Commerce and Public Works.

The Ottoman Porte, or Sublime Porte, is the official title of the Government, which is likened to a tent at whose door (porte) justice is administered, and deliberations held.

For administrative purposes the Empire is divided into

Vilayets, or governments, which are subdivided into *Sanjaks,* or provinces; and these are again divided into districts (*Kazas*), with occasional sub-districts (*Nahiés*), and communities (*Kariés*). At the head of each *Vilayet* is placed a *Vali,* or Governor-General, who represents the Sultan. He is assisted by a provincial council and subordinate official. All subjects, however humble in their origin, are eligible to the highest offices in the State.

The Turkish Army was reorganised in 1843, 1854, 1878, and again in 1886, when it was reconstructed on the German model by Colonel von der Goltz, but, nevertheless, it is permeated with Oriental methods and habits of thought. By the recruiting law, all Moslems are liable to military service, and Christians and other sects pay an exemption tax. Liability begins at twenty, and lasts for twenty years. The divisions are the *Nizan,* or regular army and its reserve; the *Redif,* corresponding to a *Landwehr;* and the mustahfiz, or *Landsturm.* There are also 660 Ilaveh Battalions, which are also reserve formations. The cavalry are estimated at 55,300; the artillery (174 field and 22 mountain batteries) 54,720 and 1356 guns; the engineers, 7400; and the infantry 583,000. The total war strength is estimated at 46,400 officers, 1,531,600 men; 1530 guns and 109,900 horses.

There are 31,000 officers and men in the Navy, and 9000 marines. The total strength of ships built and building in 1907 was 7 battleships, 4 protected cruisers, 6 torpedo vessels, 4 torpedo-boat destroyers; 25 torpedo-boats, and 2 submarines.

The chief productions are tobacco, cereals, cotton, coffee,

wine, silk, and fruits. Agriculture is carried on, but in a primitive fashion, and much hampered by tithes and taxes. The capital, Constantinople, has a population of about 1,125,000.

Mohametanism is the religion of about half the population of Turkey in Europe. The Mahometan clergy are subordinate to the Sheïk-ul-Islam. Their offices are hereditary. There are 379 mosques in Constantinople. The Government also recognises the ecclesiastical heads of the Roman, Greek, Armenian, Protestant, and other churches.

Education is free and is obligatory for both boys and girls from the age of six.

Macedonia (3,017,800 population) lies in the three vilayets, or provinces of Salonika, Monastir, and Kossovo; and is bounded by Bulgaria on the north, the Ægean Sea on the south, and Albania on the west. Under the Treaty of San Stefano, Macedonia was included in Bulgaria, but the Treaty of Berlin gave it to Turkey. Macedonia contains many sects, who are bitter enemies. The Bulgarian Exarch is at the head of the Bulgarian Christians, and the Patriarch of the Greek Orthodox Church is acknowledged by the other Christians. These who quarrel among themselves are brutally oppressed by the Turks and Albanians. Salonika and Monastir are the chief towns.

Albania (population 821,200) extends along the Adriatic coast, with Greece on the south and Montenegro on the north. It includes the vilayets of Scutari, Janina, or Yanina, and Kossovo. The Albanians, who number about 1,500,000, are divided into the Ghegs, who live in the north, and the

Tosks, who live in the south of Albania. Their religion is chiefly Mahomedan. The Sultan's bodyguard is recruited from Albania.

The Principality of Bulgaria was created by the Treaty of Berlin, in 1878, Bulgaria being created autonomous and tributary to the Sultan, with, however, a Christian government and a national militia. In 1885, Eastern Roumelia was united to Bulgaria, and is now known as Southern Bulgaria. The area, altogether, is 38,390 square miles, and the population 4,028,239. In 1905, this was divided as follows: 3,205,004 Bulgarians; 497,818 Turks; 83,942 Roumanians; 69,757 Greeks; 94,649 Gipsies; 36,455 Jews; 5,021 Germans; 3,270 Russians; and 39,707 of other nationalities. The ruler is Prince Ferdinand (born in Vienna, February 26, 1861), son of the late Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, and Princess Clémentine of Bourbon-Orléans, a daughter of Louis Philippe. He was elected Prince of Bulgaria by the unanimous vote of the National Assembly, on July 7, 1887, and took the oath to the Bulgarian Constitution, at Tirnova, on August 14, of that year, in succession to Prince Alexander, who had abdicated, September 7, 1886. His sovereignty was not recognised by the Porte and the Great Powers until February, 1896. In 1893 he married Marie Louise, eldest daughter of Duke Robert of Parma, who died January 31, 1899. Their children are Boris (1894); Cyril (1895); Eudoxie (1898); and Nadejda (1899). On February 28, 1908, he married Princess Eleonore of Reuss-Köstritz. In May, 1893, the Grand Sobranjé confirmed the title of Royal Highness to the Prince and his

heir, Boris, which style was recognised by the Porte and Russia in 1896. The Prince is a Roman Catholic, but Boris was received into the Orthodox Greek Church in 1896.

The Prince has a council of eight ministers: Foreign Affairs and Public Worship; Interior; Public Instruction; Finance; Justice; War; Commerce and Agriculture; and Public Works, Ways and Communications. The legislative power consists of a single chamber, the Sobranjé, or National Assembly, elected for five years. Laws passed by the Sobranjé require confirmation by the Prince. A Grand Sobranjé is specially elected to decide upon any questions regarding the acquisition of territory, a vacancy on the throne, changes in the Constitution, etc.

The army is to a great extent modelled on that of Russia. Service, from the age of eighteen to forty-five, is compulsory. The forces are divided into the Regular Army, the Reserve, and the Militia. The total peace strength is 1900 officers and 41,330 men, and the total war strength 3810 officers, 202,500 men, and 29,200 horses, and also at least a force of semi-trained and experienced guerrillas, called *Komitajis*. The army is a very large one for so small a State, and experts have confidence in its efficiency.

The State religion is that of the Orthodox Greek Church, but its government was declared by the Patriarch of Constantinople to be independent of the Orthodox Communion, and is under the Bulgarian Exarch and the Synod of Bishops. Of the population, in 1905 the Orthodox Greeks numbered 3,346,781; the Mohammedans, 603,113; the Jews, 37,653; the Roman Catholics, 29,442; the Armenian Grego-

rians, 12,694, and the Protestants, 5,402. The Mahommedans are chiefly in the northern and eastern provinces. Education is free and obligatory. There is a university at Sofia, which, in 1904-5, was attended by 943 students, of whom there were 112 women. The land belongs to the State, but is divided into small farms, leased to the cultivators, who pay one-tenth of the produce to the State for rent. The chief exports are cereals, eggs, agricultural and pastoral produce. Railways (1020 miles) lead from Sofia to Belgrade and Constantinople, and from Rustchuk to Vienna. Sofia, the capital, has a population of 82,621; Philippopolis, the capital of Eastern Roumelia, 45,707; Rustchuk, 33,632; Varna, 37,417; Shumla, 22,275; Slivno, 25,027; and Plevna, 21,145.

Servia (18,650 square miles), formerly an autonomous province of Turkey, was established in 1878 by the Treaty of Berlin, and its independence was proclaimed by Prince (afterwards King) Milan, at Belgrade, August 22, 1878. The ruler is Peter I (born in 1844), a grandson of George Czerny, surnamed Karageorge, or Black George, first chief of the Servians against the Turks, and who was murdered in 1817. The murderers of King Alexander I and his consort, Queen Draga, supported Peter, who was proclaimed by the Army, and elected by the Skupshtina, in 1893. He took his seat on June 25 of that year. In 1883, King Peter married Zorka, daughter of Prince Nikolas of Montenegro, who died in 1890. Their children are Princess Hélène (1884); Prince George, heir apparent (1887); and Prince Alexander (1888).

The King is assisted by a cabinet of ministers: Instruction and Worship; Interior; War; Finance; Public Works; Commerce; Agriculture and Industry; and Finance. The National Assembly is known as the Skupshtina, composed of 160 deputies, elected by the people. There is also a State Council of 16 members, 8 nominated by the King, and 8 elected by the Skupshtina. The political parties are the Radicals and Liberals, who look to Russia, and the Progressives, who look to Austria.

Military service is compulsory. The forces consist of the National Army, composed of three "bans," and the Militia. The maximum strength is said to be 27,000 officers and men, and the war strength has been estimated at 8110 officers, 331,900 men, 420 guns, and 39,070 horses. The State religion is Greek Orthodox. According to the census of 1900 there were 2,460,515 Greek Orthodox; 10,423 Roman Catholics; 1,399 Protestants; 5,729 Jews; 3,056 Mohammedan Turks; 11,689 Mohammedans; and 71 of other creeds. The Archbishop of Belgrade is Metropolitan of Servia, with a Synod of Bishops under him. All are under the control of the Minister of Education and Public Worship.

Education is compulsory and free in the primary schools. Belgrade has a national library and museum, and also a national theatre. Belgrade University, founded in 1838, has 60 professors and about 500 students; there are also theological, normal, and technical schools.

Agriculture is the sole industry: every peasant cultivates his own freehold, of from ten to thirty acres. There is practically no pauperism. The chief source of wealth is swine.

Flour-milling, brewing, and distilling are carried on; and silk and tobacco are cultivated. Much of the country is occupied by forest land, chiefly beech, oak, and fir.

There are about 370 miles of railways. The total population in 1904 amounted to 2,676,989, of which 2,468,608 were Servians. Servian, Hungarian, Turkish, Roumanian, Rommany, Bulgarian, Albanian, German, Greek, Bohemian, Yiddish, and Spanish are all spoken in Servia. The chief towns are Belgrade, the capital, with a population of 77,816; Nisch, 21,946; Kragonyévatz, 15,596; Leskovitz, 13,647; Pozarévatz, 12,162; Shabatz, 12,151; Vranya, 11,375; and Pirot, 10,000.

Montenegro is a principality bounded by Albania on the south and Herzegovina on the north, its area about 3,630 English square miles, and is about a hundred miles long and eighty miles wide. On its east lies the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar. On the west it is separated from the Adriatic by the narrow strip of Austrian territory forming the extremity of Dalmatia. It owns, however, twenty-eight miles of coast, in the districts of Antivari and Dulcigno (ceded by Turkey in 1880). Its capital, Cettinjé, has a population of 4300. Podgoritza has a population of 6534; Dulcigno, 5000; and Antivari, 2514.

Montenegro is governed by Prince Nicholas I (born October 7, 1841), who in December, 1900, assumed the title of Royal Highness. He succeeded his uncle, who was murdered in 1860. He married in that year Milena, daughter of the Voyvod Peter Voucotich, and has three sons and six daughters. The heir apparent is Prince Danilo (born in

KING FERDINAND'S PALACE, SOFIA

1871). His daughter Helena is married to King Victor Emmanuel III, of Italy. Under the Constitution of 1905 the form of government was changed. It is now a hereditary constitutional monarchy, with popular representation. The first National Assembly, or Skupshtina, met in 1906; its members are elected by universal suffrage, for four years. The Prince is assisted by a Council of State, consisting of the Crown Prince, the Metropolitan Bishop, and the Cabinet Ministers.

The Montenegrins belong to the Servian branch of the Slav race. The prevailing religion is that of the Greek Church. The bishops are appointed by the Prince; the monasteries are self-supporting; and the rural clergy are maintained by a tax paid to the Government by the head of every household. The Metropolitan Bishop of Cettinjé is the head of the Church. Education is compulsory and free. There is a gymnasium, or boys' college, in Cettinjé, and also a theological seminary. A girls' high school is maintained by the Empress of Russia. The military system is that of a patriarchal militia, to which each household contributes a man. The tribal battalions vary in strength, from five to eight companies and from 400 to 900 rifles. Mahommedans are organised in battalions by themselves. There is no cavalry. There are no large estates, and the peasants, for the most part, own the lands they cultivate. The productions are tobacco, oats, potatoes, barley, maize, and buckwheat. The vine and olive are also cultivated. Live stock is reared. A large portion of the country consists of forest and mountain land. There are excellent car-

riage-roads, and a narrow-gauge railway (the first Montenegrin railway) is being constructed from Antivari to Vir Pazar.

Bosnia and Herzegovina, with an area of 19,702 square miles, two Ottoman provinces, were by the Treaty of Berlin (1878) handed over to the Austro-Hungarian Government. The population numbers about 1,737,000, chiefly Croato-Servians. In the more populous towns, there are many Spanish Jews.

The administration of the two provinces is under the Austro-Hungarian Finance Minister, in Vienna, and the provisional government, called the *Landesregierung,* in four departments, for internal affairs, justice, finance, and public works, is located at the capital, Sarajevo.

Military service is compulsory, and the native troops consist of 4 infantry regiments; 4 battalion *cadre* of reserve; 4 sections of train; and one battalion of jägers, with a total of 7100 men. The Austro-Hungarian troops of occupation number about 20,000 men.

Education is free, but not compulsory. Technical and industrial schools exist in most of the large towns. There are also colleges and seminaries and many Mohammedan schools.

Minerals are abundant; there are salt pits in Dolna-Tuzla; and there are various factories. Cattle-grazing and sheep-farming are important; fruit is abundant; and tobacco, an important crop, is a Government monopoly. Agriculture is in a low state of development. Forest land occupies fifty-five per cent. of the whole area.

The capital, Sarajevo, has a population of 38,083; Mostar, 14,370; Banjaluka, 13,566; and Dolna-Tuzla, 10,227.

The Sanjak of Novi-Bazar is occupied by an Austrian military force, although civilly administered by Turkey.

Roumania is composed of Moldavia and Wallachia, formerly autonomous provinces of the Ottoman Empire. These were united and proclaimed under the present name at Bucharest and Jassy on December 23, 1861. The first ruler, Colonel Cuza, who assumed the government as Prince Alexandru Joan, was forced to abdicate in 1866. Carol I (born April 20, 1839), son of the late Prince Karl of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, was elected Lord (Domn) of Roumania in 1866, and entered Bucharest. On 1881, he was proclaimed King of Roumania. In 1869, he married the Princess Pauline Attilie Louise of Wied, known in literature as "Carmen Sylva."

The heir to the throne is the present king's nephew, the Crown Prince Ferdinand, son of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen (born August 24, 1865), who married the Princess Marie of Edinburgh.

The King has a Prime Minister and a Cabinet of eight. The Legislature consists of a Senate (120 members for eight years), and a Chamber (183 members for four years). The King, however, has a veto on all measures passed by the Legislature. The armed forces consist of the Regular Army, the Militia, and the Opoltchenié. The organization is modern. The annual recruits are about 33,000. The war strength is estimated at 2850 officers, 169,800 men, and 41,400, and with auxiliary troops the whole number at

650,000. There are eighteen forts and many batteries at Bucharest, and several lines of fortifications on the Danube. There is also a marine arsenal at Galitz. The Navy is being increased. It now consists of the *Elisabeta,* a protected cruiser of 1320 tons and 12 guns; the *Mircea,* a training-ship (350 tons); 7 gunboats, 6 coast-guard vessels; a screw despatch vessel, and 6 1st- and 2 2d-class torpedo-boats.

The prevailing religion is the National Orthodox Church, the clergy of which are paid by the State. The government of the Greek Church rests with two archbishops; the first is called the Primate of Roumania, and the second Archbishop of Moldavia. There are also a large proportion of Roman Catholics and Protestants, Armenians, Jews, and Mahommedans.

Education is free and compulsory, but in a somewhat backward condition. There are two universities, one at Bucharest and one at Jassy. There are large and valuable State forests, and the country is rich in minerals and salt mines. Coal and petroleum are worked. Cereals, wine, and timber are the chief products. The majority of the population are engaged in agriculture. In 1904 there were 2295 miles of railways. The total area of Roumania is about 50,700 square miles, and in 1903 the population was 6,151,628. The principal towns are Bucharest, the capital, 276,178; Jassy, 77,759; Galatz, 62,545; Braïla, 56,300; Botosani, 32,521; Ploësti, 45,107; Craiova, 45,579; Berlad, 24,310; Focsani, 23,601. Hordes of Gipsies are scattered throughout the country. In the Dobrudja are Turks, Tartars, Bulgars, Russians, and Germans.

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